A TRAGI-COMICALL HISTORY OF OUR TIMES, UNDER THE BORROWED Names OF LISANDER AND CALISTA.

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LONDON,
Printed by *R.Y.* for *G.Lathum*, at the Bishops head in Paules Church-yard.

Anno Domini 1635.

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6/3

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Anno Domini 163[illegible]

TO THE VERTUOUS AND NOBLY DISPOSED Gentlewomen, Mistris FRANCIS FORTESCU, wife unto Ma. JOHN FORTESCU: And Mistris ELIZABETH DUNCOMB, wife unto Master WILLIAM DUNCOMB of Badlesden.

My most Honoured,

THis French Knight and his Lady being importuned, contrary to their desigue, and the fashion of this time (which is almost all French) to appeare to publick view in this their English habite; and knowing how subject strangers are to malignant humours (a disposition growne so common, that like a contagious disease, it hath infected almost the whole world) they have made humbly bold to expose themselves abroad under your auspicious and candide names, hoping they may be more free from censure, and more boldly tell their Loves, their Feares, their Dangers, their Imprisonments, their Jealousies, and their Joyes. They have in their native country served under the protection of a great King, where the gentlenesse of

their

their spirits had a generall approbation; and now their hope (let it not be accounted presumption) is, that you, according to your accustomed noble goodnesse, will not refuse it unto them here, where they are poore strangers, at the least that they may (resting by you) await your leisure, when, by their conversation, they may endevour to rob away tediousnesse though but from one houre, to which the greatest mortals are at some time subject. This is their highest ambition; and my only end (not capable of greater expression) is to witnesse my affection to your services, from intending whereof onely death shall divide

Your most humble

and most devoted servant,

W. D.

A TRAGI-COMICALL HISTORY OF these Times.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

UNder the reigne of our great HENRY, the valorous father of our invincible Monarch, there lived in France a young Lord, whose Heroick Nobleneſſe was more recommended through the glory of his Vertue, than by the antiquity of his Race: Hee was called *Cleander*; rich both in the goods of Fortune and Nature; being no leſſe beloved for his Beauty, than feared for his Valour. If hee were valiant, hee was alſo more wiſe; and if hee were wiſe, hee was alſo more happy. But his chiefeſt happineſſe was in his marriage: for in his firſt youth his merits had gained him a wife, one of the faireſt that France ever brought forth. The Eaſt had never ſo many Pearles as ſhee had Beauties, and the morning did bluſh to behold any thing fairer: ſhe was called *Caliſta*: nei-

ther was there any thing wanting but an apt name to expresse her perfections. With this woman did *Cleander* passe the sweeteſt life that ever fell into mans imagination; enjoying a happineſſe which cannot bee comprehended but by mindes capable of the glory of ſuch thoughts. The Sunne did never looke upon the earth, but he beheld theſe two Lovers embracing; Neither did night ever kindle ſo many fires in Heaven, as they felt within their ſoules. Their deſires were not like unto thoſe which were drowned in their pleaſures; but contrariwiſe, their loves were ſharpned by enjoying: for the more they did poſſeſſe that which they did deſire, the more they did deſire that which they did poſſeſſe.

But darke night followed this bright day, and this cleereneſſe was clouded; yea, even whilſt *Cleander* made the earth envious, and the heavens jealous of the favours hee received from his Miſtreſſe: There was another Knight called *Liſander*, who in courteſie and valour gave place to none of his yeares, who had beheld *Caliſta*'s excellent beautie; with the lightning whereof hee was ſo amazed, that hee cleane loſt the remembrance of himſelfe. Hee was now no more that *Liſander*, whoſe free and warlike mind was wont to apprehend no diſturbance but ambition; for in ſtead of breathing forth an honourable deſire of glory, hee was ſo poſſeſt with the *Idea* of this perfection, that it was not poſſible for him to receive any other thought; nay, hardly could hee finde a place in all his minde for himſelfe. This new gueſt thus lodged in *Liſanders* heart, counſelled him to ſee his Lady. Now this Knight was a moſt abſolute Gentleman, and a moſt acceptable companion, eſpecially among Ladies, of a ſweet and courteous converſation, full of attraction, and recommended with ſo many excellent parts, as well of body as of minde, that it ſeemed Love had ſtollen into this man, of purpoſe (if it were poſſible) to ruine *Caliſta*'s chaſtity: for there was appearance, that if ſhee could love any thing, it muſt needs be him, who loved nothing but her; and that if ſhe had not a heart of ſtone, ſhee muſt needs be apprehenſive of his torment. But for as much as hee could

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not well acquaint himselfe with this woman without accosting the husband, he first sought *Cleanders* friendship; who held it for an honour, and prevented his suit, recompencing *Lisanders* feigned, with true affection. He seldome spake but of him, nor ever made any good relation if *Lisander* were not the subject thereof. *Calista* her selfe, who saw not but by her husbands eyes, nor judged but by his knowledge, could not choose but honour that, which shee saw *Cleander* loved; she being otherwise by *Lisander* adored with so much respect, that she should have wanted humanity, if shee had been without discerning thereof.

Behold here a faire beginning for our Lover; but this is nothing without perseverance: His care was now to make knowne unto her the great passion which hee suffered for her, and to let her know it in such a fashion, that *Cleander* might not perceive it. Hee was cleare sighted, like a Linx; and although he were not jealous, yet he was a husband, and unto a wife, whose admirable beauty did deserve to be preserved: If he once did discerne of this love, all was lost, there could be no more friendship nor acquaintance; and otherwise to resolve to dye in a silent griefe, so neere unto his remedy, hiding his death from her who was the cause thereof, hee could never consent thereto. And indeed it is better never to see that which one loveth, than seeing it, not to dare to expresse ones love; for the object stirreth up the desire: Neither is there any evill in the world like unto the presence of a forbidden good. Which the Poets the better to expresse, did not represent *Tantalus* his thirst in a Desert void of waters, but in the middle of waters, not being able to drinke. To prevent then the husbands distrust, and to keepe suspicion from entring into his minde, hee ruled his actions, his words and his lookes in such sort, that in his sight hee never came neere unto the wife, hee never spake unto her, nor ever looked upon her, but as upon a thing indifferent: neither too free, nor too reserved; fearing lest if hee were too much composed, or not enough, hee might discover his designe in the guiding thereof. He held therefore a meane betweene both, with that dexterity, that there was no gesture nor motion of

his, which did not rather seeme naturall than affected. In the meane time, to make that knowne unto one, which hee would have invisible unto the other; hee every day made matches with *Cleander*, and other Knights, of Tiltings and other noble Exercises: where the two friends were alwayes of a side, and alwayes vanquishers. In the morning they were together at the Church, after dinner together in their houses, after supper in their gardens, and alwayes *Calista* is the starre which lightneth the place. Time passing in this manner, *Lisander* consumes, occasion of speaking unto his love being not offered: It is true, that every day he spake unto her, but not of love, nor of any thing relishing thereof; so that in every mans eye hee languishingly decayed, of an unknowne passion, in the midst of all the contentments which could be imagined. And although hee intended to dissemble his evill, covering his true griefe with feigned joy, yet did the dying colour of his face discover (yea, even unto those of small knowledg) that there was some passion in him, which with much griefe lay at his heart. *Cleander* is the onely man who doth not perceive it, beleeving that he should wrong his friend in thinking so. Hee discerned plainely how the lively flowers of his face did daily wither, but he thinks that it proceeded from accident, and would have imagined that it sprung from any other than from the true cause. They were then at the Court, in the great city of *Paris*, which so proudly raiseth her head above all the Cities, almost of the world, when as *Cleander* said, that *Lisanders* indisposition proceeded from the unwholesome aire of the City; wherefore he was resolved to lead him into the country. Now he had a house, a dayes journey from *Paris*, built in a Lake, within the middle of a great Parke called *Beauplain*: the situation whereof being pleasant beyond expressing, would have rejoiced sorrow it selfe. Thither did he invite *Lisander*, together with three or foure friends, and *Calista* also, without whom the feast was of no value, went along with them.

It was then in the Spring, when the earth, more beautifull than at any other time of the yeare, reneweth her countenance, and decketh her selfe in her richest apparell. There

Cleander and *Caliſta*; continuing unto *Liſander* their acuſtomed loving entertainment, made triall, that the country recreations which they gave him, together with all other honeſt delights, were no better remedies for his languiſhing, than the pleaſures of the city. The exerciſe of Hunting, which was ordinary with them, could not divert his fantaſie: variety of company, wherewith hee was every day viſited, did but increaſe his evill, and gave him occaſion to ſteale out of their companies, to entertaine himſelfe alone with his thoughts, which he durſt not communicate to any body living. One day, they having made a match to hunt an outlying Stagge, *Caliſta* having ſtayed at home with a young brother of *Cleanders*, called *Berontus*, after ſome time walked out with her brother in law to ſee their returne from the hunting: and as ſhe was at the ſide of a wood in the middle of the Parke, ſo thicke, that ſolitarineſſe perpetually reſides there, in the ſhadow of an impenetrable leafineſſe, ſhe heard a voice, which, in bewailing manner, proceeded from the bottome of this wood. In the beginning ſhe could not underſtand the complaint, but going ſomewhat neerer with *Berontus*, who onely conducted her, ſhe heard theſe words. Poore *Lyſander*, muſt thou conſume in theſe woods the miſerable remainder of thy youth, and unprofitably loſe thy life, both in abſence, and unknowne unto her who is the cauſe thereof? Muſt thou needs dye obſcurely, without having the contentment to let her ſee in thy death, the ſacrifice which thou offereſt unto her of thy life? O faire *Caliſta*, is it poſsible that ſuch a divinity as yours, ſhould be ignorant of thoſe extreame affections which you ſtirre in me, and have no feeling of thoſe flames which you ſo lively kindle in my ſoule! Can it be that a cauſe ſo faire ſhould be ignorant of ſo neceſſary an effect as my love? O God, ſuffer not this want of knowledge in her, to be a puniſhment unto me, for my ingratitude unto *Cleander*. O *Liſander*, thou doſt violate, together with the law of Hoſpitality, the moſt perfect friendſhip in the world: Neither canſt thou hope for pardon in any reſpect but onely in this, that thou art forced by a beauty which bendeth every thing under the violence of its ſweetneſſe,

neſſe, and whoſe excellency not alone leſſeneth thy fault, but maketh thee worthy of pardon, and alſo of merit. By theſe words they knew not onely the ſubject of this complaint, which was love: but alſo the perſon that made it, who was *Liſander*; and her for whom it was made, who was *Caliſta*. It is not to be ſpoken, who was more abaſhed of *Caliſta* or *Berontus*: for this paſſion was equally unknowne to them both. But *Caliſta* was moſt aſhamed and moſt grieved, although her innocency was ſufficiently witneſſed by this complaint. And indeed it was enough to have troubled a very able and wiſe woman; for ſhe did not know, whether ſhe ought to entreat her brother in law to hold his peace, or tell her husband, or whether ſhe were beſt to hide or diſcover that, which might bee told by his brother, and where there was no leſſe danger to conceale it, than ſcandall to declare it: Nevertheleſſe diſſembling her thought, ſhee went on, as if ſhe had not heard any word of this diſcourſe. *Berontus*, who was none of *Liſanders* beſt friends, jealous of the overmuch love which his brother did beare him, had a faire occaſion to divide them: but he, conſidering that hee ſhould wrong his ſiſter, and not willing to imbroile his brothers heart with ſo miſerable a paſſion as Jealouſie, nor to ruine the affection which he ought unto his wife, in deſtroying that which he unduly bare unto *Liſander*; reſolved in himſelfe to ſay nothing: But all theſe conſiderations were apart, and in ſilence, without communicating any word one unto the other. In the end *Berontus*, ſeeing that *Caliſta* returned without ſaying a word, ſpake unto her in this manner: I doe not wonder, Siſter, at *Liſanders* languiſhing, but I rather wonder at your cruelty, who ſo ungratefully ſuffer a Knight of his merit to dye, without taking any care or knowledge of the wounds which your beauty giveth him: Brother, ſaid *Caliſta*, you ſhew as much folly in entertaining me thus with his evill, as he doth in complaining, if it be true that he hath forgotten himſelfe ſo much; for I am unwilling to heare, either your diſcourſe, or his complaint. But becauſe we may have no more cauſe of ſuſpition thereof, and that the houſe may be as well free from ſuſpition as from crime, I doe conjure

you

you to remove away the cauſe, and to finde ſome meanes ſo to drive him away, that I may have no more cauſe to complaine of the good which (you ſay) he wiſheth unto mee. Siſter, ſaid *Berontus*, it is a buſineſſe wherein I cannot ſerve you to my deſire, becauſe if hee ſhould complaine unto my Brother, and he be willing to know the occaſion, I muſt be conſtrained to utter that which were no way fit for him to know: but if you thinke well to write a Letter, ſuch as your diſcretion can deviſe, I will cauſe it to fall into his hands, as it were by chance, and by this meanes I beleeve, that honouring you as he doth, he will rather willingly baniſh himſelfe from your preſence, than trouble the peace both of your houſe and minde. *Caliſta* approved of the advice, and in this reſolution (without being diſcovered by *Liſander*) they went to the houſe, whither alſo *Cleander* inſtantly returned with a fat Stagge, accompanied with thoſe who had hunted with him. Shortly after came *Liſander*, who did not know that his complaints had ſounded ſo neer unto his Miſtreſſes eares, and leſſe did he thinke that *Berontus* had heard them. They ſupped joyfully together, *Liſander* and *Caliſta* diſcreetly diſſembling the divers thoughts wherewith their mindes were troubled; and when bed-time came, *Cleander*, *Berontus*, and almoſt all the company, brought *Liſander* unto his chamber, where, after ſome few words of courteſie, they left him alone with his ſervants. He, going to the cupboord to take ſome of his night-cloaths, found upon his Cap a Letter to this purpoſe.

Caliſta's *Letter to* Liſander.

HEaven, which many times maketh ſmall and unprofible things bring hidden matters to light, and draweth light from darkeneſſe, hath made uſe of the ſhady wood to diſcover thee, and by their ſilence to accuſe thee, and by their ſolitarineſſe to convince thee of the vileſt and baſeſt thought that ever the heart of a Knight was capeable of: Thou haſt attempted *Liſander* (with more ingratitude than can be imagined) againſt the honour of thy friend *Cleander*, and

and against the chastity of his wife; either of which, were thy attempt come to their knowledge, could not draw a punishment upon thee lesse than thy life: but heaven more carefull of thy preservation than thou thy selfe, hath kept it from their knowledge, that thou mightst have leisure to repent, and to retire thy selfe from a place, where the crime which thou committedst can give thee no assurance.

If *Calista* were surprised with *Lisanders* complaint, he was much more astonished at *Calista*'s Letter, which *Berontus* (in going last out of the chamber) had privily let fall upon the table. He could not imagine who had written, or who had brought it: well hee knew, that the complaints which had escaped from him in the wood, were heard, and from thence came the knowledge of his most secret thoughts. O what newes were these to bring rest unto a man oppresst with amorous passions! All night hee did nothing but muse who should give him this advice: That it was *Cleander*, there was no appearance, because hee had beene all day a hunting, and after his returne hee did not leave his company; neither was it likely that he would have proceeded in this manner. Hee could not also imagine that it was *Calista*, because that he did not know that shee had walked abroad with *Berontus*. Besides, the Letter expressely said, that neither shee nor *Cleander* knew of it: And that it should be *Berontus*, hee had already found that he did not love him; neither did he thinke, if this young man had had such an occasion against him, that hee would have used it so discreetly. To be short, he knew not to whom to returne answer: nevertheless hee resolved upon his departure, and upon the meanes whereby hee might make *Cleander* like well of it, as also to speake particularly to *Calista*. The day appearing, he quickly dispatched one of his Footmen to Fountaine *Bleau* (where the King then was) commanding him to carry some Letters, which hee had written unto his friends, and with all speed to bring him answer. The footman departed with all diligence, and returned the next day with Letters from his friends, who sent him word, that he must make speed unto the Court, out of some important reasons, which they could not write. During the

abſence of his man, hee endevoured by all meanes to accoſt *Caliſta*; which he could not effect poſſibly: for ſhe prevented him with ſo much care, and with ſuch premeditated avoydings, that he judged ſhe had knowledge of his deſigne, and that from thence came the Letter which had given him ſo much paine, ſeeing that before nothing was more eaſie than his acceſſe unto her. When his man was returned from the Court, hee went unto *Cleander*, who was then alone in his chamber with his wife; and having communicated his letters unto him, he entreated him not to take it amiſſe, if he did deprive himſelfe of the happineſſe which hee enjoyed in his company, for a ſmall time, which he did aſſure him, ſhould bee as little a while as hee could, yet would it nevertheleſſe ſeeme long unto him, in regard of the contentment and honour which he received in his ſo deare converſation. *Cleander* was very ſorrie that hee muſt loſe the preſence of his friend, and ſaid unto him; Yet ſhall it not be ſo haſtily, but that I will importune you to give this day unto mee; for I have ſome buſineſſe at the Court, which I will communicate unto you, if you bee not preſſed with your owne. Now, as we ſaid, *Cleander* had many other friends with him, whom (according to his courteſie) willing to entertain, he left *Caliſta* alone in the chamber with *Liſander*, as if hee had contributed unto his deſires. *Liſander* ſeeing himſelfe alone with her, ſaid, that hee had communicated newes unto *Cleander*, which he had received from the Court; but he had others from the deereſt perſon in the world, which he could not utter but unto her alone, entreating her to ſee them in this little Letter, whoſe ſhortneſſe was ſuch, that ſhee could not have the leiſure to bee troubled with the reading. And in ſaying this he preſented her the Letter, which ſhe her ſelfe had written. *Caliſta* knowing it, and not being able to keep her countenance (inflamed with indignation and ſhame) from confeſſing that ſhee had done it, anſwered him in this manner: Silence or flight were much profitabler for you *Liſander*, than either your diſcourſe or ſtay here. Content your ſelfe that I have not acquainted *Cleander* with the wrong which you procure both unto him and unto mee, and that

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ſuch a one knowes it, as doth onely forbeare to tell him, becauſe hee would not hazzard my honour, with the loſſe of your life. Madam, anſwered *Liſander*, then hee cannot but ſay, that I love *Cleander* with as perfect an affection as hee doth me, and that I doe adore you with as much reſpect and devotion as can be yeelded unto Divinity it ſelfe; which is farre from endevouring to wrong either the one or the other. It is true Madam, that if the advantage which the affections of love have over thoſe of friendſhip, and the priviledge of your beauty (which is as impoſſible to bee beheld without being beloved, as it is to come neer the fire without feeling the heat thereof) have made mee dare to diſcover it unto trees in the depth of the Forreſt; the violence of my love muſt be accuſed, which hath conſtrained me, and your excellent beauty from whence it hath ſprung: And let the worſt be, Madam, I cannot be accuſed for any thing, but for loving the moſt lovely creature in the world. And if this be the crime which you ſpeake of, I confeſſe not alone that I have committed it, but, which is more, that I cannot repent me of it. As for my life, Madam, with the loſſe whereof you threaten mee; as I will not keepe it but for your ſervice, ſo I cannot better loſe it than for your love. I would (if it pleaſed God) that I had many, and that nothing letted but their loſſe, to witneſſe my affection: But ſeeing that you are intereſt, and that I cannot hazzard it, but with your reputation, and in depriving you of the moſt faithfull ſlave that ever you captivated; I had rather barre my ſelfe from the Soveraigne bliſſe of my ſoule, than take from you the leaſt contentment. And for this cauſe, Madam, I am reſolved not to depart from your ſervice for ever, but for ſome time from your preſence, to the end, that adoring you without offending you, I may witneſſe no leſſe affection than obedience, and that both of them may one day invite your pity, to call backe a poore Exile, who hath baniſhed himſelfe from the deareſt abode that ever he had, to obey you.

Theſe words, ſpoken with no leſſe love than grace, together with the inevitable charmes of *Liſanders* converſation, which would have inchanted even rockes, touched the ſe-

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cret places of *Calista's* affection, which were not marble, nor of any insensible matter, yet such, as with a chaste resolution shee beat backe all those shafts, which Love, hid in *Lisanders* eyes, did continually shoot at her heart: wherefore shee thus answered. *Lisander*, you must know *Calista*, and beleeve, that if shee could give her selfe unto any one, it should be unto you, but shee cannot doe but what she ought: and if you doe love her truely, as you doe professe, you ought not to hope nor desire any thing, but the will with which shee doth acknowledge alwayes the affection which you beare her; and were not her honour interest, she would hold your presence as deare as your merit doth oblige her: But for this time I counsell you to follow the resolution of departing, which you have already taken, because that *Berontus*, walking with me when we heard your complaint, and having learned more than I would that he knew, may do you some evill offices to *Cleander*. And although hee should say nothing, yet we know not what hee may thinke: he is jealous enough of the love which his brother beares you, and may grow as jealous of me, although I doe not thinke I shall give him cause. Hereafter bee more discreet in your complaints, and thinke, that though woods cannot speake, yet they are not without their Ecchoes, which reside in their centers, and doe alwayes report (at the least the last word) what they heare. Upon the uttering of these last words, *Cleander* and *Berontus* came into the chamber, which not onely interrupted their discourse, but also put both of them in great doubt that *Berontus* had conferred with his brother about that whereof they were speaking: but this disquiet lasted not long, because that *Cleander* taking *Lisander* apart, and discoursing to him his businesse at Court, let him presently know, that he knew nothing of theirs; and *Berontus* (in the meane time) speaking with *Calista*, she told him what operation the scroule had, which was let fall into *Lisanders* hands, which occasioned the leave he had taken of *Cleander* and of her selfe, although under a pretext of Letters which were come unto him from Fountaine *Bleau*: concealing nevertheless from *Berontus* that *Lisander* had spoken unto

her of it, or made any demonstration that he knew or doubted that she had written it.

This done, they went to dinner, and afterwards *Lisander* got to Horse, having first kindly embraced *Cleander* and *Berontus*, and more lovingly kissed the faire *Calista*, who could not see him depart without sorrow, although small in respect of that which hee carried with him. All the company remained sad for his departure, except *Berontus*, who was not otherwise an enemy of his vertue, but envious: for he being a brave Gentleman, & hardy as the sword, thought hee lost of his lustre, when he was compared to *Lisanders* incomparable valour; who riding as fast as hee could spurre, without staying all the rest of the day, came upon the beginning of the evening into the entrance of the Forrest of Fountaine *Bleau*. The knowledge which (especially in France) is so frequent of this royall house (the proudest I thinke, in the world) shall keepe mee from beautifying this my Story with the description thereof, although it were one of the most glorious ornaments wherewith I could enrich it. It shall suffice onely to say, that our Kings have heretofore built it for the pleasure of hunting, in the middle of the Launds and Forrests, from whence it was called the Deserts of Fountaine *Bleau*. *Lisander* then entring into this Forrest, onely with one man on horseback, who waited upon him in his chamber, and two Footmen which ranne by him, had not ridden a hundred paces, when he was told by the report of seven or eight Harquebusshes, and Pistoll-shot, and the cryes of many persons, that there was fighting neere him. He presently spurred his lusty Horse that hee had under him, which carried him suddenly into the middle of tenne or twelve Theeves, who were murdering of a brave Gentleman, having laid two of his men upon the ground, and scattered three or foure others, who had accompanied him: He nevertheless defended himselfe valiantly with his Sword, having already discharged his Pistoll upon one of the Theeves, wherewith hee lay biting the ground with the Gentlemans two men. *Lisander* seeing how bravely this Gentleman acquitted himselfe, moved with his owne natu-

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gall courage, let flye his Piſtoll, and almoſt in an inſtant thruſt himſelfe amongſt the rout with his ſword and his Horſe, every one of which had his effect; the Piſtoll laid one along, with his Horſe hee overthrew a ſecond, and with his ſword he killed a third, and all in ſo ſhort a ſpace, that one muſt have had a quicke diſcerning, who had not judged it to be one action: His Sword hee had not long uſed, before the ground was ſtrawed with blood, and diſmembred parts of the Robbers, who were ſooner killed and vanquiſhed than they could almoſt thinke that any ſuccour was comn unto the Gentleman, who alſo ſaw himſelfe delivered, before hee could thinke of helpe. *Liſander* after this bloody execution comming neere unto him, ſaw that hee was a reverent old man, having his head and beard all white; of whom he demanded how he did after his combat? Well, anſwered he, I thanke God, and your good help, unto whom I am redueable for my life: but I am grieved for my men, who are either all loſt or dead. For thoſe which are dead (anſwered *Liſander*) there is no calling of them againe; but for the reſt, they cannot be loſt ſo neere the Court, whither I thinke you are going. It is true, ſaid the old Gentleman, that I am going thither, but not to make any ſtay; for it is long ſince my age and the contentment of a free life, which I have accuſtomed my ſelfe unto at home, have exempted me from that honourable ſervitude. But leaving this diſcourſe unto another time, I would faine ſee if among thoſe which lye for dead, there is none of mine yet alive: Saying this, he alighted, and *Liſander* alſo, whoſe men by this time were comn unto them, and eaſed them of this labour. They looking amongſt them who lay upon the ground, found two of the old mans ſervants ſtill breathing, although wounded in many parts of their bodies, as well with ſhot as with ſwords: They called the other with lowd cryes, which ſounding through the Forreſt, helped by the ſilence of the night, and ſolitarineſſe of the place, came unto their eares; who hearing themſelves called by their names, and by their Maſter whom they thought dead, returned to the place where they had left him. *Liſander* no leſſe content with the good ſervice which he had done unto

this

this Knight, than he himselfe was joyfull for the recovery of his servants; the two first which were found wounded among the dead, were Gentlemen (as such had rather dye at their Masters feet, than save their lives by shamefull flying) whom he caused to be lifted upon their horses, letting the others behinde to hold them up, and so they proceeded in their journy toward Fountain *Bleau*. By the way, which was a good league and more, *Lisander* intreated this Knight to pardon his curiositie, if it did stretch so farre, as to desire to know the cause of this accident; at least, if this his request might not seeme too much importunitie. The old man, looking *Lisander* stedfastly in the face, as much as the darkenesse of the night would give him leave, and thinking him the bravest and best fashioned Gentleman that ever hee beheld, answered him in this manner: Not alone of this accident, whereof I cannot tell you the cause, but also of all my life (which you have saved, obliging mee thereby to hold it, next after God, of your Sword) I will give you such an account, that although I cannot satisfie my obligation, I will satisfie (at least) your curiosity.

My countrey is Normandy, my house called *Bellayre*, I am named *Dorilas*, I have spent the most part of my life in the warres, and few memorable actions have beene in my time in Christendome, wherein I have not had the honour to bee. I followed the fortune of *Monsier du Mayne*, in that famous battell of Lepantho, where *Don John* of Austrige, and the Venetians made the Easterne Sea looke redde with the Turkish blood. A long time after I was with old *Monsier de Guise*, in that fearefull battell of Anneau, when with a handfull of Volentiers hee defeated many thousands of Reisters, which were come from Roane unto the bankes of Loiere. Afterwards I was with the late *Monsier de Mercure*, when hee made that great and never-enough celebrated retraict of Cavise, where he retired many leagues in Hungary before a hundred thousand horse, with an army of fifteene thousand men. Finally, willing to retire my selfe, I married a wife in mine owne country, whose name is *Otranta*, who hath borne unto me a sonne, whose name is *Liddian*, and a

daugh-

daughter who is called *Caliſta*, and not long ſince married to a Knight of this countrey called *Cleander*. It is now eight dayes ſince I departed from my houſe and my wife, out of a deſire which I had to ſee my children; one of whom I have ſeene but once ſince his comming out of Italy: Now he followes the King; and the other lives about a dayes journey hence, with the Knight her husband, whom even now I named. This afternoone I departed from Paris, where I have ſtayed theſe three dayes, and as I came from thence on this ſide of Auſſone, the theeves ſet upon me, they having followed me untill I came into this wood, where I had met with my grave, if you had not happily ſuccoured me. Thus briefly you have what I can ſay of my fortune, and my life. But gentle Knight (if it pleaſe you) I pray tell mee your name, that I may know unto whom I may give thankes for my preſervation; for it is unreaſonable that I ſhould not know him, unto whom of all men in the world I am moſt obliged; nor that you ſhould refuſe this courteſie unto him, unto whom you have not refuſed to expoſe your life for the ſafety of his. Sir, anſwered *Liſander*, I am a poore Souldier, ſo little knowne in the world, that though I ſhould tell you my name, you would never the better know my perſon: yet thus much I will ſay, that I am come out of thoſe parts, whither you are going, and doe know by good intelligence, that thoſe whom you goe to ſee, are in good health: And I have heard ſo much good of their merits and vertues, that I account the ſmall ſervice which I have done you, exceeding well employed, although the onely conſideration and fame which I have heard publiſhed of your valour (whereof you have made large proofe in this encounter) doth oblige mee to render you more ſignall offices, which, with time, I hope to performe: And then, Sir, I will not onely declare unto you my being, but I will let you ſee that I am in no leſſe degree of love unto you, than one of your children.

By this meanes *Liſander* did thinke that hee ſhould have avoyded the telling of his name unto good *Dorilas*, who did intreat him with a paſſion ſo great, as the refuſall of ſo *juſt* a demand did augment his deſire. But one of his footmen (in the

the meane time) holding speech with one of *Dorilasses*, and not knowing that his Master had a designe to hide his name, did nakedly tell, without thinking, whatsoever his Master did endevour to dissemble: yet because they did not understand what their Masters said, nor their Masters what they said, it came not at this time to the old mans knowledge. Shortly after they came unto Fountaine *Bleau*; but it was late, and the Court being very great, they could get but two chambers in one house, which *Lisander* left unto *Dorilas* and unto his people, going himselfe with his servants unto a friends lodging of his, to *Dorilas* his great griefe, who did much desire that they might accommodate themselves in one lodging. Let us leave him among his wounded servants, whom he causeth to bee dressed with great diligence, and no lesse danger of their lives: and returne wee unto *Lisander*, who retiring of himselfe (as we have said) to one of his friends called *Clarangeus*, he was received with all loving entertainment. At supper he told the adventure which had happened to him in the wood, the encounter which *Dorilas* had with the theeves, the succour which hee gave him; in briefe, the relation which *Dorilas* had made of his fortune. And when hee named *Lidian*, *Clarangeus* demanded if hee knew him. I have never seene him, said *Lisander*, but I have heard that he is one of the bravest Gentlemen in the world. One of the bravest you shall see, said *Clarangeus*, and one of the gentlest: wee have both done our exercise in *Benjamins* Schoole, whom you know to be one of the vertuousest Gentlemen living of his condition. After that, wee travelled together into Italy, and there have alwayes lived familiarly together: And since our returne, I never met with any man who hath more obliged mee to make account of his friendship; but I thinke when things are come to their perfection, they cannot continue, returning unto the estate wherein they were at first. I speake this, because of late we have not lived as we were wont, and all for the love of a person, who in my opinion gives neither of us thankes; and I doe beleeve, that if one of us doe not shortly alter his course, we shall not seeke one another long. I should be sorry it should so happen, said

Lisander,

Lisander, for the good which I wish unto you, and in respect of what I have heard of him; and it were better that you should yeeld your difference to your first friendship, rather than let it passe any further. This cannot be, said *Clarangeus*, because wee both looke upon one object; neither are wee men to yeeld that whereunto wee have a desire. If hee had beene embarked before mee, my love should have given place unto his friendship; but being first in time, and not lesse in merit, I cannot doe it in affection. I told him yesterday what I thought, before my Mistresse: neither doe I know what he thought, but I have seene the time when hee would have understood me. Now this *Clarangeus* was one of the most accomplished Gentlemen of the Court, and *Lidian* and he were both suiters unto one Lady, whose fair perfections we will hide under the name of *Olinda*, and about this occasion had some little quarrell that very day; whereat *Lisander* was much grieved, seeing himselfe comm just upon the debate of two friends, the bloudy lawes whereof, in the French honour, obliged him to serve the one or the other of them. And indeed the next morning earely, hardly were they awaked, when a Gentleman, knocking at their lodging doore, asked to speak with *Clarangeus*, who (being called up into an outer chamber, and seeing him making of himselfe ready) told him that he was come from *Lidian*, who desired to see him in the fields with his sword; which well he could not tell him yesterday, because he was not willing to offend the respect of a person, whom he adored above all creatures: And that having taken upon him this charge, he had obliged him to receive him into his company, to serve him to some other purpose than as a messenger; wherefore he would intreat that he would make choice of such a friend, who might serve him in the quality wherein hee served *Lidian*. *Clarangeus*, without stay, trouble, or alteration, answered in this manner; You cannot be more welcome: I am ready to content your friend in the field, as I would have done in his house, if he had sent mee word. For a Second, I have none, neither will I have any (if it please you) for I know you to be so brave and so honest a Gentleman, that I will go among

all my endevors upon your word. Sir, said *Alcidon*, who was also bringer of the challenge, and a very valiant Gentleman, you answer as well becomes you, and as I my selfe should do if I were in your place, but you know that sometimes curtesie is of more force then duty, and that I should bee blamed to bring you two to fight, and in the meane time I my selfe have mine arme in a scarfe. I know that Seconds are to set their friends equally set together, and not to fight themselves; but use carrieth it against reason, wee being neither Mareschals of France, nor old enough to establish new lawes: the custome must have its course, and particular reason must give place to generall fashion; wherefore I once againe intreat you to finde a friend, or else suffer me to say, you doe not embrace all the meanes you have to satisfie mee. *Lisander*, who having heard one aske to speake with *Clarangeus* so rarely, quickly made himselfe ready, thinking, by the discourse which hee held of *Lidian* over night at supper, that this messenger came from him; and having heard the dispute betweene *Alcidon* and *Clarangeus* about a Second, entred into the chamber unto them, and bidding them good morrow, asked them what difference there was betweene them, and if he might not end it. Sir, answered *Clarangeus*, this Gentleman summons me upon a promise, which I made unto him the other day, that I should shew him a faire Lady, and I feare shee is not yet stirring. That may very well be, answered *Lisander*; but may not I also see her? No sir, said *Clarangeus*; Kings and Lovers will have no companions. Sir, said *Alcidon* unto *Lisander*, you are not a man to bee refused, if *Clarangeus* will beleeve mee, and if you are willing, it shall be your fault if she be not shewed you. There shall bee no fault in me, answered *Lisander*, and to witnesse unto you that I have a desire thereunto, I doe now tell you I doe already know your message, and that if *Clarangeus* refuseth the offer which you make in the behalfe of your friend, I will accept of it betweene you and mee. *Alcidon* answered, then are we as I would desire, and now I hope *Clarangeus* cannot refuse to give *Lidian* contentment, seeing that with his will or without it, we shall try it together. Well, answered *Cla-*

rangeus, let mee then see *Lidian*, and doe you accommodate your selfe (to your desire) with *Lisander*, although there is no reason, that having no quarrell one with another, you should so rashly precipitate your selves upon your owne armes. *Lisander* did never undertake a quarrell with more griefe; not that he did doubt *Alcidon*, or that he was not willing to serve *Clarangeus*; but hee did consider the displeasure which he should doe unto *Dorilas*, whom hee had so freshly obliged; unto *Cleander*, who loved him so dearly, and, which was more than the rest, unto *Calista*, in assisting a man against her brother: but the French passion (which in this respect is beastly, and constraineth those who doe detest this pernicious custome, to observe it, and to embrace a false honour in stead of a true) made him passe over all those considerations. Thus went they towards their combat: *Alcidon* brings them into a meadow, where *Lidian* stayed for them upon a good horse, with a sword by his side: there, having all alighted, and put themselves into their shirts, *Alcidon* and *Lisander* left *Lidian* with *Clarangeus*, and went apart about a hundred paces, where being ready prepared, they ran one at the other, and at the first encounter were both wounded; *Lisander* gave him a very great wound in his thigh, which he ran thorow, and he himselfe was wounded in the left arme, so that the one lost the use of his thigh, and the other of his arme: But *Alcidon* fell downe, unto whom *Lisander* said, We fight but for our friends, and for our honour, without any particular occasion of hatred to each other, wherefore you having some of my bloud, suffer me, I pray, though unwillingly, to carry away this of yours, and that remaining your friend, I may goe separate those whom a small occasion hath made enemies. This being said, without staying for answer, hee ran unto *Lidian* and *Clarangeus*, whose combat had proceeded in this manner; *Lidian* had made a thrust unto *Clarangeus*, which lighted upon his Rapier, and going betweene the barres of the hilts, wounded him in his right hand, but he himselfe was wounded in the left hand, and his Sword, engaged in the hilts of his adversaris, broke in the middle: Then seeing *Lisander* comming towards him with

his sword naked and bloody, and not seeing *Alcidon*, he did verily thinke that he had killed him, and came now to helpe his friend; wherefore seeing two such enemies upon his hands at once, and himselfe without a sword (for whom two had beene too little) that he was in extremity, it may easily be imagined: yet dissembling his thought, and willing to cover his pressing and manifest danger, as one who had rather lose a thousand lives, than one title of honour; he cast which way hee might revenge his death, which hee did beleeve to bee inevitable, when *Lisander* threw himselfe betweene their weapons, and before *Clarangeus* could have liberty to speake one word, he cryed unto them, Sirs, you are both noble, both bloody, and both friends, without having any advantage one of the other, or if there be any, it is rather due unto fortune than valour, which is equall between you; I conjure you to give your difference (which is but small) unto your ancient friendship which was so great, and unto this blood, which *Alcidon* and I have shed for your pleasure. How, said *Clarangeus*? and shall not *Lidian* confesse himselfe vanquished, being alone, and without a sword, against us two? Never vanquished though killed, answered *Lidian*; for although you kill mee, yet I will never want courage to dye, though I want armes to defend my selfe. Live then invincible, said *Clarangeus*, for it shall never bee said that I triumph over you rather by fortune than vertue. Ah, said *Lidian*, now thou hast vanquished me, in saying I should remain invincible, my life being in thy hand, which thou hast generously spared, when I would not have begged it to have redeemed it from death. In saying this, he flung away the rest of his sword, and ran to embrace sometimes *Clarangeus*, and sometimes *Lisander* (having teares in their eyes out of tender joy, principally *Clarangeus*, who was more particularly touched with his former affection) equally thanking them for their courtesie. In the meane time *Lisander* lost much blood, and *Alcidon* more, whereby hee was not able to rise; wherefore all three went unto the place where he fell, and found him more afflicted with griefe that hee could not follow *Lisander*, than with his wound; but when he knew the happy

ſucceſſe of their combat, his contentment made him forget the greater part of his griefe.

Now this challenge could not be carried ſo ſecretly, but *Olinda*, who was the cauſe of it, knew alſo the effect; by whoſe fearefull, yet loving minde, it was quickly divulged through the Court, and many of the chiefe Courtiers were on horſe-backe to hinder the combate betweene ſuch noble Gentlemen: but inaſmuch as no man knew the place which was choſen, they ſo long rode up and downe the fields to ſeeke them, that the blowes were all paſt, and they had called their people, who were binding of their wounds to ſtay the blood, when they came in unto them: The firſt who found them were of *Alcidons* friends, who cauſed him to be laid upon a hand-litter, and carried unto Fountaine *Bleau*. *Lidian* having taken his leave of him, and left in charge with them, he accompanied *Liſander* and *Clarangeus* to the outermoſt part of the Launds, and there againe renewing the oath of his former friendſhip, and contracting a new affection with *Liſander*, he tooke leave of them, who ridde towards Paris, he himſelfe directing his courſe to *Beauplaine*, to ſee his brother *Cleander*, and his faire ſiſter *Caliſta*.

The End of the firſt Booke.

A TRAGI-COMICALL HISTORY OF OUR TIMES.

The Second Booke.

WHilſt *Lidian* endevoured by hard riding to reach *Beauplaine*, the newes of his combate ſpread through all the Court, ſo that *Dorilas* his father waking in the morning, and ſending one of his men to the Caſtle to enquire for his ſonne, about eight of the clocke he underſtood by him, that his ſon was gone very early to fight, that there were three more in the company, and that all the Court was on horſe-backe to part them: which newes did ſo much trouble him, that hee was likely to ſtrike him who told it; yet ſpeedily reſolving, hee got to his horſe, and galloping after thoſe which were gone before, it was not long ere he met with thoſe who carried *Alcidon*, from whom hee learnt the ſucceſſe of the combate, and the retreat of the Combatants. Whereupon the good old man returning to Fountaine *Bleau*, recommended the care of his wounded Servants to the Surgeon, and inſtantly ſetting his foot in the ſtirrop, in great haſte rode unto *Beauplaine*; and as there is no better ſpur, or rather no better wings than thoſe of love, ſo the affection which hee bare his ſonne, carryed him ſo nimbly, that *Lidian* was in *Cleanders* armes embracing, when *Dorilas* came, ſo that it ſeemed they

came

came together. It is not to be told whether *Caliſta* were more glad, or *Lidian* more ſurpriſed at the unexpected comming of their father.

After that *Dorilas* had embraced *Cleander* and *Caliſta*, *Lidian* did him reverence, whom *Dorilas* embraced as the others, and diſſembled for the preſent any knowledge of his affaires, although he ſaw his arme in a ſcarfe: but a ſmall time after ſitting at Supper, and *Lidian* not uſing his left hand, the faire *Caliſta* ſitting neere him, invited him to bee merry, ſaying, I thought at the firſt, brother, that you wore this faire ſcarfe for faſhion ſake, but now ſeeing you doe not uſe your hand, I thinke it is out of neceſſity. It is true ſiſter, anſwered *Lidian*, neither doe I know how it happens, I have ſuch a fluxe fallen into my arme within theſe few dayes, that I have loſt the uſe thereof. I know well, anſwered *Dorilas*, from whence it proceeds; but to eaſe me of the labour of telling, relate it your ſelfe, and lye not, otherwiſe I ſhall make another quarrell betweene you and *Alcidon*, if you contrary the truth which hee told mee. *Lidian* finding himſelfe convinced by ſuch a teſtimony, and that hee could no longer diſguiſe a thing ſo viſible, related from point to point the quarrell which hee had with *Clarangeus* (as you have heard) beginning with the great friendſhip which had been betweene them, untill their love unto *Olinda*, for whoſe ſake only (being jealous one of the other) they had fought, being never provoked by any injurious words: the Challenge delivered by *Alcidon* to *Clarangeus*, with whom *Liſander* caſually being, offered himſelfe to be a Second; finally, hee told them how *Liſander* (having wounded and overthrowne *Alcidon*) parted *Clarangeus* and him, when they were both wounded, and when his owne ſword being broken, he made a full account to have had them both upon him; exalting the valour and courteſie of his enemies, but principally *Liſanders*, who he ſaid was author both of his ſafety and life, with ſo many words of praiſes and commendations, that *Cleander* could not expreſſe, nor *Caliſta* diſſemble their contentment.

After that *Lidian* had finiſhed his diſcourſe, *Dorilas* began in this manner: You, ſonne, for your pleaſure have runne a

dange-

dangerous fortune, but that which happened to me was no lesse, neither was there above a night betweene in time, nor above a league in place: for yesterday, going from Paris to Fountaine *Bleau*, and comming late into the wood, I was set upon by tenne or twelve theeves, who wounded almost to death two Gentlemen, whom I have left at Fountaine *Bleau*, and put two or three other of my people to their heeles, that without helpe (in my opinion) more than humane, which came to mee when I was resolved for death, I had not now beene alive. Then did hee tell them how he was succoured by the valour of one man, who comming in miraculously, either killed or put to flight all the theeves: further, said hee, I never saw him but by night, yet me thought hee had the fashion and figure of an Angell; neither in all my life did I see any thing more courteous, or more humble: nevertheless he did me this displeasure to conceale his name, although his refusall was accompanied with the faireſt and gentlest excuses that could bee; telling further, that hee came from these parts, and that he understood by good intelligence, you were both in good health. Sir, said a servant of *Dorilasses*, who stood waiting behinde his chaire, hee who succoured you in the wood, was called *Lisander*, for his man told mee so, and also that he came from hence: yet when he heard his Master conceale his name, he entreated me not to speake of it; and I doe verily beleeve that hee is the very same who this day fought with *Alcidon*, for it was said this morning at Fountaine *Bleau* (in speaking of this quarrell) that one of them came but late last night to the towne. You have reason, said *Cleander*, for yesterday after dinner hee went from hence, and he might well reach the wood about the houre you speake of. By this second newes *Lisanders* praises were augmented, and every one spake of his vertues, & of those services which he had done in the persons of *Calista*'s parents: who could have beene so ungratefull, as not to acknowledge the merit and fidelity of so perfect a lover? Let us now confesse that vertue hath no prevailing enemies; and as the beauty thereof, producing admirable affections, justified the honest love which *Calista* afterwards bare him, so had it justly condem-

ned her of an unexcuſable ingratitude, if ſhee had not loved him. Now the nature of envie being moſt to fight and bite againſt vertues, when they are moſt commended, the more *Liſanders* lovely qualities were commended, the more was *Berontus* his courage incenſed againſt him: for hee having heard the complaint, walking with *Caliſta*, which *Liſander* made in the wood, and thereby knowing that all his ſervices had no reſpect but unto her, was juſtly ſpighted to ſee aſwell his brother, as all the reſt take them to their advantage, which *Caliſta* diſcreetly marked, gathering *Liſanders* commendations with ſo much modeſty, that her coldneſſe did not diſcover any diſſimulation, nor her liberty, affection. Fifteene dayes did *Dorilas* and *Lidian* ſtay at *Beauplaine*, and fifteene *Liſander* and *Clarangeus* at Paris, during which time both their wounds were healed, but that which *Caliſta* had made in *Liſanders* heart, grew every day worſe, neither abſence, nor diverſion, nor company, nor buſineſſe, proving apt remedies for his healing: which made him almoſt reſolve once againe to appeare before his onely remedy, if the divers obſtacles which concurred had not retained him. For hee knew that *Dorilas* and *Lidian* were both there, and *Berontus* alſo, whoſe preſence was more dangerous than all of them; and what hope could hee have to entertaine her opportunely with any ſpeeches, amongſt ſo many watchfull eies? He was not willing to loſe *Cleander*, and above all things he feared to offend *Caliſta*: wherefore hee reſolved before the remembrance of two ſuch freſh obligations ſhould ſlippe out of her memory, to write unto her, to know whether he might ever hope for time or place, when, without diſturbance, hee might ſee the onely object for which hee cheriſhed his ſight: and having called one of his Footmen, an old ſervant whom hee had long knowne to be faithfull, commanded him to goe unto ſuch a Village neere *Beauplaine*, where hee ſhould finde ſuch a woman, unto whom he ſhould give this Letter, and wait for an anſwer in her houſe, but upon his life he ſhould take care that he were not ſeene, and for that cauſe hee ſhould not come thither before it was night, and ſhould goe away before day. Now *Liſander* had long before pra-

etiſed this woman while he lay at *Beauplain*, where ſhe was as frequent as if ſhe had beene of the family, and had given her great gifts, yet not telling her that he was in love with *Caliſta*, but with her woman, whoſe name was *Clarinda*, whom he had alſo ſo far gained, that ſhe promiſed to deliver his letters unto her Miſtreſſe. The Lacquey departeth after dinner from *Paris*, and comming in the night to this woman, delivereth his Maſters commendations unto her, and together with a Letter, hee put two chaines of gold into her hand, one for her ſelfe, and another for *Caliſta*'s woman, unto whom he entreateth her to give it, together with the Letter. The woman ſhut the Lacquey into the houſe, and going the next morning unto *Beauplaine*, eaſily gave the Letter and the chaine unto *Clarinda*, and *Clarinda* only the Letter to *Caliſta*, who retiring her ſelfe into her Cloſet, and opening it, found that it ſaid as followeth.

Liſanders *Letter to* Caliſta.

MAdam, if you knew how my heart beateth, and my hand trembleth, now when my Love commandeth me to ſend you this, you would have leſſe apprehenſion at the ſight hereof, than I have feare in the writing, and more pity of my paſſion, than I have courage to expreſſe it. It is a wonder, Madam, to ſee me ſuffer ſo much, and that I can live ſo long in ſo rigorous an abſence: but it muſt bee referred to your beauty, through the which the moſt impoſſible things are eaſie unto mee. I will not relate the torment which I ſuffer, the evils are contagious, and that which I could ſay, may peradventure cauſe griefe in you; ſuffer onely that I entreat you to ſave my life in preſerving your honour, which you cannot well refuſe to your very enemy, and which you may yeeld unto me in giving me the meanes to ſee you, without ſcandalizing or injuring of any man. I doe alſo intreat you to beleeve, that my life is not ſo deare unto mee, that I would preſerve it with the leaſt prejudice unto you; and if I ſhould ſorrow for the loſſe thereof, it would bee rather in reſpect of you than my ſelfe, and out of the griefe I ſhould have

to see my end before I had testified the beginning of my service. To conclude, Madam, all these words are too weake to witnesse so strong an affection as mine, and doe rather lessen than expresse it; therefore I intreat you not to judge it by their weake eloquence, but by your owne perfections, who are the faire cause, and beleeve that there is not any kinde of service which I could not easilier yeeld than offer. I shall expect the sentence of my life or death in your answer, and will remaine so perfectly yours, that I cannot say any thing neare to it, when I say I am your most faithfull, most obedient, and most affectionate servant.

Calista having read this Letter, and being no lesse combated with the obligation which shee had unto *Lisanders* love, than with the duty unto her owne honour, and *Cleanders* love, discoursed long in her selfe, whether shee ought to answer; her honour representing, that an honest, wise, vertuous woman, as she would bee accounted, and as shee was, ought not to doe any thing in secret from her husband, much lesse give him any answer, and already did her heart reproach her with the audience which shee had given him, and made her alone in her Closet blush with shame for receiving it: But Love pleading *Lisanders* cause, and representing his admirable qualities, his incomparable affection, testified with such signall and late services, accused her for suffering (with no lesse cruelty than ingratitude) a life to bee lost which ought to bee so deare unto her, if not for the love which shee bare him, at least in that hee had saved both her fathers and her brothers; and the rather, because shee might preserve it by a word, or by a looke, which would oblige *Lisander*, without any way offending *Cleander*. Following then this last opinion, and knowing that *Dorilas* was resolved to take *Cleander*, *Berontus*, and *Lidian* along with him the next day, she concluded not alone to write backe againe unto *Lisander*, but to take this occasion to see him in their absence, without any bodies privity; yet with this resolution, not to yeeld him any favour but only sight and speech: wherfore she answered thus.

CALISTA'S *Anſwer.*

IHave received your letter againſt my will, and anſwere now againſt my duty, which is to advertiſe you of yours, and to have you forbeare any further ſuit, in a matter which cannot chuſe but be dangerous unto you, and not to promiſe to your ſelfe from mee any more than ſuch good will as my honour and your vertue may make you hope. You are not now to begin to doe me ſervices, which you offer me, for you have already performed them, and ſo binding, in the perſons moſt neere unto me, that I cannot chuſe but bee ſorry at the griefe which you ſuffer by my meanes, and by your abſence; but I doe beleeve, you love me with ſo much honour, and are ſo perfect a friend unto him, whom I onely can love, that you would not that I ſhould remedy it to his prejudice; neither if you would, were it availeable, ſeeing it is impoſſible: yet foraſmuch as you onely demand to ſee me, and that thoſe obſtacles, which you your ſelfe have raiſed, doe hinder mee from permitting it openly, I had rather run a fortune in giving way unto your deſire, than refuſe you ſo ſmall a mattter as my ſight. To the end then that you may know, if I do not yeeld all that which I owe unto your merit, it proceedeth not from ingratitude, but from a former obligation, which hindereth mee from ſatisfying that which I am indebted unto you; I doe advertiſe you, that (if this letter may come to your hands this day) I hope to bee here alone to morrow: you ſhall find the little gate of the Garden open, and *Clarinda* not farre from thence, who ſhall attend you: Be there about eleven of the clocke, and ſee if I doe not hazzard more in this aſsignement, than you do in keeping it. Farewell.

It is true *Caliſta*, you hazzard more in this than he, for hee could but loſe his life, and you both life and honour: neither doe I thinke it will be long before you repent it, although you are not guilty of any offence, either in effect or will.

But not to digreſſe, this letter cloſed, and given unto *Clarinda*, that ſhe might, as from her, give it unto the woman of the Village, to ſend unto *Liſander*, *Caliſta* went into the Hall, where

where dinner was ready, and the company onely ſtaying for her, which ſhe excuſed as well as ſhe could. After dinner *Cleander* would needs give *Dorilas* and *Lidian* the ſport of hunting of a Stagge, whereupon they went all together a hunting; neere unto the Village where this woman dwelt, who was *Liſanders* meſſenger. It fortuned whileſt they were going to their ſport, a moſt violent ſtorm of raine fell ſo vehemently upon them, that they were conſtrained to ſeeke ſhelter; and finding none neerer than this womans houſe, (who, as I ſaid, was ordinarily at *Beauplain*) they ran thither (ſo faſt as their horſes would go) all together, and ſo ſuddenly, that *Liſanders* Lacquey (who was within waiting for his diſpatch) could not hide himſelfe from being found and knowne by *Cleander*, *Berontus*, and *Lidian*, who asked newes of his Maſter. The footman, who was not prepared for this ſurprize, remained ſo aſtoniſhed, that he wiſhed himſelfe dead: nevertheleſſe making a vertue of neceſſity, and not being able to hide his amazement, hee diſguiſed the ſubject, telling them, that hee was not now with his Maſter, who had put him away for a ſlight occaſion, when after ſo many faithfull ſervices which he had done him, hee ought to have expected a recompence; ſo that not knowing what to doe, and not having the heart to ſerve any other man, he reſolved to come to *Beauplaine*, to entreat their favour to write in his behalfe unto *Liſander* to take him againe, ſeeing the cauſe for which he had put him away, was onely for giving a boxe on the eare unto a fellow of his, who had not ſerved him above three dayes, whereas he had ſerved him ſixe yeeres; But ſeeing this ſtorme falling, hee had come thither as well for ſhelter, as alſo to entreat the woman of the houſe (who had well knowne him at *Beauplaine*, and had beene well acquainted with ſome friends of his) to write unto his Maſter in his behalfe. Truly, ſaid *Cleander*, if it bee no other matter, I will write in thy behalfe ſo ſoone as wee returne from hunting: come and lye at *Beauplaine*, and I will give thee a Letter. Sir, ſaid the footman, there is another who labours for my place, who (I feare) will get it before to morrow night; therefore ſeeing you are pleaſed to doe me ſo much good, I humbly in-

treat

treat you to write a word or two upon this paper, while the rain staies you here, that by my too long stay I do not find my place gone: herein you shall binde me to pray for your prosperity. Hast thou an inkehorne, said *Cleander*? I sir, answered the Footman (hee had found an ill-favoured one by chance upon the cupboord, with which, not knowing else how to spend his time, hee had beene scribling all the day;) Give it me, said *Cleander*; and taking the pen in his hand, hee writ these words.

CLEANDERS *Letter to* LISANDER.

WEe have found your footman lost in sorrow for his disgrace, which hee having told us, desired also that wee would give him a Letter unto you, to restore him to your favour, if he be no more deceived in the effect which it shall have, than in the love which hee judgeth wee beare you, his desire is effected. Sir, *Dorilas* my father joineth in this intreaty, commanding me also to tell you, that hee complaineth of you, for that after you had saved his life, you concealed your name. *Lidian* also sendeth you word, if he had known the obligation wherein hee stayed for that service, hee would not have thanked you for what you did afterwards for him, because his life is not dearer than his father is; and the first obligation is so great, that it could not bee augmented by a second. For my owne part, I complaine of nothing but that you did not come to see us according to your promise; for I thinke I lose no time but what I spend out of your company. Wee hope to morrow to bee at Fountaine *Bleau*, and a few dayes after at Paris, where you shall not scape without rendring us a reason for all these grievances. Farewell. I am *Cleander* your best and most affectionate servant.

This was a tricke of our footman, which had not been amisse, if our messengers (comen, returning the same houre from *Champlaine*) all were finding but house full of such unexpected guests, had not almost marred all. If the footman were surprized, shee was more amazed; and thinking that they had never ceased seeking for her, and that *Clarinda* had de-

ceived her, or that the Footman had discovered all, shee was ready to fall upon her knees at her entrance into the doores, and to give *Calista's* Letter to *Cleander*, and aske forgivenesse for a fault which shee did suppose had beene already discovered. Behold the perils into which those expose themselves, who, to attaine their ends by any meanes whatsoever, put their lives and honours into the hands of such persons: Yet she seeing their cheerefull countenances, and the Footman comming towards her before them all, as if hee had not yet seene her, she recovered the spirit and *judgment*, which she had before lost, and ascribing her troublesome countenance to the foule weather, which beat with violence in her face, shee made a low reverence unto all the company. Gentlewoman, said *Cleander*, we have surprized your house, which hath done us good service against the rain; and having found here *Lisanders* Footman, who stayed for you, we have written in his behalfe unto his Master. How (said shee) Footman, have you forsaken your Master? It is hee Gentlewoman, answered the Footman, who hath put me away, and *Cleander* here (I thanke him) hath entreated him by a Letter to take mee againe, being also come unto you to entreat you (in respect of your ancient knowledge of my friends, and your acquaintance with my Master) to doe the like for me. Truely, said she, where his recommendations have no power, I am assured mine will not be availeable: nevertheless, because you shall not thinke that I say this in excuse, I will write unto him. Shortly after the raine ceasing, and the weather being cleere, *Dorilas* and his company left the Gentlewoman with *Lisanders* Footman, under colour of the Letter; and the time of hunting being past, they returned all to *Beauplaine*, where they supped as hungerly as if they had spent the time in hunting. In their supping, they (discoursing from one thing to another) began to speake of *Lisanders* Footman; which gave a warme alarum unto *Calista*, who (as all those who finde themselves guilty) thought that every word spoken would have tended unto the discovery of her fault, untill by the end of their speech, she found that they knew nothing of her affaires. The Footman having told the

woman

woman all that had paſt betweene thoſe Gentlemen and him at their meeting, and receiving *Caliſta*'s letter, returnes in extreme haſt to his Maſter, whom hee almoſt put into a fever by the recitall of this accident, and having given him aſwell *Caliſta*'s letter as *Cleanders*, hee reſolved to ride inſtantly, without any company but the ſame footman, who alſo ridde; and ſo they two together tooke their way towards *Beauplaine*, from whence the very ſame day *Cleander*, together with *Berontus*, departed to accompany *Dorilas* and *Lidian* to Fountaine *Bleau*: but the good old man would not ſuffer them at any hand to ride farre, but made them (though unwillingly) returne backe; ſo that his returne being more ſpeedy than *Caliſta* expected, much perplexed her: yet ſhee wiſely diſſembled it by a fained joy, which ſeemed true; although her light ſupper did manifeſt unto *Cleander*, that ſome thing did trouble her, and ſhee her ſelfe confeſſed ſhe was not well, but he judged it to be onely ſorrow for *Dorilas* and *Lidians* departure. This indiſpoſition of health did aptly ſerve to colour her ſudden retyring to her chamber; which ſhortly after ſupper (*Clarinda* alone being with her) bidding the reſt of the company good night, ſhee did; and *Cleander* alſo (who was ſomewhat weary) did the like into his chamber, and all the reſt by their example. The night was darke, and all the houſe in ſilence, when *Clarinda* going ſoftly out of her Miſtreſſes chamber, went unto the garden gate, where *Liſander* was appointed to be, who, becauſe hee would not faile his appointed time, had almoſt killed his horſes to get thither: Having found him with his faithfull footman, ſhe cooke him by the hand, and without being perceived by any body, ſhee brought him (to his unſpeakeable joy) to *Caliſta*'s bedde ſide, where ſhee then was lying. When hee ſaw this incomparable beauty (which hee could not religiouſly enough adore) waite him within her bedde with ſo many graces, he was about (looſing that reſpect which hee did accuſtomably beare her) to forget the condition upon which hee was permitted to ſee her: But *Caliſta*, who had no leſſe ſeverity to make him feare, than ſweetneſſe to make him love, ſtayed this motion of his, and with one word made

him sits downe in a chaire by her bed-side: unto whom shee began to speake in this manner; *Lisander*, if you knew the paine and danger which I hazzard to content your desire, you would love me more for this alone, than for the beauty which you say is in me, Know that *Cleander* is not at Fountaine *Bleau*, as both he and I did thinke he should; for my father would not suffer him by any meanes to goe farre with him, but forced him (though against his will) to returne againe, so that now he is retired into his owne chamber, to let mee rest with more quiet here alone, because to keepe my word with you, I made him beleeve that I was sicke, chusing rather this night to breake company with him, than my promise with you. *Calista* had scarcely uttered these words, when they heard knocking at the doore, and *Lisander* judging that it was *Cleander* (as it was indeed) did beleeve that *Calista* had set this match to undoe him; the very first newes, that a man, whom he thought so far off, should be so neere, having raised this doubt in his minde: But when hee heard the knocking at the doore, there was no discourse of reason strong enough to divert him from thinking that he was betrayed, wherefore he said to *Calista*, Madam, you had many other meanes to destroy my life, but I perceive you doe desire it should be together with *Cleanders*. No, said she, in taking him by the hand, I take heaven to witnesse (I have now neither meanes nor leisure to make other protestation) wherefore I pray let that, together with the proofe which you shall see, satisfie you. I doe conjure you by all that may be deare unto you, to stand close behind this Tapestry: speaking this softly as she could, she asked aloud oftentimes, who was there? and called *Clarinda*, who being fitted for the purpose, made shew as if she were asleepe. In the end, *Lisander* being placed betweene two pieces of the Hangings by the bedde side where she was, and holding with one hand both the pieces close together, but onely for a little hole through which he might see who came, and to put the nose of his Pistoll, which he had ready in his other hand; *Clarinda*, seeming halfe asleepe, and being but halfe ready, went to open the doore unto her Master, who going round about his wives

bedde, ſhut cloſe with a curtaine but upon one ſide, came ſo neere unto *Liſander*, that he touched the end of the Piſtoll. *Liſander* hath many times ſince related this, and I have heard him often ſay, that this was the greateſt feare that ever his heart was capable of; although that ſeeing *Cleander* come alone in his night-gowne and night-cap, he knew *Caliſta* had not betraied him, as he did beleeve. *Cleander* then comming unto his wife, asked her how ſhe did? ſhe anſwered that her fever had encreaſed ſince ſupper, for want of ſleepe, and that ſhe did beleeve her recovery did conſiſt in reſt. *Cleander* taking her by the hand, and finding her pulſe beat violently, as it could not chooſe in that her apprehenſion, told her nevertheleſſe that it was nothing, and that he was alſo much more perplexed: but my trouble proceeded from another cauſe; for I dreamed even now that I had loſt you, and that there was a Dragon here, which would carry you away: ſo that waking in this feare, and remembring that you went ſicke to bedde, interpreting my owne dreame, I feared that your ſickeneſſe was the Dragon, which I ſaw carrying you away: And this is the cauſe of my comming at this time, to ſee how you doe; but God bee thanked you are not ſo ill as by my dreame I thought you were, for which I am glad. I will onely lye down by you a while, to feele the courſe of your pulſe, and then I will let you reſt. When *Liſander* heard *Cleanders* dreame, he did verily beleeve that he was diſcovered, untill he heard the expoſition which was made: and *Caliſta* her ſelfe knew not what to thinke; who ſeeing *Cleander* reſolved to ſtay, bid *Clarinda* draw the curtaine cloſe, becauſe the light of the candle did trouble her eyes. *Clarinda* going to obey her Lady, was conſtrained to let goe a little dogge which came in with *Cleander*, which ſhe had held in her armes upon the bedde, fearing that hee would winde *Liſander*. The little dogge was no ſooner out of her armes, when running towards the bedde ſide, it preſently (ſmelling that there was a ſtranger) began to barke ſo eagerly and ſo loud, that *Cleander* would have riſen (ſeeing that *Clarinda* could not catch it) from off the bedde to drive him away: and had done it, if *Caliſta* had not lovingly withheld him. In the end the

dogge was taken and put out of the doores, becauſe hee was as importunate as faithfull: and *Cleander* having ſtayed about an houre with his wife, went his way, ſuffering (by his abſence) *Liſander* to take a little breath, who during his ſtay had beene vexed with ſo many warme alarums. The one was no ſooner gone out of the chamber, but the other came out of his hiding place, and kneeling downe before *Caliſta*, demanded pardon of her for his miſtruſt, proceeding from ſuch apparent likelihood; unto whom (lifting him up with her hand) ſhee ſaid, Hereafter *Liſander* learne to know *Caliſta*, and beleeve that her ſoule ſhall never be ſpotted with infidelity.

Liſander beginning to grow warme by the touch of her hand, although it were cold as ſnow, and forgetting the danger paſt, by the ſight of her preſent beauty, anſwereth her with ſo amorous a kiſſe, that he thought his mouth ought to be knit unto *Caliſta*'s, and his ſoule to be gathered-in at her lips; neither would hee willingly have beene drawne from ſo agreeable a trance. Soft *Liſander*, ſaid *Caliſta*, I promiſed you nothing but ſight, neither did I thinke to have permitted any further than ſpeech: content your ſelfe with the danger wherein I have throwne my ſelfe, and the wrong which I have done unto my duty, to acquit my promiſe unto you, and conſtraine mee not to withdraw the love which I now beare you, through your indiſcretion, as I have now pulled you to mee under the aſſured reſpect which I did promiſe my ſelfe from your modeſty. Madam, replyed *Liſander*, I doe humbly crave pardon, if I ſhew my ſelfe unwilling to loſe ſo faire an occaſion of enjoying ſo many wonders; for I ſhould dye out of griefe, and give you juſt cauſe to laugh at my ſimplicity: my paſſion is ſtronger than my ſelfe, and my violence is the more excuſable, proceeding from your wonderfull beauty, which forceth mee now to conſtraine you to have pity upon me; And in ſaying this, he invaded earneſtly his Miſtreſſes Dominions, endevouring to raviſh away the laſt favour, for which hee had put himſelfe into this hazzard; when with an extreme anger, and a loud and ſhriller voice than the danger wherein both of them were, would

well

well permit, ſhe called her Gentlewoman, and ſaid unto *Liſander*, Is this the recompence of the danger whereinto I have caſt my ſelfe to oblige you? Well, bee gone preſently if you would not that I ſhould ſhew *Cleander* the true Dragon, which hee ſaw but in his dreame: Thereupon *Clarinda* riſing up of one ſide, and *Liſander* forbearing of the other, *Caliſta*'s voice was a little quieted, but not her heart, what words or ſubmiſſions ſoever *Liſander* ſaid or did, who was conſtrained to goe away with this biting ſorrow, that hee had loſt the favour of his Miſtreſſe with too much importunity. Was not this well rid, well waited, well ſuffered, and well frighted, to buy with the price of ſo many feares ſo bleeding a griefe? I doe wonder that hee did not preſently kill himſelfe before her, at leaſt to worke horrour and feare in her, ſeeing he could not ſtirre pity: but he did better in doing nothing, but going away fuller of ſorrow than of life, lighted onely by *Clarinda* unto the doore, who durſt goe no further, fearing leſt hee might bee diſcovered; ſo that hee being in the dark, grabling his way, with one hand upon the raile of the ſtaires, and a Piſtoll ready bent in the other, as hee was againſt *Cleanders* chamber doore, which was ſomewhat lower than *Caliſta*'s, his feet ſlipt from him, ſo that hee fell down the ſtaires, even to the bottome, and beſides the noiſe which hee made in falling, the Piſtoll which hee had in his hand went off, and gave ſuch a report, that it awaked all the houſe. *Cleander*, *Berontus*, and as many as were in the houſe roſe in a fright, and began to cry out all together, asking one of another, what was the matter, others calling for light. *Caliſta*, who was not aſleepe, nor any way diſpoſed thereunto, hearing her husband and brother-in-law cry, and not knowing whether *Liſander* had ſhot his Piſtoll againſt them, or whether they had taken him, was in more than a deadly agonie. *Clarinda* fearing to be diſcovered and puniſhed, deſparately cryed out, All was in diſorder and confuſion. *Liſander* being at the foot of the ſtaires, more amazed than hurt, and more hurt than ſeene, his Piſtoll being fallen out of his hand, and his hat from his head, and fearing to bee diſcovered if hee

ſhould

ſhould leave them behinde him, vvas a good vvhile before hee found them in the middeſt of the darkeneſſe and cryes; which vvhen he had done, hee runnes towvards the Garden gate, through which hee entred: but as hee paſſed by the Kitchin doore, vvhere there vvere ſeven or eight ſervants, and tvvo or three dozen of dogs, hee was followved and barkt after untill he found his man vvho had his horſe; and getting ſpeedily upon his backe, he eſcaped avvay over the fields, without being knovvne by any that followved him.

The End of the ſecond Booke.

A TRAGI-COMICALL HISTORY OF these Times.

The Third Booke.

I Shall now want apt words to expresse the griefes, wherewith, in the third part of this Story wee begin to bee travelled: Hitherto they have beene but feared, now they are to bee felt. But not to raise more sorrow in you than the relation of the truth will bring with it, I will returne to our amorous *Lisander*, disgraced not alone by fortune, but (which was most insupportable to him) by his Mistresse, galloping towards Paris, whilst *Cleander* and *Berontus* having gotten lights, visited all the house to finde what it might be, that had so unexpectedly troubled their deepe, but quiet sleep: but although they searched both high and low, within and without, the quest ended with no more knowledge than it began: and not being able to imagine the true cause of this Alarum, they judged that some theeves would have robbed them: For confirmation of which, some of the servants, who with eyes hardly awake had seene a glance of *Lisanders* running by, for one whom they had not well seene, they said that they had seene sixe, and there was one, who to seeme more valiantly fortunate, assured them that the Pistoll was shot at him, and that the bullet came whistling so neere his eares, that it blew and shaked his

his haire. Thus *Lisanders* escape passed for an attempt of robbers in *Cleanders* opinion, who failed not to goe presently to *Calista*'s chamber, to tell her that the noise was made by theeves that were fledde, wherefore hee wished her to take her rest this morning (for the day did begin to break) and recompence her nights unquiet rest. Truly he had reason, for shee had but small; yet this last comming was much more welcome unto her than the first. Thus was appeased this trouble, greater in *Calista*'s minde than in all the house beside.

Dorilas being (with *Lidian*) arrived at Fountaine *Bleau*, and willing in some measure to shew himselfe thankfull unto *Lisander*, obtained his pardon, and *Lidians* of the King for their combat, as also *Clarangeus* and *Alcidons*, who was now healed of his wound. But as they went to Paris, hee received letters from Normandy, by which understanding that *Otranta* was sicke, he ridde directly to *Bellaire*, where the joy of his returne, and the good newes which he brought her of her children, helpt much to the recovering of her former health. *Lidian* and *Alcidon* meeting with *Lisander* and *Clarangeus*, they went to *Fortleveſque* to have their pardon entred with the great *Provost*, from thence all together they went to *Beauplaine*: *Cleander*, *Calista*, and *Beronius* bid them most exceedingly welcome, and after accustomed embracings and complements were over, the first discourse wherewith *Cleander* entertained them, was, how he was likely to be robbed, telling it particularly unto *Lisander* in the presence of *Calista*, who could not tell almost what countenance to hold. He shewed them the Kitchin door, where (he thought) the Pistoll was shot at his man: hee shewed also the Garden gate, where (as hee said) they came in and went out; leaving all the company, either in deed, or in shew, wondering at the accident: finally, after so tedious a discourse to the two Lovers, they altered the subject of their speech, of which though there were divers opinions, yet none thought the truth. For three or foure dayes while they stayed at *Beauplaine*, *Lisander* used all his endevour to speake with *Calista*, and shee, all that she could to avoid him, unlesse it were in company. *Lisander*

seeing

seeing himselfe barred of that meanes, had recourse unto *Clarinda*, and unto the woman who had delivered his first letter: both of them excused themselves, upon *Calista*'s expresse forbidding, not alone to speake for him, but also to deliver any letter for him. When hee saw all his instruments faile him, he resolved againe to banish himselfe from the presence of his Mistresse, and to goe into some place where hee might at least ease himselfe by complaint. Holland, which was then the seat of the warre, and is at this day the Schoole thereof, by the valour and capacity of that brave Earle, who hath better understood it, and better made it than can be said, furnished him with a brave occasion: The Archduke threatned to attach *Reyne Berk* with a siege, and the States prepared themselves to defend it. Of the one side was the Marquesse *Spinola*, Generall of his Highnesses army, who by his exploits against Ostend and Sluse, had gotten immortall renowne with the Spaniards and Walloones, who without bragging may be called good Souldiers, and who doe best observe the discipline of warre of any nation of the world; and among all other, the brave Count *Bucoy*, and our French *Terraile*. Of the other side was the valorous Prince *Maurice*, of whom we spake even now, under whose name alone, in one word, may be comprehended all warlike vertue, accompanied with his young brother, who doth nobly imitate him, as the most perfect example which hee can follow; with a brave army, but not so strong as the enemy, composed for the most part of French and English, two of the warlikest nations this day, or which ever have beene upon the earth: over whom shined (like two great starres in a cleare night) the dead *Bethune*, and the brave *Castillion*: The first dying with the reputation of knowing better the art of warre, than any man of France; and the other (having had a grandfather, an uncle, a father, and a brother, who, in these our dayes, have filled the world with the knowledge and admiration of their valour) liveth this day, in estimation, worthy of their memory. *Lisander* propounding these reasons unto *Cleander*, the better to build lawfull excuses of his departure, made them appeare so just and honourable unto him, that in stead of diverting him, hee

reſolved to accompany him, and to take part in the danger, intending to leave with *Caliſta* his brother *Berontus*, who (not thinking it honourable for him being young, and a batchelor, to remain ſhut up in a houſe, whileſt his elder brother expoſed himſelfe unto the dangers of warre) entreated to be excuſed. *Alcidon*, *Lidian*, and *Clarangeus* hearing alſo of it, would needs goe along. *Liſander* ſeeing ſo brave reſolutions, promiſed in himſelfe to do ſuch deeds of armes in their company, that hee would force *Caliſta*'s obſtinacy, and make her as amorous of his valour, as hee was of her beauty. *Caliſta* knowing that *Liſander*, not being able to endure her angry preſence, did deprive her of her beloved husband, was ſo extremely grieved therewith, that ſhee began much to repent that ever ſhee had driven him to that reſolution, by her rigour: And not finding a better meanes to breake off this journey, than by his meanes who had firſt propounded it, ſhe endevoured to fall into ſome ſpeech with him before their departure were fully reſolved upon, with as much earneſtneſſe, as formerly ſhee had avoided his entertainment; hoping to effect ſo much with him, and hee with *Cleander*, that this enterpriſe ſhould be laid by. To that end therefore ſhe (the very ſame day) willing to entertaine him, came unto the windowv, faining to leane there where he was ſtanding: *Liſander* ſeeing her come, ſeeming to apprehend her comming thither to bee onely to reſt her ſelfe, with a great reverence forſaketh the place, and goeth to talk with *Alcidon* and *Clarangeus*. It is not to bee told, whether deſpite or ſhame were greater in *Caliſta*: ſhe onely ſaid in her ſelfe, I will run no more after him, although I ſhould loſe whatſoever is deereſt unto mee. *Cleander* comming thereupon unto her, and ſeeing her alone, and ſadde in the windowv, incontinently judged one part of her griefe, but not all: for, beſides that which was wrought in her through his going whom ſhee ſo dearely loved, ſhe ſuffered much through *Liſanders* diſdain (there being nothing whereof a proud Lady is more ſenſible than to ſee her ſelfe deſpiſed of one who had ſo entirely loved her, & ſo religiouſly adored her.) There were all the reaſons which might ſerve either for or againſt this voyage,

brought and debated betweene them: and although *Calista's* teares were more plentifull than his discourse, yet they gave place unto his will, and consented to that which they could not hinder. It was therefore determined, that during his absence she should go unto *Bellaire* to *Dorilas* and *Otranta*, who passionately desired to see her; he further assuring her, that she should hardly bee returned home before hee were come backe.

Cleander having brought his wife unto this resolution, two daies after he took leave of her, to go unto *Paris* to accommodate him there of such things as were most necessary for his voiage; again were their teares renewed at so pitifull a departure. *Lisander* had much adoe to containe, having his heart so pierced with anguish, that he could not utter one word. Truly *Cleander* himselfe went away lesse sad than he. But *Calista* upon a sudden reduced into so great a solitarinesse, and deprived of all things which were most dear unto her in the world, was most afflicted.

The Knights being come unto Paris, and in two daies accommodated, especially of good armes, they went into Holland, and (to make short) put themselves into *Keine Berke* a little before it was besieged. My intention is not here to write the generall or particular actions of the siege; because it is not the subject of my Pen; onely I will say, That among those which got extraordinary fame of my knowledge, besides our adventurers, were *Monsieurs de Sowbisse, de Fleis, de Bourquart*, and *de Canaillaice*: and that in one of many brave Sallies which were made, *Alcidon* and *Clarangeus* being carried away wounded with two Musket shot; the one in the shoulder, and the other in the legge, *Berontus* taken prisoner, and *Lidian* and *Clarangeus* so ingaged, that they could expect nothing but death or imprisonment; they were succoured so valiantly by *Lisanders* incredible vertue, that it might be truly said, their lives and libertie were preserved by him. A strange felicity of a man, and more worthy to bee envied for the joy he felt, that he had so obliged her whom he loved, not onely in the person of her father & her brother, but in her husband also, than for the glory which he received: for although hee

were then publikely honoured of all, and after the siege highly commended by Count *Maurice*, and admired of all the States; yet the occasion which Fortune lent him to serve his Mistresse, and to acknowledge *Cleanders* love, vvas more esteemed than the honour for which he had so nobly hazzarded his life. Novv as the skill of besieging places in these our dayes, and rather in that countrey than any place of the vvorld, is come to such perfection, that there is no towne vvhich is impregnable: *Reyne Berk* having held out three moneths against the attempts of the besiegers, rather by the valour of the besieged, than by the strength thereof, yeelded upon composition. The States having paid *Berontus* his ransome, and *Alcidon* and *Clarangeus* being healed of their wounds, our Warriours covered vvith Lawrell returned into France. *Calista* in the meane time, having stayed three or foure dayes after her husbands departure at *Beauplaine*, left the house in the guard of a keeper, and taking an old Gentleman with her, whom *Cleander* had left to attend her, and two maids, with *Clarinda*, earely in a morning entred into her Coach towards Paris, with purpose to goe from thence into Normandy to see her parents. *Aussun* is a village whereof we have spoken before, which lyeth in the mid-way, not alone betweene *Beauplaine* and Paris, but betweene Fountain *Bleau* also and Paris, and therefore well known and frequented by all those especially who follow the Court. *Calista* comming unto this towne about dinner time, saw a Caroch standing at the doore of the Inne, and going into the house, a Lady perfectly faire, who came from Fountaine *Bleau*, and was going to Paris. At first they did not know each other, but saluting, *Calista* knew that it was *Olinda* her brothers Mistresse, and *Olinda* knew her also to bee the faire *Calista*, *Lidians* sister. Their complements quickly gave place to the admiration which they had each of others beauty, and to the ceremonies which are usually among women: but their dinner being over, Time, which they were to husband, called on them to depart; and being to go all one way, the more commodiously to entertaine one the other, *Olinda* entred into *Calista*'s Caroch, leaving her owne for the other

Gentlewomen and maids. There she understood the cause of her journey, how she went to visite her parents, to see if the contentment which shee hoped to receive by their sight, might wipe away the sorrow of her husbands absence. *Olinda* (who knew not that they were gone into Holland) with the pleasure which she received to heare that *Lidian* and *Clarangeus* were gone together good friends, felt no lesse sorrow for *Lidians* ablence, than *Calista* suffered in her heart for *Cleanders* and *Lisanders*. Nevertheless, as they gave not place one unto the other in affection, so they did not yeeld one unto the other in skill how to dissemble it: for *Olinda* had alwaies loved *Lidian*, yet so discreetly hid it, that hee himselfe could not discerne it; and from thence proceeded the quarrell which hee had with *Clarangeus*, because that thinking she loved the other better than she did him, and *Clarangeus* thinking as much of *Lidian*, they grew jealous one of the other. Now (according to a naturall desire of holding speech of that which one loves) they almost spoke of no other thing all their journy; and being come unto Paris, they parted, with assured promises of perpetuall friendship. *Calista* promised to be backe againe at Paris within a moneth, and not to depart from thence untill *Cleanders* returne, which shee hoped would be shortly after, and to write to her in her absence. Thus *Olinda* remained at Paris, and *Calista* three dayes after arrived at *Bellaire*, who was received there with the tendrest and dearest affections that could be expressed: They demanded newes of *Cleander*, and she told them how *Lisander* and the other whom we have named, were gone to *Reyne Berk*, according unto the designe which *Lisander* had propounded. God send them a happy returne, said the old man; for next unto my children, whom naturall affection maketh me preferre before all others, nothing can bee so deare unto mee as this *Lisander*, who you say is the author of this journey; He saved my life once, and gave it me the second time in preserving *Lidians* your brother. I doe not thinke that two such obligations can ever be perfectly acknowledged. *Calista* replied not, because she would not discover what she thought, but falling into other speeches, told them, how upon the

way shee met with *Olinda*, whom she no lesse wished to bee her sister-in-law, than *Lidian* did to bee her husband. *Dorilas* himselfe knowing the quality of her person, and her great estate (a consideration which at this day, especially with old men, doth extraordinarily worke) would also have beene glad to have beene her father-in-law. A moneth after *Calista* came unto *Bellaire*, newes came of *Berontus* his taking prisoner, of *Alcidons* and *Clarangeus* being wounded, and of the extreme danger wherein *Lidian* and *Cleander* were; which had beene to their utter losse, if *Lisanders* incomparable vertue had not freed them. This newes came like an unresistable blow, to imprint deepe in *Calista's* heart, already made flexible by his former services, his incomparable qualities, and matchlesse person, as also his most religious affection unto her, which wrought no lesse effect than any of the other, it being that alone for which shee entred into the consideration of the one, and did presume was the cause of his atchieving the rest; yet wisely dissembling whatsoever was in her heart, it appeared not in her eyes, but with silence past it over, untill in the end *Dorilas* and *Otranta* breaking out, cried, O God, wilt thou never be pleased to blesse us so much, that we may be able to acknowledge these unspeakable favours, for which we are so much indebted unto this Knight? Some comfort it would bee if wee might but see him. Daughter, said *Otranta* unto *Calista*, you shall not goe from hence before *Cleanders* returne; and if hee will have you, he shall come himselfe for you, that wee may see this *Lisander*, so good an Angell unto us. These words did wonderfully please *Calista*, unto whom now it was a paine to dissemble the love which she bare him; and who (considering the strange effects of this love, the meanes by which Fortune did necessarily constraine her to acknowledge them, otherwayes tyed in the same necessity unto that, which shee owed unto *Cleander* and unto her owne honour) could have wished *Lisander* lesse accomplished, that shee might not be so taken in his love: Yet though shee found her selfe consumed with the same fire which devoured him, she resolved rather to extinguish it with her life, than to ease her selfe by any meanes

which

which might wound her honour. Thus having spent a moneth longer at *Bellaire* than shee made account, and desiring that *Cleander* should finde her at *Beauplaine*, or at the least at Paris, where she had promised *Olinda* to be a moneth sooner, they tooke leave of her with teares in their eyes: shee also (contributing hers unto their griefe, which seized them as violently at their departure, as her comming rejoiced them) went away accompanied with the same sorrow which shee had left. They would have stayed her, if the old Gentleman who came with her, had not told them that *Cleander* had a businesse in court, which did require the presence of his wife: Away then she went unto Paris, where the Court then was, and where she employed a moneth more, aswell in soliciting her husbands affaires, as in visiting her friends; amongst whom *Olinda* was not forgotten, neither was she by *Olinda*: Their friendship was confirmed by this conversation, so much the more agreeable unto *Olinda*, by how much shee seemed to be with *Lidian* when she was with *Calista*. They were lodged neere unto the Arcenall, where almost every day there was tilting, sithence the returne of the Court (for the royall tilting place was not then finished.) One afternoone as they were all together, they were told that there were strange Knights, who were come in the morning, and had challenged the Knights of the Court to breake some staves with sharpe points in open field, and that the King himselfe about foure of the clocke would be there in person, thinking that they were English, who preserve, in this exercise, the ancient reputation of the Knights of the round Table. The novelty hereof (for it was not usuall to see any tilting but with blunt staves, and most commonly against Quintan) made our Ladies goe to see it, as also almost all the Court, some to have part of the danger and honour, some onely the pleasure. But it continued not long, for one of the brave Knights of the Court, a great favourite of the King, called *Cloridon*, running first against one of the strangers, was overthrowne from his horse, and wounded not onely with the sharpe steele, but also with a splinter of the staffe. And although the blow was not mortall, his Majestie nevertheless

lesse was so sorrowfull, that he caused the tilting to cease almost so soone as it was begun, intreating the strangers to discover themselves; who pulling off their Helmets to doe reverence unto him, were knowne to bee Frenchmen, and those who about three moneths since went from *Beauplaine* with *Cleander* and *Lisander*, who was the man that had justed: these men comming from Holland, had agreed to make their entrance into Paris in this manner. The King glad to see them, more easily bearing that *Cloridon* should bee overthrowne by Frenchmen than by strangers, as he did beleeve at the first, joyfully embraced them, and after hee had from them learned some particularities of *Reyne Berke*, and witnessed by the honour hee did them how well hee was satisfied with their actions, returned to the *Louvre*, leaving them amongst the Ladies. *Cleander* finding out his *Calista*, who shined among the faire ones, as the bright Moon doth among the Starres in a cleere night, went unto her, being betweene *Olinda* and *Argire*, no lesse joyfull for his return, than for *Lisanders* honourable atchievement; who heaped up so many proofes of his valour one upon another, that the last made the first forgotten. This *Argire* whom wee here named, was a faire Lady, who among many slaves unto her beauty, had captivated *Alcidon*, who was not long before hee came unto her. *Lidian* also and *Clarangeus* tooke either of them *Olinda* by the arme, who remembring the bloody quarrell which they for her sake had had betweene them, was in great care to content them both with such indifference, that they might have no cause to be jealous: and *Cleander* with *Lisander* saluting *Calista*, in kissing her, said in her eare, Friend, make much of this Knight; for without him your brother and I had not beene here now. Sir, answered *Calista*, this is not the first time that he hath obliged us, and that his good offices have exceeded all meanes of acknowledgement: But yet although hee hath taken from us the power, the will at the least shall remain with us, which is onely left unto us, to pay those unvaluable courtesies. Madam, replyed *Lisander*, the services which I have done you, are smal in respect of those which I, together with all the world, doe

owe

owe unto your merit; and I thinke you doe reproach me for their ſmalneſſe, when you ſpeake of their greatneſſe, and that ſo highly honouring ſuch poore actions, you would make mee bluſh out of ſhame that I have done them. Many other diſcourſes paſt betweene them, which I omit, deſiring rather to relate matter than words. They retired all together unto *Cleanders* houſe, where *Caliſta* prevailed with *Olinda* and *Argire* to ſtay ſupper, beſides whom, they were viſited with many other Ladies, and *Monſieurs* of the Court. After ſupper *Liſander*, *Alcidon*, *Lidian* and *Clarangeus*, leaving *Cleander* and *Berontus* to entertaine thoſe which came in, retired themſelves to the Ladies, who were apart, and entertained them with extraordinary diſcourſes, becauſe *Liſander* could not ſpeake particularly to *Caliſta* before the company, nor *Alcidon* to *Argire*, and leſſe could *Lidian* ſpeake unto *Olinda*, becauſe of *Clarangeus*, who gathered all their words, and beſides the paſsions of love, felt alſo thoſe of jealouſie; wherfore *Olinda* ſpake to neither of them (as little as ſhee could, that ſhee might not offend) but addreſſed her ſpeech unto the brave *Liſander*, who ſpeaking but little, and that (God knowes) farre from his heart, ſtood as if he were there onely to judge of others diſcourſe: And you brave Sir, ſaid ſhe, will you be alwayes as free as you are invincible? Can it bee that ſo much valour can be altogether unaccompanied with love? Wee are all unhappy, and ought to account little of our beauties, that we are not able to give one wound to your minde. *Liſander* and *Caliſta* had much adoe to forbeare bluſhing at theſe words; And *Argire*, ſeeing that he anſwered not, ſpake unto *Olinda*: Thinke you, Madam, that ſeeing that greateſt courages are moſt ſubject unto this paſsion, that his can bee free? For my part, I doe not thinke him leſſe amorous than others, but I thinke him more diſcreet; and I beleeve his flame is ſo much the more violent, by how much he deſireth to hide it. Truely ſhe had reaſon, and failed not: but who would not have thought, that ſhe had diſcovered the ſecret of *Caliſta*'s affection? who hearing her love thus diſcourſed by perſons who knew nothing thereof, could not well tell what to judge of it. In the meane time *Liſander* calling him-

ſelfe from the deepe ſilence wherein hee ſtood, as if hee were loſt in it, anſwered both of them in this manner; Since that *Mars* himſelfe was not able to reſiſt love, in a time when hee had not thoſe armes which you give him, there is no great appearance that I ſhould be able to vanquiſh him now, hee being armed with thoſe unavoidable arrowes of your beauties. But alas, why ſhould I ſay that I am vanquiſhed? what would it availe mee to complaine of an evill, whereof I can hope for no remedy? What doe you know, anſwered *Argire*? it may be, ſaid ſhe, you ſigh ſecretly for one, who would be very glad that your complaints made knowne might oblige her to give you that remedy which you deſire. All the company laughed at *Argires* anſwer. And *Caliſta*, to augment the pleaſure, fearing leſt her too much reſervedneſſe might raiſe a ſuſpicion that ſhe was intereſt in the diſcourſe; followed in this manner: If I knew this proud one, who inſlaveth ſo much glory in captivating you, and that I were perſwaded my prayers would have eaſier acceſſe unto her than your merits, I would never forbeare importuning of her, untill ſhe did leave her cruelty towards you, in yeelding that recompence which your valour meriteth; and I doe aſſure my ſelfe, here is none in this company who doth not promiſe as much: wherefore if you deſire we ſhould employ our ſelves for you, and that you doe not leſſen us ſo much, as to beleeve our interceſſion is unprofitable, or that you preſume not ſo much of your ſelfe, to thinke you have no need of our helpe, tell us this faire ones name who hath the honour to poſſeſſe you, to the, end embracing your paſsion, we may in ſome meaſure requite (and I in particular) ſo many ineſtimable good turnes wherewith you have obliged mee. *Liſander* ſeeing himſelfe ſet upon on all ſides, and by *Caliſta* her ſelfe, who could not better witneſſe the great confidence which ſhe had in his diſcretion, anſwered her thus: Madam, although I doe not name my Miſtreſſe unto you, it is no argument of my preſumption; neither if I doe name her, is it out of any hope of any bodies favour, but hers onely, becauſe as I am not ſo vaine to preſume that I can merit her, ſo can I not beleeve, that all the prayers in the world can prevaile

with

with her beyond her duty. Now there is ſo great diſproportion betweene her merits and my wants, that there is nothing more contrarie to her duty than loving of mee: nevertheleſſe, Madam, I value your favour ſo highly (your contentment is ſo deare unto me, and I have ſworne ſo much obedience) that although I have promiſed never to name her, yet there is no body living, unto whom I would more willingly name her than unto your ſelfe, upon condition you will alſo promiſe me never to ſpeake of it, untill ſhee permits the publiſhing thereof. I had rather never know it, than bee tyed to this condition, anſwered *Caliſta*: but ſeeing you will not content our curioſity this way, ſatisfie me another way; we will quit you for a Song, provided that you will ſing it to the Lute, I doe conjure you (ſaid ſhee) by her love, and in favour of all this faire company who entreat you. Now ſhe knew that *Liſander* played excellent well upon the Lute, and that having an excellent voice, did accord it with ſo much art, that there was no ſweetneſſe in the world comparable unto it, nor no heart ſo hard, that could avoid being charmed therewith; yet he would have been excuſed, though not like unto Muſitians, who will never ſing when they are entreated, nor hold their peace when they are bidden: ſeeing himſelfe conjured by the thing in the world which hee held moſt deare, he ſaid, Madam, you demand ſuch poore ſmall courteſies, whereas the greateſt are due, that although I am the moſt unable that can be to content you, yet had I rather erre in obedience, than excuſe my ſelfe by reaſon. So receiving the Lute from *Caliſta*, he began to touch it ſo ſweetly, that all thoſe who walked in the Hall, came about him; but when hee added his voice, it brought ſo great a ſilence, that the mindes of all the hearers, raviſhed with this wonderfull harmony, ſeemed to bee deprived of all motion in the body. Every one admired at the incomparable perfections of this Knight, every body had their eyes fixed upon the beauty of his face, and their eares chained unto the ſweetneſſe of his tongue. Now was remembred the grace which did accompany him in his ordinary converſation with his friends, and his invincible courage, which drew him victorious from the

danger of his enemies, and wherewith he finished so many brave deeds of armes in his youth; He sung verses which he had made when he was in *Reyne Berke*, then when he being assailed within and without, and being to defend himselfe from love and his enemies; hee who gave life unto others, could not have it for himselfe, and complaining of *Calista's* cruelty under the name of *Hipolita*, said:

Hipolita faire, if in the end
I for your sake must yeeld my breath,
I never could my choice amend,
In finding out a sweeter death.
But yet alas what cruelty
Procureth you to make me dye!
Onely in loving till this time,
To serve you was mine enterprise:
And if to love you be a vice,
Then to be lovely is a crime.

Lisanders last words, pronounced with the grace of his singing, and mingled with some teares, let them know, that he was truely amorous, and touched the heart, not alone of the Ladies, but also of the Knights, so deepely, that compassion sprung up in stead of envie. *Calista* her selfe was moved unto so great pity, that shee repented of her intreating him to sing. Thus all the company being raised into admiration, and their memories filled with this object, lost themselves in this pleasure. Being now night, there came a Page into the Hall, who asking to speak with *Lisander*, was ledde unto the place where hee was environed with the Ladies: there the Page said aloud unto him, Sir, there is at the doore a Lady, who hearing of your safe arrivall home, sendeth you a good-night by mee, which she had rather give you her selfe, if you would bee pleased to take the paines to goe downe into the street, *Lisander*, as the courteousest Knight living, had not the leisure to aske the Page what Lady it was, desiring rather to see her, than to lose time in informing himselfe, so much hee feared to make her attend: wherefore rising up from a-

mong the Ladies, with great reverence unto them, he followed the Page, leaving *Caliſta* with a new ſuſpition, that this was ſome new Miſtreſſe, who had part in that, which ſhee thought ſhee wholly poſſeſſed. In the meane time *Liſander* going out of the Hall, found foure men armed at the doore: two of whom preſently clapped the doore after him, and the other two inſtantly catching faſt hold about his middle, ſtabbed him into the body with their Poniards. *Liſander* finding himſelfe wounded, and not being able to draw his ſword, held them very hard with his armes, and with his nimble ſtrength (wherein he, if any man, excelled) lifted them both up from the ground, and being upon the toppe of the ſtaires, he miſsing his footing, they all three fell downe the ſtaires together. The two who had ſhut the hall doore, came running downe the ſtaires after him, and there finding *Liſander* graſped betweene the other two, and wallowing all together in his blood, thruſt him twice thorow the body, before hee could draw his ſword. The noiſe which was made, as well in ſhutting the doore, as in falling downe the ſtaires, together with the clamours of a Page, who cryed out that they murdered his Maſter, gave an alarum unto all the houſe: Some cryed out to have the ſtreet doore ſhut, others began to breake open the hall doore; *Alcidon*, *Lidian*, *Clarangeus*, and *Berontus* with their ſwords in their hands, leapt out of the windowes of the hall which looked into the Court, and having found the foure murtherers (who endeavoured to get away, having (as they thought) diſpatched *Liſander*) there began betweene them a bloudy combate: for beſides that they were valiant men, the neceſsity wherein they were, and deſpairing to ſave their lives otherwiſe than by their ſwords, enforced them to a greater reſolution, together that being armed to the very throats, againſt men who had onely their ſwords, they were with leſſe feare, and bare themſelves more hazzardouſly than otherwiſe they would have done. Nevertheleſſe the courage and the nimbleneſſe of the others was ſo great, and the fury wherein they were through *Liſanders* death, which they did account certaine, that, notwithſtanding all advantages, they came victoriouſly off. The firſt who

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atchieved any thing in revenge of *Lisander*, was *Lidian*, who entring with a point upon his enemy, lighted just betweene his arme and the curats, and run him cleane thorow: almost in the same time, *Alcidon* having closed with his adversary, and overthrowne him, disarmed his head, and without pity cut his throat.

Clarangeus and *Berontus* casting themselves desperately upon those two, who were against them, got them downe, and killed them with the very Poniards wherewith they had wounded (though most cowardly) the most valiant *Lisander*; who being found by *Cleander* after he had broken down the hall doore (in the plight we have spoken of) was carried unto a bedde (having lost his knowledge with his blood) without moving, and almost without breathing. There *Cleander*, who, besides the perfect love which hee bare him, was obliged for his liberty, *Alcidon* to whom hee had spared it, being in his power to kill him, *Lidian* whose life hee had twice saved, and *Clarangeus* whom he had served against *Lidian*, began to make such lamentations as are not to bee expressed. Above all, *Olinda* and *Argire* wept as bitterly as a little before they had heard him sing sweetly. But the faire *Calista* seeing the most lovely Knight, and best loving her of all others, carried all bloody and pale (though lovely) as if death had taken that shape to make her in love with it, received so feelingly his wounds into her heart, that without complaint or teares, immoveable as a Statue, the violence of the evill taking away all sense, she fell downe into a swoune, as far from shewing any token of life as her friend was; in which plight she was carried unto another bed. The Surgeons, who in all diligence were sent for, having searched *Lisanders* wounds, were not able to resolve of his recovery, and lesse able to stanch the blood, or keepe him from his swouning; which made every body despaire of his life: onely *Lidian* remembring himselfe of an *Operator* who had formerly cured him, so excellent in his skill, that he not only stayed the blood with a word, but healed the most mortall wounds with an incredible facility; went out of the house in all haste, without speaking a word to any man, and stayed not before hee was

with

with this *Operator*: but hee found him in his bedde, and so sicke, that it was not posible for him to rise; Yet sir, said he, send me the wounded mans doublet, and if he bee not absolutely dead when I receive it, I will assure you his life. *Lidian* being unable to comprehend this, and fearing to lose time, together with his friends life, he returned with the same diligence wherewith hee went, and brought him the same doublet which was taken off from *Lisander*, whom he found in the same estate wherein he left him: but being returned the second time unto *Cleanders*, he found that *Lisanders* wounds were closed, and his bloud stopped, neither could the Surgeons, more than any of the company, tell the cause. Then did he tell them what hee had done, whereat they all wondred: But the old Gentleman, whom *Cleander* had left with *Calista* when he went into Holland, told them that he had seene the very like practised in the person of the father of S. *Andrew de Vins*, a brave Gentleman of Provence, knowne by them all, who being at the siege of *Rochel* Squire unto *Monsieur*, afterwards *Hen.* the third, cast himselfe before his Mr. when he saw a Harquebush levelled and discharged at him, whereby hee received the shot in his breast, and was healed by a man who never saw any thing but his doublet. Shortly after *Lisander* came unto himselfe, which *Cleander* ran presently to tell unto *Calista*; who being a little before recovered, received with this new cause of joy for hope of *Lisanders* life, a new occasion of affliction, out of feare that she had discovered her love. Nevertheless it was received by *Cleander*, as an honest and pitifull affection which she truely bare unto the vertues and merits of *Lisander*, who having recovered knowledge, with so feeble a voice that he could hardly be heard, had yet lost the memory of all that was past; neither did hee know why, or whereof he was sicke. The Surgeons forbad him to speake: and after they had considered of all things that were fit for his recovery, they bethought themselves of the cause of this assasination. No body could imagine from whom it should proceed; for *Lisander* had no enemies, at the least which were discovered, and those who had so wickedly wounded him, being disarmed after they were

dead

dead, could not be knowne. In the end, the Page whom they had at firſt ſent, was found hid behinde a doore, who being brought unto *Cleander*, confeſſed that this match was ſet by a couzen of *Cloridons*, who was firſt killed by *Lidian*; hee deſiring to revenge upon *Liſander* the blow which was given in the tilting, had with thoſe three others, who were all *Cloridons* ſervants or friends, ſworne *Liſanders* death. *Cleander* and all the company were extremely offended, and went all the next morning at the Kings riſing to complaine of the attempt, and to demand juſtice againſt thoſe whom they had killed: but *Cloridon* demanding it alſo with them, and witneſsing more ſorrow for *Liſanders* wounds, than for the others death, teſtified that he knew nothing of ſo divelliſh an enterprize: And the King, who loved them all, deſiring to make them friends, expreſſed, that for the love hee bare *Cloridon*, he ſhould be glad if they would content themſelves with their deaths, who had worthily received it as a chaſtiſement for their fault: wherefore all things ſo reſted;

the dead were dead, *Cloridon* and *Liſander* wounded, were afterwards made friends by the Kings command.

The End of the third Booke.

A TRAGI-COMICALL HISTORY OF theſe Times.

The Fourth Booke.

THe haſte which I made to have *Liſander* cured, and the neceſſity of his evill remedied, made me forget in my laſt part how *Olinda* and *Argire*, having watched at *Cleanders* almoſt untill day, retired to their houſes, the one conducted by *Alcidon*, the other by *Lidian* and *Clarangeus*, who with the firſt flames of their love felt alſo thoſe of jealouſie. *Olinda*, who by that which had happened, judged what might happen, fearing to bee the cauſe of a ſecond miſchiefe, determined to goe no more unto *Caliſta*; who never ſtirring from *Liſander*, continually kept him company, and ſhewed the beſt countenance unto him that ſhe could, feeding him with ſweet hopes, and raiſing in him an imagination, that aſſoone as hee was recovered of thoſe his bodily wounds, ſhee would alſo eaſe thoſe of his minde (which hee ſaid ſhee had made.) In the meane time, *Lidian* and *Clarangeus*, not able longer to endure *Olinda*'s abſence, went both of them to her at her houſe, where ſhee intreated them, not to take it in evill part, if for ſome important reaſons which ſhe would not ſpeake, ſhe did conjure them for ſome time to deprive her of the honour which ſhe received by their company. This ſhee ſaid with great demon-

ſtration of ſorrow, ſeeing her ſelfe conſtrained to make this requeſt unto them: Both of them witneſſing as much obedience unto her as love, promiſed to forbeare, although this baniſhment were more cruell unto them, than any torment which her rigour could have inflicted. *Alcidon* (who made the third in this buſineſſe) remonſtrating unto them what extremities they were brought unto by their jealouſie, having made them commit a fault, a relapſe whereinto could not bee but inexcuſable and mortall; intreated them to give this paſſion unto their friendſhip, or at the leaſt not to take it away, having once given it before: and if they loved *Olinda*, they ought not to conſtraine her good will by violence, nor make her odious unto all the world, as being the cauſe of dividing ſo ancient, and perfect a friendſhip as theirs was, with many other reaſons: ſo that they promiſed not to forbeare loving of her, for that was not in their power, but at the leaſt to abſtaine from ſeeing her, as they had promiſed.

This promiſe was for ſome dayes religiouſly kept by the two friends, who would not by any means be juſtly taxed for wronging each others friendſhip; but beleeving that they ſhould either vanquiſh, or by diverſion wipe away their love and jealouſie, ſeeing every day all ſorts of objects excepting that which was moſt fixt in their imagination: But *Clarangeus* having taken a lodging neere unto *Olinda*'s, to the end he might ſee at his window, as ſhe went in and out at the doore, her whom hee durſt not goe to ſee in the houſe, (as lovers have ſtrange phantaſies, and content themſelves with what they can get, when they cannot get what they would) made *Lidian* thinke this his taking of a houſe was no apt meanes to make him forget her. Wherefore beleeving that hee was diſpenſed of his promiſe, and no more to bee bound to the oath which was firſt broken by his rivall, hee found the meanes to meet *Olinda* one evening in the garden of the *Tuilleryes*, where ſhe was gone to walk, & there (with ſome teares) complaining of the torment which hee ſuffered in his abſence, by the commandement which ſhe had given not to ſee her, which *Clarangeus* had diſobeyed, in taking a houſe ſo neere hers; expreſſed his love ſo lively unto her, that

Olinda

Olinda who truely loved him, and did not like that *Clarangeus* had taken a lodging ſo neere hers, beleeving that he had done it to obſerve her actions, ſuffered him to ſee her at certain houres; which ſhee did aſſigne unto him ſo ſecretly, that it was not perceived by *Clarangeus*, although her neere neighbour. Theſe viſites were by night: *Olinda* retired her ſelfe earely, and went late to bed; and when every one elſe was aſleepe, *Lidian*, without any followers or light, was brought into her houſe, and ſpent a great part of the night with her, although with all the honeſt reſpect which could bee betweene honourable lovers: But the Moone, envious of *Lidians* fortune, diſcovered him to jealous *Clarangeus*, who watching like a Dragon at a window which looked into the ſtreet a little upon the one ſide from his Miſtreſſes, ſaw him come out from thence about two houres after midnight. The unfitneſſe of the time, and the aſtoniſhment to ſee him come from a place where his word and friendſhip had barred him the entrance, raiſed ſuch humours in his braine, that hee could hardly containe himſelfe: and to perfect the cauſe of his complaint, *Lidian* being in the ſtreet, and *Olinda* in her window, they tooke new leave one of the other (without thinking or remembring of their neighbour) with ſuch amorous words from *Lidian*, and ſo favourable from *Olinda*, that *Clarangeus* fell from an ague into a feaver; and *Lidian* (as if he had not had leiſure in two houres, which he was with her to ſpeake, ſo blinde are both love and lovers) intreated her to fling him downe her handkerchiefe, that he might have the contentment to lodge with it, and to embrace it all night, in remembrance of the deereſt perſon unto him in the world. *Olinda*, who was otherwayes diſcreet and wiſe, ſo farre yeelded unto his prayers, that as well to ſatisfie his importunity, as not to let him ſtay any longer there, caſt it unto him, thinking that he would goe his way ſo ſoone as he had taken it up: But the wind, jealous of this favour, blew it upon the barres of *Clarangeus* window, who ſaw this action with a motion of ſo violent a paſſion, that impatience and rage were likely to have carried him into the ſtreet, there to decide by a laſt combate the difference and

jealouſie of their love. *Olinda* and *Lidian* were in no leſſe pain, perceiving (although too late) their undiſcreet improvidence; yet her Gentlewoman running ſpeedily with a pole, got down the handkerchiefe, which *Lidian* catching before it came unto the ground, and in his Miſtreſſes ſight lovingly kiſſing it, retired himſelfe, leaving unto her a good night, and unto *Clarangeus* the worſt that ever hee felt. The next morning they failed not to meet at the Maſſe, rather to ſee *Olinda* than for any devotion: where *Clarangeus* comming unto *Lidian*, ſaid, You cannot now deny that you have not ſeene Madam *Olinda*, both againſt her command and your promiſe. Againſt my promiſe, I doe confeſſe, anſwered *Lidian*, becauſe you have made me diſpence with it, in firſt breaking your own; but not againſt her commandement, becauſe ſhe hath permitted me, as ſhe did formerly forbid me.

Clarangeus provoked with this anſwer, ſaid, Wherein have I broken my promiſe? I yet never did it, and doe well know the meanes to compell others to performe what they promiſe. You need not compell (anſwered *Lidian*) thoſe who are ready to pay: and you did breake your word, when having promiſed not to ſee Madam *Olinda*, you tooke a lodging cloſe unto hers. Well Sir, anſwered *Clarangeus*, I would not ſo lightly have departed from your friendſhip, as you have from mine; but this is the truth, herein I am your enemy. Sir, anſwered *Lidian*, I will alwayes oppoſe my ſervices unto your hatred: But I entreat you to conſider, that our promiſe is reciprocall, and hath no more force than my Ladies commandement gave it; and if you (nevertheleſſe) beleeve that I have ſooner broken my word than you, pardon it unto mee, and thinke that I have no more power of my ſelfe, than you have of your ſelfe. The holineſſe of the place, and their friends which did accompany them, interrupting their diſcourſe, they heard Maſſe together with *Olinda*, who underſtood part of their diſpute, and was no leſſe offended with *Lidians* anſwer, than with *Clarangeus* complaints; who was the more provoked at that time by *Lidians* holding of the handkerchief againſt his mouth. Their friends having ſent to ſeeke for *Alcidon* and *Cleander*, and they comming, the beſt meanes

they

they could finde to agree them, was to entreat them that their differences might be determined by her will, who was the cauſe thereof. *Lidian* at the firſt word conſented hereunto, aſſuring himſelfe of *Olinda*'s favour: but *Clarangeus*, diſtruſting his cauſe, would not referre himſelfe unto the judgement of a woman, already gained by his adverſary; yet *Alcidon* and *Cleander* uſed ſo many perſwaſions unto him, that hee yeelded, if *Olinda* made choice of *Lidian* for her ſervant, *Clarangeus* ſhould leave her ſervice, and ſhould never pretend any intereſt in her love; and in like manner, if ſhe ſhould rather chuſe *Clarangeus*, *Lidian* ſhould forbeare any further ſuit, and never come in any place where he might hope for grace or favour from her. Commiſſion to deliver this agreement unto *Olinda*, was given unto thoſe who had made it, and their honours were ingaged to the performance of theſe conditions, declaring themſelves enemies unto the firſt breakers thereof. *Olinda* being equally offended with them both, beleeving alſo that ſhe had power to call backe *Lidian* when ſhe pleaſed, and not thinking it fit to make choice of one, and offend the other, reſolved to bee rid of them both, entreating both the one and the other to abſent themſelves, and promiſing to chooſe him for her husband who ſhould laſt come unto her. The Oracle proceeding from this mortall goddeſſe, ſo unexpected by thoſe who asked it, ſo aſtoniſhed *Clarangeus*, but moſt *Lidian*, that the next morning, without communicating their deſigne, or taking leave of any perſon, they got to horſe, leaving the Court, and all their friends in great ſorrow.

In the meane time feeble *Liſander* by little and little recovered his ſtrength, and no leſſe by *Caliſta*'s charmes than by the *Operators* skill (who onely applyed his ſalves unto the doublet) loſt the paine of his wounds: The contentment which he received in her company was ſo great, that fearing to loſe that, he was unwilling to be healed; out of which reſpect, when ſhe asked of him how his wounds were, he anſwered, Better than I would, Madam, becauſe the happineſſe which I receive in your moſt deare company, doth infinitely ſurpaſſe the paine which they put me to: and I doe ſo much

feare

feare the loſing of this glory when I ſhall bee healed, that to preſerve it eternally, I could wiſh them incurable. *Caliſta* gently ſmiled at theſe words, and told him, that hee ſhould onely take care for the healing of them, and after they ſhould enjoy more pleaſure being whole, than in being ſicke. But what pleaſure Madam, anſwered *Liſander*, can I hope from your rigour, if you uſe mee alwaies according unto your accuſtomed manner? You complaine without cauſe, replyed *Caliſta*, knowing (as you doe well) unto what extremity I have beene reduced to pleaſe you: but as it is ſaid, to bee willing to be healed is a beginning of health; only be willing to be healed, that I may ſee you once doe what I deſire. With theſe ſweet words *Liſander* thought that *Caliſta* did but deferre the remedy of his love, untill the healing of his wounds did make him capable of the receiving thereof: And thus deceiving his hope with his evill, unſenſibly he was reduced to his former health. But then when *Liſander* thought to gather the fruit of this love, for which hee had ſuffered ſo many rigorous abſences, travels, and wounds, and that *Cleanders*, *Alcidon* and *Berontus* riding after *Lidian* and *Clarangeus*, who being gone this very day (as wee ſaid) put them all in feare that they were gone to fight, made him hope of a favourable occaſion to enjoy his Miſtreſſe. She entring (with *Clarinda*) into his chamber, ſpake thus unto him: Sir, ſince the time that I ſuffered you to ſee mee at *Beauplaine*, unknowne to my huſband, I have beene alwaies followed with a multitude of torments, which have never left mee in peace; and I doe beleeve that God hath juſtly ſuffered them to puniſh in me the wicked deſigne which you have had to diſhonour a perſon who entirely loveth you, although I have committed no other offence, but ſuffering that which I could not hinder, and that I did not give notice of an injury which you procure unto him, who ought to be more deare unto me than you are, and who ought to bee more deare unto you than I am. This hath beene confirmed unto me in this laſt affliction, which I have had for your wounds; in which time I made a vow to God, that if he ſhewed you ſo much mercy as to ſuffer you to eſcape, I would never draw his anger upon my head, by having

ving any connivence with your crime : I doe entreat you therefore Sir, and conjure you by that love which you ſay, and I beleeve you beare me, that if you will love mee, you would love mee honourably, and according to the love which I owe unto *Cleander*, and the friendſhip which hee beares you; if nor, I doe moſt humbly entreat you to pardon me, if in paying the vow which I have made unto God, and in ſatisfying the juſt obligations which are amongſt men, I am conſtrained to entreat you to retire your ſelfe, and uſe that great courage (which you make appeare in every danger) to ſuffer conſtantly the loſſe of a perſon, who cannot be acquired lawfully by you.

I would faine have all thoſe who are apprehenſive of love, think with what patience *Liſander* could heare a ſpeech ſo little looked for, at the inſtant when hee expected the poſſeſsing of a pleaſure, ſo long, and ſo vainly followed. Ha, Madam, anſwered he, is it poſsible that in the midſt of ſo many faire hopes, which you have made me conceive of your pity, you ſhould uſe mee ſo cruelly? Is this the recompence of ſo many ſervices which I have done you, of ſo many dangers whereinto I have throwne my ſelfe, of ſo many wounds which I have received, and ſo many paſsions which I yet ſuffer? Had it not beene better you had then ſuffered mee to dye when I was ſo neere death, when I ſhould have felt no paine (it being a kinde of pity to kill thoſe quickly which of neceſsity muſt dye) rather than to make me ſuffer it with ſo much violence after ſo much ſweetneſſe, having prolonged my life to prolong my torment? Alas, it was not without cauſe I feared to bee healed too ſoone, ſeeing that in recovering my health, I loſe your favour; and then to faine a counterfeit vow to excuſe your ingratitude, and cover your cruelty with the cloake of Religion, will not heaven puniſh this hypocriſie? *Liſander*, ſaid *Caliſta*, I will ſpeak but one word, after which I entreat you not to hope for any other: I take the ſame heaven to witneſſe (which you doe invoke againſt me) that I grieve that I cannot love you as you love me; and doe wiſh that I may be puniſhed according to your deſire, if I uſe either hypocriſie or diſsimulation : You wrongfully

accuſe

accuse mee of ingratitude and cruelty, seeing I cannot satisfie you, without being ungratefull unto *Cleander*; nor have pity upon you, without being cruell unto my selfe. I have told you that I loved you, and with so perfect a love, that it could not bee encreased nor lessened since the first birth thereof; neither am I ignorant of your merits towards me, but withall, I told you what hindered me from acknowledging them, and to let you see that you lose the glory of your good turnes by the recompence which you require: is there any appearance of justice or reason, that for having saved my fathers, my brothers, and my husbands lives, you should bind me to make them lose their honour? Do you think, that if I should forget my selfe so farre, I could excuse my selfe upon the obligations wherein I am tyed unto you, and justifie the injury which I should doe them by the services which you have done unto me? Content your selfe that I have no lesse griefe to give you this command, than you have to receive it; and the same passion which you feele, because you cannot obtain that which you unlawfully desire, I suffer, because I cannot lawfully yeeld it unto you. At this word *Calista* went out of the doore, leaving *Lisander* in that confusion and perplexity which may easily bee imagined. Hee went three or foure times about the chamber, sat down, and rose, cast himselfe upon his bedde, and not finding in any place the rest which he every where sought for, after a thousand discourses in his imagination, as little resolved as he was at the first, hee used these words: O ungratefull woman, and I more foole to thinke the earth could beare other! Well, *Calista*, death shall free mee from thy cruelty (if thy tyranny doth not stretch after death) and so thou shalt avoide the sight of mee, but not of my Ghost, which, together with the Furies, revengers of my blood, shall alwayes hang about thy necke; yet I will not dye before I my selfe have enjoyed the contentment of my revenge, and doe shew thee, that I am as able to hurt thee as to oblige thee. Was there no meanes but a pretence of courtesie (like a gentle bit in a horse mouth) to constraine me to endure this womans indignities? But stay thy madnesse, *Lisander*; thou thy selfe art both ungratefull and

disloyall,

diſloyall, whereof thou complaineſt: baſe as thou art, thou doeſt with infidelity and treachery go about to deceive thy friend; thou doeſt alſo injurie *Caliſta*, becauſe ſhe will not conſent unto thy wickednesſe. Alas, who ſhall puniſh mee for theſe crimes? and if I be not puniſhed, who ſhall ever pardon me?

Thus *Liſander*, ſometimes injuring *Caliſta*, and then crying her mercy, digeſted his bitterneſſe with ſo much anguiſh, that hee thought hee ſhould end his life with the day: inſomuch that *Cleander*, who in the morning left him in good diſpoſition, comming home at night with *Alcidon* and *Berontus* without hearing newes either of *Lidian* or *Clarangeus* found him ſicke in his bed: Yet he roſe early in the morning before Sun, and went unto *Cleander*, who was a bed with *Caliſta*, unto whom (having given him good morrow) hee ſaid, that reſting better this night, than hee had done (although with terrible diſquiets, out of the feare hee had that *Clarangeus* and *Lidian* might fight againe) he found himſelfe ſo well, that he was reſolved never to reſt untill hee had either found the one or the other. But my deare friend (ſaid *Cleander*) the weake eſtate wherein you are, will not permit you; Leſſe will my care ſuffer mee to take reſt, anſwered *Liſander*, for if it ſhould happen ſo unfortunately that they ſhould fight againe, I ſhould never enjoy my life; When (replyed *Cleander*) will you come againe? So ſoone as I ſhall find them, anſwered *Liſander*; who having embraced him, went from him unto the ſide of the bedde where *Caliſta* lay; unto whom (in ſaluting her) he ſaid aloud: Madam, I ſhould leave you with more ſorrow, if I did not know how acceptable the ſervice will be which I goe about to doe unto you. *Cleander* beleeved that hee ſpake this in reſpect of *Lidian*, but *Caliſta* better apprehending his ſpeeches, referred them to his departure: yet faining to underſtand them in the other ſenſe, anſwered thus: Sir, you have tyed us in ſo many bonds, that although you bring backe my brother, hardly can wee bee more obliged, for debts being infinite cannot bee encreaſed; and from this infiniteneſſe it followes, that not onely your ſervices are agreeable, but all your other actions in reſpect of

them, although they were not so in their owne nature; but onely your departure, which, in regard it doth deprive us of the contentment wee receive in your company, cannot bee pleasing unto us. *Lisander* said nothing unto this, but having kissed her, went his way speaking to himselfe; O treacherous *Calista*, how artificially dost thou hide thy malice, and minglest sweetnesse with cruelty! From thence he went to take leave of *Alcidon* and *Berontus*, who would at any hand accompany him: but he remonstrated unto them, that it was much better for them to separate themselves, the easier to finde their friends. So going alone, hee tooke his way towards Burgundy, and stayed not before he was come unto a sister of his called *Ambrisia*, who had beene married in that countrey, and then was a young widow, rich, of a great spirit, and of an excellent beauty, who receiving her brother as the deerest thing in the world, could not so divert his melancholy, but that after hee had strove the space of a moneth against his love, hee yeelded to the violence thereof, and fell from this melancholy into a strange sickenesse, which produced the most admirable effects, that ever memory hath heard. In the meane time, *Cleander* having a journey to make into Italy, to dispose of some possessions which hee had in Naples, into which place for the like effect hee was accustomed to goe every three yeeres, left *Berontus* with *Calista*, and *Calista* accompanied with the heavieft solitarinesse that ever she was reduced unto. And unto him there happened this accident, so memorable, that (I think) the like is seldome found in any history: He being gone a great way in Italy, to a place called *Aquapendent*, at which place alwaies in his journey to Naples hee was accustomed to lodge: the place was inconvenient enough, and *Cleander* came so late, that the lodgings were all taken, and hee forced to travell further, or lye in the streets. He asked to speake with his old Host, who (said hee) before hee would have suffered mee to bee thus unprovided, would have lyen out of his owne bedde for me. Answer was made, that his old Host was dead; yet there was a chamber where a bedde (if he pleased) should be made for him, but of late time it had beene frequented with spirits, for which

cause

cause no man durst lye there. Let me have a bedde there, said *Cleander*, I had rather lye there with them, than in the streets with my men. A bedde was then made in a chamber, which he knew to be the very same, wherein he was accustomably lodged in the life time of his old Host; where having supped with his people, and being readie for his bedde, his servants retired to looke for such lodgings as the straitnesse of the house would affoord; leaving him with the doore shut unto him, sitting by the fire side, presently hee heard a noise at the door, and turning his head that way, he saw a man come into the chamber, of the same shape, proportion, and countenance that his dead Host was, who comming unto the chair wherein *Cleander* sate, stood still, stedfastly looking him in the face, without doing or saying any thing. *Cleander*, whose heart was capable of any thing but feare, felt nevertheless an unknowne shivering run thorow all his veines, which curdled his blood; yet he had the heart to say unto him, Good even my Host, I was told you were dead: So I am, answered the Spirit. How then come you here, answered *Cleander*? I come to tell you that I am killed (said hee) and withall to intreat you, by our ancient acquaintance, that you will cause me to be buried: you shall finde my body in such a pit, under a great heap of stones which have beene cast upon me. I doe conjure you once againe to give me buriall. Well mine Host, answered *Cleander*, to morrow I will cause you to be buried. Will you no other thing? No, said the Spirit; and giving him good night, retired, leaving *Cleander* more desirous to see day than to sleep: yet he was not further troubled all that night. The next morning rising very early, he sent for the Justice of the place, unto whom having recited the vision which he saw, not sleeping but waking, and before hee went to bed, hee led him unto the pit which the Spirit had told him of, and finding it full of stones, they caused it to be emptied, untill they found the body which lay under them, easily known to be the old Host: every body was astonished at the fact. *Cleander* left the information of the cause unto the Justice, and to acquit himselfe of his promise to the Host, caused him to bee buried with an honourable service; wherein having

spent all that day, hee resolved to lye that night againe in the chamber. Being there alone, much about the houre that hee came the night before, my Hoste came againe, and at his entrance into the chamber, hee said, God give you a good evening Sir. *Cleander*, who could willingly have spared this visitation, answered him, Good even my Hoste: have I not performed my promise? Yes Sir, answered the Spirit, I am now come to thanke you, and to tell you, that if you please to command me any thing where I goe, there is nothing which I can doe for you, that I will not doe. Friend (answered *Cleander*) there is nothing that I have to doe in that countrey which you speake of, wherefore God give you Peace, and the Rest which you desire. The like I wish unto you, said the Spirit, and so Sir I bid you farewell. Farewell my Host, said *Cleander*, unto whom these complements began to be troublesome. Nevertheless the spirit being at the doore ready to goe away, *Cleander* called him againe, and said unto him, Mine Host, one word with you. The Spirit returning, said, What is your pleasure, Sir? I intreat you, said *Cleander*, if you have any power where you goe, you would oblige mee so farre, as to advertise me of my death three dayes before I dye. Well, answered the Spirit, I will doe it if I can. Thereupon hee vanished, and *Cleander* presently after going to bed, slept till the morning; neither he nor any other ever after either hearing or seeing any thing in that Chamber.

In this time *Lisander* lying at his sisters house in Burgundy very sicke, fell into that weakenesse, that hee lost all knowledge, and was given over by the Physitians (who were ignorant of his disease) unto the prayers of the religious. Hee had lost both speech and sight, and when he recovered either, it was onely to see fearefull illusions, or speake raving, or doe such extravagant actions as never entred into the thought of man. *Ambrisia* bewailing his evill, which neares as bitter as the remedy was desperate, and seeing the Physitians knew not what to give, nor what to doe (as one who is accustomed to have recourse unto God when humane helpes faile) sent for a Capuchin from a Covent which was neere,

to exhort him with constancy to give up his life, unto him who was the author thereof. At her sending, two Capuchins came, before whom *Lisander* fell into so grievous a vomiting, that among other things which he vomited up at his mouth, he cast up Pen-knives, Inke-hornes, Images of waxe, Bracelets of haire, Cart-nailes: which were not illusions, and fained, but so reall and true, that they yet remaine in the hands of the Capuchins, and are kept as perpetuall reliques unto their Covent. These good Fathers seeing so wonderfull a Prodigie, lifted up their eyes and voices to heaven, praying God to have pity upon this Knights soule, whose body they thought was so neere an end. One of the two, who was young, and who hid a goodly personage, and a beautifull face under this poore habit, began to poure forth so many teares, that all the standers by no lesse wondred at him, than at the unknowne and strange sickenesse of *Lisander*, unto whom, seeing him a little recover his spirits, hee spake in this manner; *Lisander*, my ancient friend, seeing it hath pleased God to reduce you into this pitifull estate, bee it either to call you to the glory of a second life, or to let you see the misery of this, pull out of your minde these deceiving thoughts of the World, before you bee constrained to leave them, and lift your minde unto heaven, before you goe thither: You shall see that it is the Haven of our Navigation, the end of our Course, and the true land which hath beene promised by our Father. This is a cursed one, into which we have beene banished for our sinnes, and our bodies are the Prisons where wee are detained: If it please God that it bee broken by death, and that you bee called from this banishment, resolve your selfe freely to the liberty of your soule, and unto the glorious returne thereof into the holy city of the heavenly Jerusalem, which is the naturall Countrey thereof. There shall you bee free from so many travels wherewith you are now enslaved, and there shall you no more remember the stormes wherewith you have beene beaten; you shall onely there give praise to God, that you have avoided them without shipwrack, enjoying the soveraigne good in recompence of all your evils, and changing the miserable condition of

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man into the happineſſe of Angels: Courage then *Liſander*, valiantly meet death in the face, whom you have ſo many times braved in the moſt perillous hazzards of this life; the paſſage from earth unto heaven is not ſo terrible, nor ſo painfull as is thought: Our Lord hath himſelfe plained the way, and ſo diſarmed death, that hee can neither hurt nor feare thoſe, who reſt aſſuredly in his goodneſſe. Emplore his aide, hee neither can nor will refuſe any perſon relying upon him: for, what can hee refuſe unto us, having given himſelfe for us? ſo much leſſening himſelfe, as to be borne baſely, to live poorely, to dye ſhamefully, that if his divinity had not beene witneſſed, not alone by men living and dead, but by Angels and by Devils, the obeying of the windes and waters, by the trembling of the earth, and darkning of the Sunne; it would bee impoſſible to receive it in our beleefe. *Liſander* eaſed by the voiding of theſe things which hee had vomited, and comforted by the remonſtrance of this good religious man, lifted up his eyes to his face, and having earneſtly beheld him a good ſpace, labouring to recover his ſpeech, and to remember where hee had ſeene him; in a feeble and broken voice, ſpake unto him in this manner. Father, I have alwaies little feared Death, allready truſting in Gods mercy; wherefore my hope of one, ſurpaſſing my feare of the other, I cannot be affraid of a paſſage which is common to all men; I know nothing is more naturall, that living is not more ordinary than dying: And ſo farre am I from being aſtoniſhed at it, that I confeſſe, I have deſired it with leſſe feare than impatience. That which afflicteth me, and feareth me, is to ſee things come out of my body, which never entred into it, nor cannot bee framed there, and therefore cannot come naturally from me. And if any wonder can have place in my minde, next unto that, is to ſee my ſelfe knowne, and to heare my ſelfe named in this agony by a man, whoſe face I think I have ſeene, and heard his voice in another world, and in another habit. This good man diſcovering then his head, which was almoſt hid under his Coule, and making himſelfe knowne unto *Liſander*, with teares in his eyes in kiſsing him, ſaid, If nothing were wanting unto your health, but the remo-

ving

ving of these two causes of astonishment, I durst promise my selfe to see you well; no lesse astonishing the company with the Miracle of your healing, than it is yet with the wonder of your evill: For the things which you have vomited; although they are true, and seeme to be truely come out of your body, ought rather to bee ascribed to the illusions of the evill Spirit, who hath deceived our sense, than unto the testimony of our owne eyes. And it is to bee believed that they are reall, seeing they are palpable: But it is to be beleeved also that hee hath charmed our sight, as the *Operator*, who last healed you, charmed your woonds and healed them, in applying salves to your Doublet. And it is likely that from this first charme, proceeds now this second: For the Devill hath done nothing for nothing, and did not succour you in that extremity, but onely to reduce you into a greater. As for your astonishment, which proceedeth from my knowing you, I thinke it is now wiped away: And *Clarangeus*, having beene so perfect a friend unto *Lisander*, cannot be unknowne by so strange a change as mine, or by the violence of a sickenesse like yours. For the rest, you have reason in saying you have seene me in another world; for this wherein I now am, is much differing from that wherein I then was. *Lisander*, who knowing *Clarangeus* (who, cast from serving, and banished from the presence of *Olinda*, had confined himselfe into a Cloyster) embracing him, with a joy mingled with sorrow and astonishment to see him in this habit, answered: Is it possible that my eyes doe not deceive me, *Clarangeus*, and that it is not one of the illusions of my sickenesse? how have you left the world? As those (replyed *Clarangeus*) who being beaten by stormes at Sea, doe search for some safe Port where they may bee covered from the tempest. O how happy are you, said *Lisander*, to have that power of your selfe! Yea, if you knew the happinesse, said *Clarangeus*, and if after so many stormes wherewith you have beene beaten, you would (with mee) prove the sweetnesse and quietnesse of a religious life, you would despise and mocke at Honours, Loves, and other vanities, which cast away the most part of men. I would to God, said *Lisander*, I could doe it, but I know my selfe so

weake

weake & so chained to the world, that though I should leave it to day; I should take it againe to morrow; and, as it ordinarily happens, my second entrance would bee much worse than my first. You have reason, replied *Clarangeus*, For as there is nothing worse for health, than to passe from one extremity to another; so there is nothing more dangerous in the world, than to goe from a religious life unto an irregular one. From thence it comes, that there is nothing more evill than a Monke, who hath cast away his frocke; and that the most part of our errors owe their birth unto these *Apostata's*, who, as vipers, doe endevour in their birth to rend the sides of their mother. *Ambrisia*, and many Gentlemen of the Countrey, who were come to see her in this sickneſſe of her brothers, were no lesse joyfull to see him so well recovered, than of *Clarangeus* his discourse & knowledge. Unto whom *Lisander* in continuing his speech said, that not finding himselfe strong enough to observe such a perpetuall vow, he promised (at the least if it pleased God to restore him to his former health) the first voiage he would undertake after his sickneſſe, should be unto our Lady of *Mount Serrat*. *Clarangeus* confirmed him in this devotion; and afterwards taking his leave, hee returned with the other religious man into the Covent.

Shortly after, were it by the prayers of those good Fathers, or through *Lisanders* vow, hee began to amend; but (as the proverbe saith) sickenesses come on horsebacke, and goe away on foote, of a Snailes pace. It was fifteene dayes before hee could rise out of his bedde, and fifteene dayes more after hee was out of his bed before hee could get strength: which being past, and having visited his friends, but principally *Clarangeus*; and taken leave of his Sister *Ambrisia*, hee secretly caused a Jacket of gray Serge to bee made, and a Cloake of skinnes over it, and having gotten a Palmers staffe, in a faire Evening hee began his Pilgrimage. In the meane time some of those who had left him sicke, going unto Paris, not onely carried newes of his sickenesse, but of the habit which *Clarangeus* had taken; which brought forth no lesse astonishments than sorrow in the minds of their Friends. *Olinda* her-

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selfe witnessed some feeling of pity which shee had of poore *Clarangeus*, and it was encreased by the griefe shee had for *Lidians* losse; But this was nothing in respect of what *Calista* suffered for *Lisanders* sickenesse, she being so much the more afflicted, by how much shee durst not make it appeare, although her brothers and her husbands absence had been colour enough for her to have justified her griefe. *Alcidon* being advertised of these accidents, which happened after the departure of his friends, determined to goe see them, and taking his leave of *Argire*, took his journy towards Burgundy: But finding *Lisander* gone, and being no lesse glad to heare that hee was well recovered, than sorrowfull because hee knew not whither hee was gone, he went unto the Covent, which *Clarangeus* had chosen for his aboad. He came a little after their Evening song, and being guided unto his chamber, found that hee was busied in making a little woodden frame for a window. *Alcidon* embraced him not without some teares of Compassion, and being joyfully received by *Clarangeus*, they sate them down, a table being betweene them, upon which *Clarangeus* had set his window frame; and then *Alcidon* began to say unto him, Sir, is this the trade of so brave a Gentleman as you are? have you so much forgotten what you are in the world, that you will ruine your fortune, together with the hope of your friends? But if you have no respect of them, at the least have consideration what your enemies will say; Doe you thinke that they will beleeve that Devotion hath reduced you unto this Cloyster? no truely, they will beleeve rather that it is some violent passion of love, or some weakenesse of spirit, which hath rather by despaire than sound judgement transported you. I tell you, answered *Clarangeus*, that this is an excellent fine frame for a window, and the chamber will be much the better, when it shall be set up. Ha, Sir, answered *Alcidon*, what do you utter? leave these frames and windowes, are those things worthy of your courage? will you shut up that greatnesse which doth attend you within this little chamber? But I tell you, answered *Clarangeus*, that with a little oyle of Spike it will bee cleere, and the smell will not bee amisse. *Alcidon* seeing that

have answered so frostie the matter, In the end said unto him, Sir, I feele well that this discourse doth not please you, I will follow it no further, but only to assure you, that it proceedeth from affection which I have long borne unto you, & which I will preserve unto you, so long as I shall remember your merits which doe oblige mee. Sir, said *Clarangeus*, when you shall speak of any thing to me which is not against my salvation, I shall be glad to hearken unto you, and to answer you, as one who hath alwaies deerely esteemed, and will eternally cherish the memory of your friendship: But I pray speake no more of returning into the armes of so dangerous an enemy, as the world; I am exceeding happy that I have escaped so good cheap, and I shall alwaies blesse my disgraces, which have wrought mee this felicity. *Alcidon* would not further importune him, but taking leave of him, and lodging one night at *Ambrisia*'s house, tooke poste the next day to returne to the Court, where being come, he delivered unto *Caliſta* the newes of *Liſanders* health, and confirmed unto *Olinda* that which she had formerly heard of *Clarangeus* his vow, leaving them both in care to know what was become of *Lidian* and *Liſander*.

Caliſta in this time ledde so solitary and retired a life, that she was neither visited, neither did shee visite any body, but *Olinda* and *Argire*. And although the braveſt and greateſt in the Court sighed for her love, and that she was the subject of the richeſt Pennes, and of the beautifulleſt Spirits in France, who all together assailed her chastity; they were nevertheleſs but as waves against a rocke, which break themselves without moving it: so that shee was no leſſe admired for her vertue, than adored for her beauty. But, as wee seeme to have more inclination to evill than to good, *Clarinda* was not able to imitate her in this perfect example of chastity, which shee practiſed before her, as shee did in the favour which shee had lightly yeelded unto *Liſander*, then when shee permitted him to see her. Yet had she contented her selfe within the bounds of her Mistresses honesty, her example had with reason ſerved her, but shee passed so far in love to a young Gentleman named *Leon*, who often visited *Deronius*, more for the love

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which hee bare unto *Clarinda* than unto him, that *Caliſta* was conſtrained to open her eyes: But her misfortune was ſuch, that having communicated unto this Maide the honeſt love which ſhe bare unto *Liſander*, ſhe durſt not chaſtiſe her, nor reprehend her with the free liberty of a Miſtreſſe, fearing nothing; doubting (that as the falſe glaſſes which repreſent all faces much different from the naturall) ſhee ſhould make her owne affection ſeeme cleane otherwayes than it was, ſhe onely gently remonſtrated unto her her fault, and not daring to ſearch the ſoare unto the bottome, ſhee ſuffered it to encreaſe to that height, that it was paſt all hope of cure, and grew the Spring of all misfortunes, which we ſhall ſee in the ſequell of this Story.

The End of the fourth Booke.

which hee bare unto Clorinda than unto him, that Calista was constrained to open her eyes: But her misfortune was such, that having communicated unto this Maide the honest love which she bare unto Lysander, she durst not chastise her, nor reprehend her with the severitie of a Mistresse, fearing nothing, doubting (that as the false glasses which represent all faces much different from the naturall) shee would make her owne affection seeme else otherwayes than it was, she onely gently remonstrated unto her her faults, and not daring to search the sore unto the bottome, shee suffered it to encrease to that height, that it was past all hope of cure, and grew the Spring of all misfortunes, which we shall see in the sequell of this Story.

The End of the fourth Booke.

A TRAGI-COMICALL HISTORY OF these Times.

The Fifth Booke.

IN the Booke going before we have left *Lisander* going towards our Lady of Mount *Serrat*, who (becauſe hee would not be drawne to ſtay in townes, thorow which he might paſſe, nor at ſtrange ſights which he might ſee) travelled fortie dayes after his departure, over thoſe high mountaines which ſerve as an everlaſting barre betweene two of the greateſt kingdomes in the world; and entring by the countrey of *Roſilion* into *Catolonia*, he came in the end to the holy Monaſtery of the bleſſed Virgin. After hee had paid his vowes, confeſſed his ſinnes with teares, and prayed with fervency, as he roſe up from before the great Altar where hee had kneeled, beholding the beauty of the Temple, and the rich Tapeſtry wherewith it was adorned; hee ſaw three or foure men apparelled like ſlaves, ſtanding under a Lampe of ſilver, which was lighted before the holy Image: and one of them who by his ſhape, faſhion and action ſeemed to be maſter of the other, although hee was no better cloathed than they, asked the Sexton why this ſilver Lampe was placed before the other of gold, which was much richer and bigger than the other? who anſwered unto him in this manner, That Lampe of ſilver which you

ſee

ſee there, was heretofore vowed by a King of France, and that which is after it, was given by our King: and as well becauſe it is gold, and ſo to be preferred before the other (being ſilver, leſſe alſo in quantity and quality) as becauſe it ſeemed unjuſt that any other whatſoever, ſhould precede our great King in his kingdome, he preceding all others in extenſion of Empire; wee have divers times endevoured to place that of Spaine before that of France, and as often loſt our time as we did endevour it, becauſe in the next morning we found them againe in their firſt order; ſo that we have beene conſtrained to let them alone, after wee had in vaine a thouſand times changed them. Your King (ſaid the Slave then) ought hereby to know, that there is a ſuperiour power which will not ſuffer him to diſpute the right of elderſhip with the King of France, neither did hee ever diſpute it but to his loſſe, nor ever ſhall but to his confuſion. Preſently did *Liſander* by his geſture and ſpeech know this Slave; yet the ſtrange habit wherein he was cloathed, and great diſtance from the place where he had left him, contradicted his judgement, and made him doubt of what hee ſaw. But the Slave beholding him, and being in the like perplexity and doubt, could not imagine that this Pilgrime was the ſame *Liſander*, who foure or five months before had left him in Paris; wherefore to cleare his doubt, he came unto him, & then knew him plainly both in face and voice.

Liſander ſeeing it was his friend *Cleander*, running to embrace him, with teares of joy, asked him by what good or evill fortune he was met in a place ſo remote from his owne, and in a habite ſo differing from his condition. *Cleander* no leſſe raviſhed with the ſame aſtoniſhment and joy, asked him the like queſtion. The admiration of this meeting ceaſing, they entred into greater, when they told unto one another the accidents which happened unto them. *Liſander* told him how hee had beene ſicke, and of thoſe ſtrange things which prodigiouſly hee had vomited at his mouth, and how having beene viſited by the Capuchins when all hope of life was loſt, he was knowne by *Clarangeus*, now entred into a religious Order, whoſe converſation, together with his

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owne extreme ſickeneſſe, had cauſed him to make that vow which he had there to pay, never once thinking of ſo happy an encounter. *Cleander*, more wondring than before at his friends relation, in exchange, told him the diſcourſe of his owne journey, and the viſion of his Hoſte; and proceeding in telling what you have heard, hee alſo ſaid, how being returned from Naples to Rome, and from thence to Lygorne, the convenience of a ſmall Galley which was bound for Marcels, and the deſire which hee had to haſten his returne into France, made him imbarque himſelfe: but being upon the coaſt of Genoa, they were encountred by a Pirate of Argire named *Marrabut*, who having quickly taken them (being altogether without armes, and ſo without any meanes of reſiſtance) was carrying them into Affrick, when a ſtorm, favourable unto all us Captives, caſt him into the Gulfe of Barcelon, where being retaken by a Galley of Malta, which a Spaniſh Knight commanded, they were ſet at liberty; and ſeeing himſelfe ſo neere unto our Lady of Mount *Serrat*, hee had come thither to give thankes unto God for his deliverance.

That day, and the night following they ate and reſted together, they and their people (for the other Slaves with *Cleander* were his ſervants, and *Liſander* had a Gentleman and two Lackeyes with him:) *Cleander* enquiring if hee had learnt any newes of *Lidian*. I did perſwade my ſelfe (anſwered *Liſander*) that I ſhould have learnt ſomething of him from *Clarangeus*, but he told mee, that hee had neither ſeene him nor heard of him, ſince the time they departed from *Olinda*. I much feare, ſaid *Cleander*, that the ſame deſpaire which wrought upon *Clarangeus*, hath alſo brought him to the like extremity. With this talke, ſleepe, aſſiſted with wearineſſe, tooke faſt hold of them, untill it was faire day next morning, which was a great feaſt unto our Lady: upon which occaſion a number of Pilgrims were come unto the Covent, when word was brought them, that they ſhould riſe, if they would heare a Hermite of the mountain preach: unto whom (in regard of the great fruite of his eloquence) it was permitted, being otherwayes againſt the rule which

forbid them, the better to follow their contemplative life. This newes made them riſe, and goe to the Church, where the Sermon was already begun, and ſo great a number of Pilgrims, that they could not come neere the Pulpit. At the firſt they perceived this Hermits Eloquence to bee accompanied with great youth, and excellent beauty, whereby hee no leſſe delighted his Auditors eyes with his ſight, than hee charmed their eares with his words: Hee had ſuch action in his ſpeech, and ſuch grace in his action, that he raiſed attention, with no leſſe admiration than ſilence; and although he ſpake Spaniſh, hee was ſo neat in his diſcourſe, ſaying nothing which could well be omitted, nor omitting any thing which ought to be ſpoken: his words were neither curious nor affected, but did properly ſignifie the things which hee would expreſſe, and were received by long uſe and cuſtome; a rule which whoſo followes cannot faile. Hee ſpake not alone from his lippes, but from his heart: neither did hee alwayes obſerve one ſound in his voice, but did carry it according to the diverſity of the ſubject; alwayes grave and deliberate, full of ſentences, without ſtaying upon after repetitions for the ſpending of his houre; ſometimes more earneſt, ſometimes more gentle, but never idely wandring from his matter. And as his words were not affected, ſo his countenance was not compoſed, but naturall and without art. His diſcourſe was free, but orderly: in briefe, ſo excellent, that our Pilgrims, who were borne and nouriſhed in the pure French ayre, did wonder that Spaine could bring forth ſo excellent a ſpirit: but at the end of his Sermon, having diſcovered his head, and *Liſander* conſidering him more nearely, judged by many circumſtances, but principally by the ayre of his countenance, that hee had nothing in him of Spaniſh but his tongue; and leaning unto *Cleander*, ſaid unto him in his eare, What thinke you of this Hermite? is hee not an able man? So good, anſwered *Cleander*, that if hee did appeare to mee but little leſſe, I would ſay I knew him: but fearing to witneſſe my being deceived, I dare not ſpeake what I thinke. Thinke you what you will, anſwered *Liſander*; but if I did beleeve that *Lidian* were learned, and ſpake ſo good Spaniſh,

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all the world ſhould not perſwade mee, that hee were any other. For Spaniſh, anſwered *Cleander*, hee ſpeakes it as naturally as French, and ſo he doth Latine and Italian: But for the doctrine, although he be not ſo ignorant as the moſt part of our French Gentlemen, who (out of an unexcuſable ſottiſhneſſe) doe take it as a glory to bee ignorant of learning; yet I doe not thinke him capable of treating of this point, whereof this Hermite hath ſo happily acquitted himſelfe. Whileſt they thus diſcourſed, *Lidian* (being the ſame Hermit of whom they ſpake) whom deſpaire (whereinto his Miſtreſſe had driven him as well as *Clarangeus*) had brought into this Mountaine, comming out of his Pulpet, went into a little Chappell, and kneeled before the Altar: whither *Cleander*, together with *Liſander*, and their ſervants following, the better to cleere the ſuſpicion which they had that he was his brother-in-law, after the Hermit had finiſhed his praying, ſaid unto him, Father, wee are here three or foure French ſlaves, who within ſmall time have beene taken captives by the Turkes, and have beene delivered, yet have loſt all that we have; I doe therefore pray, if you preach againe this day or to morrow, to doe us the favour to recommend our poverty unto the charitable almes of your well diſpoſed audience. *Lidian* looking ſtedfaſtly upon him who thus ſpake, and ſeeing *Cleander* cloathed in thoſe ragges, which were no other than a redde Waſt-coate of poore Cotton, a paire of Breeches of courſe cloath, and a blew Cap which hee had in his hand, not being able to imagine that it was his brother-in-law, who was reduced to this fortune, asked him with a troubled countenance, and an unaſſured voice, in what part of France he was borne, how he was taken, and whither he was going when this misfortune happened? Wee are borne in the Ile of France (anſwered *Cleander*) at leaſt I am, & thoſe whom you may ſee in this habite, for this Pilgrim, and thoſe who accompany him, they are of another part: we were taken comming from Italy, whither wee went in queſt of a Knight whom the cruelty of a Lady hath baniſhed out of France. While hee was thus ſpeaking, both hee and *Liſander* had alwayes their eyes fixed upon *Lidian*, who with an unconſtant

constant countenance often changing colour, confessing what he could not deny, in embracing him, said, Oh brother you have found him; for how can I hide my name from you, from whom I could never hide my heart? It is not possible to describe the first motions of this meeting; yet after long embracing in silence, *Cleander* said, Brother, embrace this Pilgrime, who is also of the countrey, and will tell you newes which will bee no lesse welcome unto you than my comming. The joy wonderfully encreased by *Lidians* knowledge of *Lisander*, who in few words told him, how his almost mortall sickenesse had wrought in him this heavenly vow. In which sickenesse he had been visited by *Clarangeus*, who had changed the worldly pompe, and his vaine pretences to *Olinda*'s love, into a Capuchins habit; which brought so great admiration into *Lidians* mind, that he did not know whether hee should thinke them dreames or truthes. For who would have thought young men so ingaged in love, that they thereby had ruined the foundations of an ancient friendship, and had beene carried unto such dangerous extremities, through such small occasions, should in one and the same time choose for their retraict, the one the Cloister of so austere a profession as the Capuchins, and the other the Cells of so retired an Hermitage? Who also could have beleeved, that two friends, whom the Alpes and Perrenian Mountaines had divided by wayes and designes so distant, and contrary one unto the other, should meet in one time, in a place so remote from their affaires, and in habits so differing from their conditions? But to returne unto our disguised Knights, who seeing the other Pilgrims assemble about them, as curious to know how these extraordinary embracings would end, retired themselves into the Covent, where dining together, after many discourses, they resolved to leave the Hermitage, and Mount Serrat, and the next morning to take their way towards France. After dinner *Lidian* made another Sermon, at the end whereof (praying God to blesse the assembly, and graciously to accept of those vowes which were paid in the Temple) hee tooke leave first of the holy Virgin, of the religious Order, and of the holy Mountaines,

where hee had ledde a life ſo ſolitary, and ſo ſweet; delivering his laſt farewell in ſuch pitifull words, and with demonſtrations of ſo tender an affection, that they pierced the very Rockes, and the walls of this devout houſe. The next morning, together with their people, all three of them began their journey: and becauſe *Liſander* could not leave his Pilgrims habite without breaking his vow, *Cleander* and *Lidian* alſo determined to weare theirs untill they were come home; ſo one under the habite of an Hermite, and the other of a Slave, accompanied our Pilgrime, with as much contentment in their returne, as they had ſorrow at their going out. They entred France by Languedock, and by eaſie journyes they came in a month into Burgundy. *Ambriſia* was then at Paris with *Caliſta*, who loved her both for her owne merit, and her brothers ſake, although ſhee knew nothing of their affections. But *Clarangeus* was in the ſame Covent where *Liſander* left him, who together with his companions going one afternoone to ſee him, they found him walking alone in a Garden. Now it was not hard for him to know *Liſander*, becauſe he knew the vow which hee had made in his ſickeneſſe; but when he ſaw him accompanied with an Hermite and a Slave, he knew not what to thinke of either, but ſaluted both without knowing of them. Afterwards turning himſelfe unto *Liſander*, I thinke, ſaid he, in a low voice, that in ſteed of amendment by your Pilgrimage, you debauch others, and have reduced this young Hermite from the ſolitary life of Mount *Serrat*, to intangle himſelfe againe with the world. It is true, anſwered *Liſander*, but it is upon ſo good occaſion, that there is more merit in the action, than offence. What merit, replied *Clarangeus*, can you finde in cauſing him to breake his vow made unto God, and yeeld himſelfe to the ſervice of his enemies? Vow hee hath made none, anſwered *Liſander*, and ſo broken none; for he hath not taken this habite, but to leave it when the evill influence of a ſtarre (the onely cauſe why hee tooke it) is paſſed over. And of merit it cannot be ſaid that I have leſſe than is acquired by reconciling of two perſons who were alwayes one, & lately upon a light occaſion divided.

You have reason (answered *Clarangeus*, not imagining of whom he spake) for Charitie is recommended unto us above all vertues, and without it all other are unprofitable; For this cause are we commanded to leave our offering at the foote of the altar, and reconcile our selves unto our brother, and then returne to our offering void of all passion. I am well assured, answered *Lisander*, that you know this better than I doe; but dispute with this man, whom you will not finde ignorant, and I thinke, it is with a religious man of this house, with whom he desireth to be reconciled. This word comming neere unto *Clarangeus*, made him remember the difference hee formerly had with *Lidian*, and in the instant earnestly beholding him, hee cryed out: O God, how marvellous are thy workes! *Lidian* approaching unto him, they embraced, not without sorrow for their past follies, yet mingled with such joy, that it brought shew of teares into their eyes. Sir, said *Lidian*, by that love which you beare unto the religion which now you have undertaken, I doe entreat you to pardon those displeasures which I have done you, and beleeve, that the sorrow which I apprehend doth farre exceede the punishment due unto my fault. It is I, said *Clarangeus*, who doe cry you mercy for the griefe which I have foolishly raised unto you, and if I have received any from you, I am so much the more obliged unto you, as unto the cause of this celestiall happinesse which I enjoy in this Cloister, and it maketh mee hope for the glorious life which is in heaven. Enjoy therefore (*O Lidian*) your love without feare ever to bee troubled by *Clarangeus*, and suffer me to possesse the contentment which I have in my soule, by having none in this world. But this is not all (said *Lisander*) you must needs goe with us, not to stay, seeing you will not, but to helpe us convert a Moorish Slave, whom wee have in our company, who would willingly be of our religion. *Clarangeus*, who at first thought that hee mocked him, was about to tell him, that hee had profited little either by his sickenesse or pilgrimage, when intentively beholding *Cleander*, upon whom (so busie he was in embracing *Lidian*) he had not yet so much as cast a looke, and lesse imagined that hee was there present,

he fell from his firſt admiration into amazement. It were a new ſtory to relate the words, the imbracings and entertainments which paſſed betweene them; wherefore I will omit them, and onely ſay, that after the firſt motions of this ſudden joy was over, it was agreed that *Clarangeus* ſhould aske licence of his Superiours to goe ſtay ſome time in the houſe of the Capuchins at Paris, and that they would ſtay for him at Dijon, from thence to go all together to Paris. Departing in this reſolution, that very night *Clarangeus* demanded and obtained of the Fathers, leave to goe to Paris in the company of another of the Order, whom they gave to him for a companion: and having received their benediction, he went the next morning to his friends, who waited for his comming. Thus went theſe foure together, whileſt *Caliſta* in the meane time afflicted with an extreme ſorrow, which daily increaſed in her, through *Cleanders* not returning, and by *Clarinda*'s evill deportments, which by *Caliſta*'s gentleneſſe were now growne inſufferable; neither was *Liſanders* and *Lidians* abſence a ſmall cauſe.

In this adverſity, beſides the ordinary viſiting of *Olinda* and *Argire*, ſhe was ſeldome without the company of *Ambriſia*, and *Otranta* her mother; whoſe preſence would have diverted much of her evill, if it had beene curable by companie: yet ſhee ſet a merrier countenance upon it, than the ſadneſſe of her minde would well ſuffer. But diſloyall *Clarinda* being come to ſuch a degree of impudency, that ſhee made no ſcruple to admit *Leon* into her chamber after her Miſtreſſe was in bedde, ſo farre wounded *Caliſta*'s patience, that breaking into a moſt juſt choler, ſhe diſcharged her, giving her but three dayes warning, either to retire to her friends, or otherwayes to provide for her ſelfe. *Clarinda* growing deſparate at this putting away, knowing that together with her Miſtreſſe ſhee loſt her friend, beſides the diſcredite which it would be, to be turned away upon ſuch an occaſion, which ſhee did beleeve *Caliſta* would never conceale, determined to prevent her in accuſing her Miſtreſſe for her owne fault; like as falling into one depth haſteneth unto another, ſo ſhee endevoured to cloake her ſinne with a

crime,

crime, and to weave the baſeſt and treachtrouleſt infidelity, that ever came within the compaſſe of any wicked womans heart.

In this thought weeping, *Berontus* comming unto her, whileſt *Caliſta* entertained *Ostanta* and *Ambriſia*, who knew nothing of *Clarinda*'s act, asked her the cauſe of her teates; and finding that they proceeded from her turning away, more curious to know the cauſe thereof, than of her teares, ſaid unto her, *Clarinda*, my ſiſter is moved to this extremity by ſome great cauſe, I pray thee tell it mee, and I promiſe, I will either reconcile thee againe unto her (if I can) or if I cannot, I will otherwaies work you ſo good conditions, that you ſhall not ſorrow for your departure from her, and this I promiſe upon mine honour; alſo if it bee for a cauſe not fit to bee ſpoken, I ſweare never to utter it to any. Sir, (anſwered *Clarinda*, who knew that *Berontus* envied *Liſanders* vertue) under the aſſurance of your promiſe, and to diſcharge my conſcience of the treaſon which I have beene conſtrayned to uſe againſt my Lord *Cleander*, in ſerving my Lady *Caliſta*, I will tell you that, which to my great griefe I have concealed untill this time: After that my Lady had heard *Liſanders* plaints which he made for her in the woods of Beauplaine (where I thinke you then were) ſhee ſo farre imprinted his love in her minde, that her heart never tooke reſt, nor I ever ſaw good time about her. From thence proceeded the Alarum which one night you had at Beauplaine, occaſioned by *Liſander*, whom my Lady had brought into her chamber unknowne unto any body, whatſoever I could ſay to divert her, and with ſo ſmall diſcretion, that hee was very likely to be ſurprized by my Lord. Then mingling this truth for the greater credit of her lies, ſhee told him at large what you have heard of *Liſander*, when hee ſaved himſelfe out of *Caliſta*'s chamber: and continuing her diſcourſe, ſhe added that from thence proceeded her Ladies ſadneſſe, and affliction, wherewith ſhe was ſo continually overwhelmed, unceſſantly bewailing *Liſanders* abſence, under the colour of her brothers and husbands. Finally, ſhe told him, that from thence proceeded her diſgrace, becauſe ſhee could not ap-

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plaud nor approve an affection so contrarie unto her honour, and so detested by God and man: adding so many teares and oaths unto her words, that *Berontus* (who knew the subject was both amiable and worthy) was drawne to a beliefe, at the least of part, and wondred that *Lisander* was the theefe who would have stolne away his brothers honor; yet respecting his sister in law, & withall desperately of late loving *Ambrisia*, by consequence was obliged to do nothing rashly against *Lisander*, but only desired to cleer so dangerous a suspicion, and never to speake of it but when he could verifie it. Hee judged that these lovers would never stay in so faire a beginning, if *Lisander* were once returned, and that by *Clarinda*'s meanes it would bee easie to surprize them; or if *Lisander* did never returne, hee resolved to rake it up in silence, and never to trouble his brothers mind or house with discovering an evill, which could never bee helped: wherefore hee forbad *Clarinda* to speake any word, or to make any shew that she had spoken of it, promising that he would worke her into her Ladies favour and service, upon condition that she would advertise him of her actions, and chiefly of *Lisanders* comming. Instantly going to *Calista*, and taking her apart, said so much of *Clarinda*'s fidelity, of the affection she bare unto her service, and of her sorrow to leave her (concealing what had past betweene them) that *Calista*'s easie and pitifull nature, overcome by his prayers, and deceived by them both, *Clarinda* was again received into favour, at least into service, & *Calista* nourished an enemy in her house, who lightened forth strange and miserable effects in small time after.

But at that time *Argire* willing to acknowledge her *Alcidons* faithfull affections, determined to affiance her selfe unto him in the presence of *Otranta*, *Calista*, *Ambrisia*, & *Olinda*, who were all entreated by her, and onely *Berontus* and *Leon* by *Alcidon*, the solemnity being deferred untill the returne of their friends. Thus being all together after dinner with *Argire*, who, as we have said, seldom went from *Calista*'s house, a Page came in and told them, that a man was at the doore who desired to deliver them some newes of *Cleander*. *Calista*, who

who moſt of all deſired to know them, cryed, I pray thee let him come in: and not having patience enough to ſtay his entrance, was riſing up to goe meet him, but was prevented; for there entred in a ſtraight young man, with a browne haire, and ſparkling eyes, a ſweet and ſpritely looke, his face being no leſſe excellently compoſed than was his body: His gate, his motion, and his Pilgrims habite made him known unto *Ambriſia* for her brother, ſooner than unto any other, becauſe ſhe had ſeene him put on this habite, and onely of all the company knew the ſecret of his voyage; wherefore ſuddenly riſing up, ſhee caſt her ſelfe with her armes about his necke, before *Caliſta* had leiſure to behold him, ſaying onely, Brother, Brother, is it you? *Caliſta* hearing this name, and beholding this face, which was ſo lively imprinted in her minde, was ready to ſnatch him out of his ſiſters armes, to receive the kiſſes which with an envious eye ſhee ſaw gathered from his lippes. But ſhe diſcreetly retayned her ſelfe, ſeeing the aſſembly, of all whom he was knowne, unleſſe it were of *Otranta*, who hearing that this was *Liſander*, unto whom ſhe was ſo much obliged, and whom ſhe had ſo earneſtly deſired to ſee; received him with no leſſe joy than if he had beene her onely ſon *Lidian*. *Argire*, *Olinda*, *Alcidon* and *Berontus* for *Ambriſia*'s ſake, entertained him with no leſſe joy for his happy returne, ſo much deſired of all, but onely of *Leon* and *Clarinda*, who feared, in regard of their fooliſh words which they had ſpoken. All this contentment might in ſome meaſure bee expreſt, but *Caliſta*'s can onely bee apprehended by thought, who having with great impatience ſuffered all the company to ſalute him, in the end, ſaid unto him; Sir, is it you who was ſaid to bring newes from *Cleander*? Yea, Madam, anſwered hee, for going (upon my recovery out of a ſickeneſſe, whereof it may bee my Siſter hath told you) in this habite to our Lady of Mount Serrat, I met with a Slave, who told me, hee had met him at Rome comming from Naples; and that hee had followed him to Ligorne, where being embarked both for Marcels, they were taken upon the coaſt of Genoa by a Pirat of Argire, who in his carrying them unto Affricke, was by a ſtorme driven into the Gulfe of Barcelon, and there taken by a Galley of Mal-

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ta; who set all the slaves at liberty. This man is come along in my company all my journey, and can tell you more particulars, if you please to see him. O God, said *Calista*, where is hee? Here hard by (answered *Lisander*) and I doe assure my selfe, that his sight will bring you contentment. The Slave then appearing at the doore in his Wast-coate of redde Fryse, his Breeches of course Canvas, and his blew Cap; *Calista* would have demanded newes of *Cleander*, but finding that it was hee himselfe, she for joy (for his unexpected, but most welcom comming) fell almost in a swoune in his armes. Being thus busied in knowing *Cleander*, and entertaining of *Lisander*, *Clarangeus* entred into the roome, who was presently knowne by *Alcidon* and *Ambrisia*, who had seene him in that habite before, and went before all the other to salute him: *Olinda* was not long after before shee knew him, and witnessed by the change of her colour, the trouble which his presence brought her. *Calista* being hardly come out of her husbands armes to suffer others to salute him; and going to salute *Clarangeus*, whom shee had but now seene, shee turned her selfe unto *Otranta*, who was talking with *Lisander*, and said unto her, Madam, here wants none now but my Brother to satisfie our desire. You ought, Sir, said shee unto *Lisander*, to have brought him backe also, aswell as the other. Madam, said he, it is true that we have found him preaching at our Ladies of Mount Serrat in the habit of a Hermite, and have used our best endevours to bring him with us, but he told us, that hee would never come backe but by her command, who banished him: and having heard her say that shee would witnesse most affection unto him, that should bee most obedient unto her, of *Clarangeus* or himselfe; he was resolved not to bee the least obedient. Madam, said *Clarangeus* then unto *Olinda* (who attentively hearkened unto this discourse) it doth now wholly depend on you to give contentment unto this faire company, and to satisfie what you owe unto *Lidians* love and your owne promise, in calling him backe againe: You know you promised to receive into your favour him of us two, who should come last unto you; I am upon this occasion come first, that you may not

have any pretence to breake your word with him. I beleeve the time hath been, when you did thinke I would never have ſummoned you to this promiſe, in favour of any other: but thoſe things are the bleſsings which God beſtoweth upon them who doe ſeeke him. It is certaine, Madam, that nothing but hee hath made mee reſolve, nothing but hee hath ſweetned the ſorrow I had for your loſſe, and as I left the world becauſe I could not finde any thing which might incite my ſtay after this loſſe, ſo having ſequeſtred my ſelfe from it, I have found that reſt and contentment, which I could never finde before: Live therefore happily with him, ſince that you deſire it; and beleeve, that hee cannot be ſo obliged to your favours due unto his affection, as I am unto your cruelty, by which you have procured unto mee this happy eſtate of life. *Olinda* not knowing what to anſwer unto this ſpeech, and more deſiring *Lidians* returne than they did, who perſwaded her; *Caliſta* ſpake in this manner unto *Olinda*, Why deare heart wilt thou confine my brother in thoſe deſerts? wilt thou deprive me of ſo deare company? hath hee committed any offence worthy of this uſage? And ſhall I (ſaid *Otranta*) having but one Sonne, loſe him for your diſdaine? I pray thee, ſweeteſt faire, be contented that you have made this Knight become a Capuchin, and accept of the acknowledgement of the power of your beauty, without *Lidians* becomming a Hermite. Alas Madam, anſwered *Olinda*, my greateſt ſorrow is, that he is not here now, that I might witneſſe before this company, how much I honour him: but I doubt not, but the occaſion which made mee ſeparate my ſelfe from him, is remembred by you all, and will ſerve to excuſe me. It is ſufficient, anſwered *Liſander*, ſeeing *Olinda* conſenteth to his returne; and if ſhee pleaſe to permit me, I will goe ſeeke, and undertake to bring him back in leſſe time than any one can goe thither. At theſe words *Lidian* making the laſt in the dance entred, eaſing *Liſander* of the paine of ſeeking him, and *Olinda* of the ſhame to ſuffer him. Who can tell you the aſtoniſhment and joy of the company? eſpecially *Caliſta*'s and *Otranta*'s, which exceeded all expreſsing. He was a long time in the armes of theſe two laſt, not being

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able to breake from them: Afterwards hee kneeled before *Olinda*, ſaying, Pardon me, Madam, (although I have not offended) if not for the penance which I have ſuffered, yet for the reverence of this habite, which I here lay at her feete who made mee take it. I know not whether he blaſphemed in ſaying ſo, or no; but *Clarangeus* was offended with hearing, and *Olinda* with underſtanding: yet all things being permitted to the amorous, this word was given to *Lidians* paſſion, who was not accuſtomed to preach unto others what hee practiſed: ſo indulgent are we in our owne faults, and ſevere in others. *Olinda* anſwered, that he ſhould not excuſe faults imagined, not done, with ſuch low humility, nor make her bluſh with his ſubmiſsion, which was the greateſt fault whereof ſhe could accuſe him. And at theſe words *Liſander* enterpoſing, and particularly entertaining *Olinda*, told her ſo much of *Lidians* love and fidelity, made now ſo cleare by ſo ſtrong and manifeſt a proofe; that firſt *Clarangeus*, and after all the company joyning to *Liſanders* prayers, who interceded for *Lidian*, the faire *Olinda* promiſed marriage: and the ſame Prieſt who had betroathed *Argire* to *Alcidon*, did alſo the like for *Olinda* and *Lidian* the ſame day, and in the ſame place; ſo that *Lidians* being made ſure, was knowne before his comming home: The contentment of all the company is eaſier imagined than expreſſed. Preſently was it knowne through the Towne that *Cleander*, *Lidian* and *Liſander* were returned (for they were men of that eminent quality, that their preſence was no more to bee concealed than the light of the Sunne) with the religious man *Clarangeus*, who that night retiring himſelfe into his Covent, left *Lidian* in company with *Olinda*, *Alcidon* with *Argire*, *Berontus* with *Ambriſia*, *Cleander* with his mother in law *Otranta*, and the valiant *Liſander* with the incomparable *Caliſta*.

The End of the fifth Booke.

able to breake from them: Afterwards hee kneeled before *Olinda*, saying, Pardon me, Madam, (although I have not offended) if not for the penance which I have suffered, yet for the reverence of this habite, which I here lay at her feete who made mee take it. I know not whether he blasphemed in saying so, or no; but *Claramgeus* was offended with hearing, and *Olinda* with understanding: yet all things being permitted to the amorous; this word was given to *Lidians* passion, who was not accustomed to preach unto others what hee practised: so indulgent are we in our owne faults, and severe in others. *Olinda* answered, that he should not excuse faults imagined, nor done, with such low humility, nor make her blush with his submission, which was the greatest fault whereof she could accuse him. And at these words *Lisander* enterposing, and particularly entertaining *Olinda*, told her so much of *Lidians* love and fidelity, made now to cleare by so strong and manifest a proofe; that first *Clarangeus*, and after all the company joyning to *Lisanders* prayers, who interceded for *Lidian*, the same *Olinda* promised marriage: and the same Priest who had betroathed *Argire* to *Alcidon*, did also the like for *Olinda* and *Lidian* the same day, and in the same place; so that *Lidians* being made sure, was knowne before his comming home: The contentment of all the company is easier imagined than expressed. Presently was it knowne through the Towne that *Cleander*, *Lidian* and *Lisander* were returned (for they were men of that eminent quality, that their presence was no more to bee concealed than the light of the Sunne) with the religious man *Clarangeus*, who that night retiring himselfe into his Covent, left *Lidian* in company with *Olinda*, *Alcidon* with *Argire*, *Terontus* with *Ambrisia*, *Cleander* with his mother in law *Otranta*, and the valiant *Lisander* with the incomparable *Calipsa*.

The End of the fifth Booke.

A TRAGICOMICALL HISTORY OF these Times.

The Sixth Booke.

We left our lovers joyfully met, to all their great contentments; where long they could not possesse their Mistresses presence: for Fortune, an irreconcileable enemy, and a continuall torment unto vertue, would never have beleeved that they had sufficiently suffered, if that they had continued in this contentment. The day of their arrivall being expired, and every one of them being retired with the pleasure of so favourable a successe, they rose the next morning to goe to Masse, about eleven of the clocke: *Cleander* ledde his mother in law, *Lisander* ledde *Calista*, *Berontus Ambrisia*, the two contracted either of them their betroathed, and *Leon* led *Clarinda*; who seeing her selfe supported by *Berontus* (although hee were ignorant of her wicked life) and placed againe with her Mistresse, abused her patience, and beleeved that in marrying *Leon*, which she hoped to doe, she should not need to care for her. The Masse was almost finished, when a Gentlewoman comming behinde *Lisander*, gently pulled him by the cloake, and seeing him turne towards her, she intreated him to please to heare a word which shee had to speake in private. Jesus, Gentlewoman (said *Lisander*) command me what you please, and where

where you pleaſe. In this little Chappell upon the right hand, replied ſhe, where I will attend you. Saying this ſhe departed, and *Liſander* letting her goe a little way before, went into the Chappel by another way, becauſe he would not be obſerved, diſcourſing with himſelfe as he went, what buſineſſe the Lady might have with him, hoped of ſome good fortune. Being come into the Chappell, where they were all alone (but for a Lacquey who waited upon the Gentlewoman) ſhee gave him a love letter, which ſhee entreated him to read and anſwer. *Liſander* opens it, and findes it ſaid thus.

Cloridons Letter to *Liſander.*

THis Page (whom, to come to you with leſſe ſuſpicion both of your friends and mine, I have put into Gentlewomans apparell) will give you, together with this Letter, a Lacquey, who will ſhew you the place where I ſtay for you in my ſhirt, and without any company but my horſe and my ſword, to demand reaſon of you for the blood which you had of me. I know you ſpilt it nobly, and without advantage: but to avoid blame, for being leſſe ſenſible of my evill, than thoſe who died to revenge it, and indeed rather to conforme my ſelfe unto common opinion, than to ſatisfie mine owne proper feeling, I am conſtrained to recover that with my ſword which you gained of mee with the Lance; Not that I approve their action, or blame yours, onely I will ſhun the reproach which may fall upon me, for leaving mine honour in the hands of ſo brave a Knight, who will never refuſe any honourable condition to reſtore it. Our combat (at the leaſt on my part) ſhall be without any paſſion, but what proceedeth from glory, for which a great courage ought alwaies to deſpiſe his life. *Cloridon.*

Liſander receiving this Letter contrary to his expectation, was ſorry to ſee this new occaſion which Fortune did prepare to ſeparate him from his love, and deſiring to avoid it, ſaid to the diſguiſed Page, that if the Lacquey did follow him to his lodging, he ſhould have an anſwer; which being yeelded to by the Page, *Liſander* returned with all the company

pany into *Cleanders* house, where retiring himselfe into his chamber while dinner was getting ready, he answered *Cloridons* challenge in this manner.

Lisanders Answer.

I Doe not conceive what reason you would have done you for an injury which was never offered you: and seeing it is the will onely which offends, and that I never had any to offer you the least injurie, I thinke you doe unjustly complain of an action, which you confesse you doe not blame. I will alwayes avow, that the advantage which I had of you, proceeded rather from your misfortune than your want, and to be ascribed to my good fortune, and not to my valour; and I had your blood with so feeling a sorrow, that, my honour saved, I would willingly give you as much of mine to satisfie you: You are too wise to suffer your selfe to bee transported by other mens passions, rather than your owne reason, and have too much courage and honour to propound persons, whose memory is rather to be abolished than their example followed. I represent all these things, having your friendship in deerer esteeme than your honour, which I doe entreat you to beleeve, cannot rest in any others hands than in your owne; and to accord my affection with that which the King beares you, my naturall obedience, and the desire I have to please him in honouring you, besides your owne merit, which doth oblige me unto it, and enforceth me to desire you to satisfie your selfe any other way than by the sword: yet if you doe not apprehend these reasons, send me a Gentleman, upon whose word I may send you answer; for I should justly be accused of rashnesse, if after narrowly escaping with my life, when I went out of my chamber upon the assurance of a Page, I should now againe goe out of the towne upon a Lackeyes word.

Lisander having closed this Letter, went himselfe downe unto the street doore, where having found the Lackey, who stayed for him, hee said, Hold friend, tell thy Master I will wait all day to morrow to heare newes from him; so turning

ning into the hall where dinner was ready, hee sate downe with the rest of the company. All that day, and the next night he was in a deep meditation of what should become of him after the combat, if God were so mercifull unto him that he were the last alive; knowing well, that in respect of *Cloridons* favour with the King, hee could have no sure aboad in France. The next day hee stayed in his chamber all the morning, expecting every houre when he should be challenged, and therefore caused a man to stand at the street doore, to bring him who should be sent (without any further enquiry) directly unto him. But when he saw noone past, and after the whole day without hearing a word, hee did thinke that *Cloridon* was satisfied with his reasons, or was contented in himselfe that hee had witnessed his courage in challenging. That night there was a Cooke, who, amongst other meate wherewith they were plentifully served, dresst some rost-meate made with the marrow of Beefe; and in stead of chopping of Parsley, which was usuall, he put in Hemlocke, which was likely to kill all the company, and especially *Lisander*, who having had a most sicke night, was constrained to be let blood, and take physicke the next morning. Hardly had he swallowed it, when one came to tell him that a Gentleman at the doote desired to speake with him. Presently he imagined that he came from *Cloridon*: and although hee did not then looke for him, and that things which come beyond our expectation doe most nearly and most lively pierce our mindes when they happen, yet without any alteration he commanded he should be let in. The other (who was a brave Knight called *Chrysantes*) as soone as hee came into the chamber, seeing the Surgeons sawcers full of blood upon the table, and the glasses wherein the Physicke was, empty, was about to returne backe without a word; yet hearing *Lisander* aske who was there, hee entred in: and being set downe close by the bedde, every one being commanded away, hee said thus; I came hither, Sir, to have spoken with you about a businesse, but now I see the state wherein you are, will not permit you to heare of it, wherfore if it please you, I will hold other discourse, expecting a time when the disposition of

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your health may better fit both you and mee for the uttering thereof. Pardon mee, said *Lisander*, my sickenesse is not so great, that it can let me from hearing, and lesse from giving you satisfaction; I pray therefore forbeare not to deliver your message, for I know already the contents thereof, and if you had come yesterday, as I did expect, it had beene by this time dispatcht. Sir, answered *Chrisantes*, I could not come yesterday, and I beleeve you cannot goe this day; whither I would have you, without endangering your health: for by the tokens which I see upon the table, you have beene let blood, and taken Physicke this morning. It is true (replied *Lisander*) but he who by the consideration of the danger of his life cannot be retained, will not refraine in consideration of his health, which is lesse. You have reason, said *Chrisantes*, because sometimes one may lose his health without losing his life, but never his life without his health: yet because in this businesse, the conservation and losse of one dependeth upon another, I would perswade you to stay untill you are in better health. Sir, answered *Lisander*, you cannot be my enemy and counseller in one and the same businesse: I know you come from *Cloridon*, and the notice hee gave mee two dayes since of his designe, may make him thinke that my indisposition is rather fained than true; therefore to make him lose this thought, or to keepe him from having it, tell mee where he is, and I will goe to content him with my arme in a skarfe, and my physicke in my belly: for seeing he will not receive the satisfaction which I would have given him, he shall never have it now. Seeing you are so resolved, replied *Chrisantes*, I will onely entreat you to take a friend with you, who may witnesse with me your endevour in this action. I have no friend, answered *Lisander*, having too many; for there are many in this house, who will not yeeld that point one unto the other: so that in stead of a particular combate, we should fight a battell, and put you to trouble in finding friends to oppose them. But to satisfie your desire which you have, not to be idle, I promise you, that if *Cloridon* leave me with life, I will give you some exercise. Let us goe then Sir, said *Chrisantes*, and not suffer him to wait any longer: for hee hath

ſtayed a great while in his ſhirt. *Liſander* preſently roſe, and his faithfull footman, who onely ſtayed in his chamber (no body doubting of a quarrell) having made ready a Courſer, which *Cleander* had ſent him out of Naples; hee went out of the houſe with *Chriſantes* (accompanied onely with his footman) to finde *Cloridon*, who ſtayed without S. *Honorius* gate, in a wide field, which is betweene *Roul* and *Mountmartre*. *Chriſantes* ſeeing him, ſaid unto *Liſander*, Sir, yonder is my friend, if you pleaſe I will goe ſpeak with him one word, yet if you thinke not fit, I will preſently leave you together, untill a better or worſe deſtiny part you. Doe what you pleaſe, replyed *Liſander*, but diſpatch: Hee then ſet forward towards *Cloridon*, who came towards him; and ſeeing *Liſander* have one arme in a skarfe, hee asked the cauſe. *Chriſantes* in few words told him what had paſt, and ſo retired two or three hundred paces on the one ſide. *Cloridon* then galloping towards *Liſander*, who made towards him (wearied with ſo long ſtay) ſpake unto him in this manner: Knight, ſo farre as I can perceive, your indiſpoſition makes me diſpence with you for fighting: wee will therefore, if you pleaſe, deferre it untill your health will better permit it, for this preſent eſtate of yours, can neither be commodious for you, nor honourable for me. No, no, anſwered *Liſander*, two men of our quality and making, cannot returne out of this medow without fighting: Reſolve therefore to overcome or dye, ſeeing you will not live in friendſhippe with him who hath fought it at your hands. Go too then, ſaid *Cloridon*, let us prove whether you have done well or no in deſpiſing a courteſie from one, who did thinke to have obliged you thereby. I will neither aske it, nor affoord it to you, anſwered *Liſander*, and therewith furiouſly ſpurred one upon another. *Liſander*, who (as we have ſaid) ridde upon a luſty and ſtrong courſer, but ſuch a one, as in regard of his long reſting idle in the ſtable, was not ſo ſteddy a runner as *Cloridons* (which was one of the braveſt and readieſt horſes that ever came out of Andoluſia) ſpurred lively upon his enemy, intending as he did ſtrike with his ſword, to ſhocke alſo with his horſe; but *Cloridon* fearing the ſhock, & deſirous to get the crupper of his e-

nemies horse, turned his owne speedily to shun the shock of *Lisanders*, unto which hee gave so great a reverse blow upon the nose, that he cut him into the mouth; but he stayed not his course, were it that the horse being chaft, felt not the paine of the blow, or that being in his course hee could not suddenly stay himselfe: so that *Cloridons* little horse could not turne so nimbly, but that *Lisander* joyning unto him with an incredible speed, thrust his sword cleane through him from side to side, wherwith *Cloridon* fell down dead to the ground in the sight of *Chrisantes*, who was a spectator of this pitifull tragedy. He seeing his friend upon the earth, turned his horse towards *Lisander*, who in this instant was troubled as well with his horse, the wound which he had received making him bound up and down, and run in the field, without being able to stay him, as also by his being let blood, and the paine of his Physick; so that in one instant of time, he was to resist the gripings of his physick, the bounding of his horse, and the fury of his adversary; who taking *Lisander* in this disorder, and having more respect to revenge the death of his friend, than to the disadvantage of his adversary, after he had cryed unto him two or three times, Turne, *Lisander*, turne, or I will strike thee, thrust the point of his sword so farre into his backe, that he did thinke he had revenged *Cloridon*. Heaven nevertheless kept it from being mortall, thereby reserving *Lisander* unto other adventures, who, moved with the smart of the wound, with great violence turned his horse almost upright upon his hinder feete, and with a reverse blow met with *Chrisantes* his arme so strongly, that he cut it clean off above the elbow, it falling downe unto the ground with the sword; and *Lisanders*, with the strength of the blow, & with the resistance which hee met with, was broke in the handle. *Chrisantes* thus without a sword, and without an arme, was carried away by his horse crosse the fields, so long, that growing feeble by the losse of his blood, he fell downe, and afterwards died, as you shall heare. But *Lisander*, having dispatched both his enemies (although wounded in his reins, bleeding by his arme through the opening of the veine, and his sword broken in the handle) as well as hee could accomo-

dated himselfe with *Cloridons* sword and horse, which had not his fellow in the world, when hee perceived both his adversaries footmen upon his man: wherefore with speed hee spurred unto them, and came timely enough to save his life (who was wounded) by the losse of theirs; their obstinacy to defend themselves, and the fury wherein he was (being wounded himselfe, and his footman all boody) surmounting the sweetnesse of his disposition. After this execution, *Lisander* would have taken againe his owne horse, but hee would not suffer him to come neare him; and as he rode upon *Cloridons* after him, hee espied *Chrisantes* his horse, which he took with small labour, upon which setting his footman, hee retired himselfe unto the Capuchins, unto *Clarangeus* his chamber, no lesse pained with his physicke than his wound, nor lesse glad for the victory, than sorry that he had bought it with so much blood, and fouled it with so many murthers.

Leon in the meane time, having seene *Lisander* goe from *Cleanders* house with *Chrisantes*, whom he knew to be one of *Cloridons* friends, advertised *Berontius*; they doubting of the quarrell, went out after them, but dividedly, the better to finde them; in which having spent long time in vaine (and the longer because, the combat being short, *Lisander* had retired himselfe before they came) they came in the end, the one to the place where the miserable *Chrisantes* was ready to give up the Ghost, and the other where poore *Cloridon*, and the two Lackeies lay dead. *Leon*, who first found *Cloridon*, tooke up the sword which *Lisander* had left, with the horse which ran about the fields, and hiding the sword, shewed only the horse to *Berontius*, whom hee found talking with *Chrisantes*; of whom they two demanded the cause of this misfortune: he told the combate that first *Cloridon*, and then he had with *Lisander*, as you have heard, exalting even in the pangs of death the free courage and valour of him, who had handled them so ill: and contrarily blamed *Cloridons* passion, which had ingaged him rashly in so unjust a quarrell. *Berontius* would have given him his hand to life him up, but *Chrisantes* wringing him with his left hand which was left him, spake these

words, *Berontus*, there is nothing so unjust as the Devill, nor any thing just but God; keep thy selfe from the one, and pray unto the other for my soule, for my body is no longer to bee reckoned of: and with this last word he gave up the Ghost, leaving *Berontus* & *Leon* no lesse astonished at his death, than at *Cloridons*, and at *Lisanders* powerfull *Genius*, which brought him so happily victorious over all his adventures. God was pleased to prolong *Chrisantes* life, that *Berontus* and *Leon* might finde him before his death, and might from his owne mouth know the history of this combate, that *Lisanders* vertue might be witnessed by those, who were most envious of it. *Leon* ledde *Berontus* unto the place where *Cloridon* and the Lackeyes, of whom we have spoken, lay, which augmented *Berontus* his astonishment, who, without learning any newes of *Lisander*, returned into the Towne with *Leon*, where the report of this combate was presently spread: As the humours and affections of men were divers, so also their discourses and judgements were different; *Lisanders* friends, who had heard so many proofes of his valour, did not wonder to see a new example, and did easily beleeve the truth, which sounded from the mouths of *Berontus* and *Leon*; his enemies: But *Cloridons* and *Chrisantes* their friends could not imagine that one man could so soone have killed them with their Lackeyes; and the King himselfe, who dearely loved *Cloridon*, and esteemed him for a valiant man (as certainely he was) could not beleeve that *Lisander* had killed them without some disadvantage, perswading himselfe, that in respect *Cloridons* friends had formerly done the like unto him, now hee had not made difficulty to render the like againe. Howsoever it was, he was so angry, that he commanded diligent search to be made for *Lisander*, neither would hee heare *Cleander*, nor any other who spake in his behalfe, who all this while was at the Capuchins in *Clarangeus* his chamber, where a religious man healed in a small time, as well him as his footman, without applying any thing unto his wounds but wine and oyle. It is not to bee asked if *Cleander*, *Lidian*, and *Calista* were grieved for *Lisander*, of whom *Clarangeus* went (yet secretly) and carried them newes, in creating them

nor to see him, least by their visiting he might be discovered: neither is it to be demanded whether they had more joy to see him out of danger of his wound, or feare to see him in the Kings anger, or sorrow that they were deprived of his sight. Ten dayes after, *Lisander* finding himselfe able to travell, determined to leave Paris; which hee presently made knowne unto *Cleander*, who resolved to have him unto *Beauplaine*, it being then Autumne, when all the World is invited to the fields to taste the fruits: Not that hee thought to keepe him long there, for it was too neere the Court, but untill they had conferred of the meanes which was to bee holden in his affaires; wherefore early in a morning sending away *Calista*, *Otranta*, *Ambrisia*, *Olinda*, and *Argine* before with *Berontus*, he followed after in the evening, with *Lidian*, *Alcidon*, and *Lisander*, whom hee went to receive at the Gate of the Capuchins, where *Clarangeus* made him a christian remonstrance, remembring unto him the graces which God had bestowed upon him, and the punishment which he did incurre by neglecting them: for there is no doubt, said he, but as God in this life cannot give us any thing more excellent than his grace, so we cannot offend him more than in abusing it. After bidding him adieu, and unto the whole company, who also tooke their leaves of him, recommending themselves unto the prayers, as well of him as of the other religious men, they departed in the night, and came unto *Beauplaine* when it was day light, where having rested themselves, they rose to dine with the Ladies: There began new welcommings unto *Lisander*; there began also his love unto *Calista*, and with the pleasure which hee received in her company, an extreme sorrow that he must part from her: for he truely considered that there was no long abiding, and first entred into the discourse of his departure, as well to avoid the danger which threatned him, as because hee would not inwrap friends in his evill fortune, and make them fall into the Kings displeasure. *Cleander* thought it fit that hee should retire into Flanders untill the Kings anger was over, which was presently resolved, and thereupon all this faire company brake up, for his sister went into Burgundy with *Berontus*; *Otranta* returned

ned into Normandy, whither she was conducted by *Lidian*, and accompanied by *Argire* and *Alcidon* unto Paris.

Behold, how unto this short pleasure succeeded long sorrow, teares, and farewels; a pitifull departure: the griefe and words, which were conceived and uttered betwene persons so neare of blood, and so knit in affection, goe beyond all expressing. *Cleander* remained at Beauplaine with *Calista*, in so great solitarinesse, that it seemed to presage the mischiefe which happened. Now must I foule my Story with the mischievous and lewdest accident that ever befell, and I doe abhorre to write this bloody and sad discourse; but it is not to bee omitted. *Leon* (when *Cleander* withdrew himselfe unto Beauplaine) remained at Paris, were it that he had particular businesse which held him there, or that they did not so much rely upon him as upon the others, he was not intreated to go with them thither: And *Clarinda*, who could not live without him, seeing this cõpany scattered, unwilling to lose so fair an occasion of seeing him, determined to use the same means wch her Mistres formerly did to see *Lisander*: but there happned first a Prodigie, which cannot be told without wonder. *Cleander*, being in this evill humour through the losse of so good company, was visited by a Kinsman of his named *Verasco*, who sometimes had been his Tutour, unto whom hee being willing to give all the pleasure hee could, and thereby endevour to divert himselfe from this melancholy which did consume him, hee made a match to goe hunt the wilde Boare; unto which sport (besides the domesticks) he sent for some of his Tenants, who were better acquainted with the waies and layers of the beasts, commanding them to call him earely in the morning, and beare him company. In this determination having supt very earely with *Verasco*, and left him in his chamber, hee himselfe went to bedde: it was not day by a great while, when hee heard knocking at the gate of the Castle, which awaked him: and remembring what he had commanded his huntsmen over night, he thought they were come to call him unto his sport; wherefore he called up him who waited in his chamber, commanding to go let them in, while hee made himselfe ready: The Gentleman went, and

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opening the gates, found no body; wherefore seeing it was not neere day, he went to bedde againe, thinking his Master had dreamed that he heard. Hee was no sooner laid, when they heard againe great knocking at the gate, by the hammer thereof. *Cleander*, who upon the answer which was made, that it was not yet day, thought his people were gone backe againe, hearing new, and more violent knocking, thought that day did now appeare, and that they were returned, caused his servant to rise the second time, and goe unto the gate, who finding nobody there, went to lye downe againe. Morning began to shew the brightnesse of her beames above the Horizon, when *Cleander* hearing one knocke the third time, rose himselfe out of his bedde, and putting on his night-gowne, without calling any of his servants, went himselfe unto the doore, where hee found his Hoste, whom hee had caused to be buried in Italy, who said unto him these sadde words: Good morrow Sir, I come to acquit my promise, that you may the better discharge your duety to your soule: thinke upon death, for within three dayes you shall suffer it. This shape vanishing after these words, left *Cleander* in that feare which may be imagined; so that lying downe by *Calista*, he told her the fearfull vision which he had seene. *Calista* ready to swoune at this discourse, yet so well as shee could hid her astonishment from *Cleander*, for feare she should adde unto his feare, and like a woman of great spirit and courage, comforted him as well as she could, telling him that he ought not to tye his beleefe unto these fantastick illusions, although it were well done alwayes to prepare himselfe to the losse of this life, that death might not surprize him; and rising both up, they went to prayers. *Verasco* also rose shortly after, from whom *Cleander* would not hide what hee had told unto *Calista*, whereupon as well by the counsaile of the one, as by the prayers of the other, he altered his determination of hunting, and sent for a Priest to reconcile himselfe unto God, waiting with a quiet minde what it should please God to send. These three dangerous daies, wherein hee had beene threatned, were spent in prayers, fastings, watchings, and christian meditations. *Cleander* feeling no indisposition of body, where-

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by he might apprehend a naturall death, neither did hee ſuſpect any enemy, from whence he ſhould feare a violent one; ſo that the night of the third day being come, ſeemed to aſſure *Cleanders* life, and to convince his Hoſte of a lye: then did he accuſe himſelfe of weakeneſſe, and blamed his overmuch credulity, which had over lightly given ſuch an alarum upon the uncertaine report of a ſhadow, being aſhamed that *Veraſco* and *Caliſta* ſhould bee witneſſes of the feare which hee had: and *Caliſta* gave thankes unto God, for making vaine ſo evill a preſage, when the curſed *Clarinda* having brought *Leon* into the houſe by the garden gate, whereof we have formerly ſpoken, and having made him enter into *Caliſta*'s chamber, thinking that ſhe would lye with *Cleander*, as ſhe had done ſince this laſt voyage.

It chanced for all their miſchiefes, that *Caliſta*, wearied with her paſſed watchings, and ſick with the affliction of her precedent feare, whereof ſhe thought her ſelfe now free, ſeeing the three dayes expired wherein her husbands life was threatned (after ſhe had born him company untill midnight, together with *Veraſco*) would go unto her owne chamber, to ſleepe alone, and with more quiet. *Clarinda* who had carried her night-cloaths into *Cleanders* chamber, hearing her ſay ſo, carried them preſently backe into her Miſtreſſes, from whence ſhee made *Leon* preſently depart, that he might not be ſurprized: But he could not goe downe the ſtaires, becauſe *Veraſco* withdrawing himſelf into a chamber upon the ſide of *Cleanders*, *Caliſta* going with him, they ſtayed themſelves betweene the two doores; both which opened upon the ſtaires, with ſo much light of divers candles, that hee could hardly hide himſelfe there where he was, neither durſt he go higher for feare of making a noiſe: and being deſirous to eſcape at any hand, hee no ſooner heard her bid *Veraſco* good night, but he came down againſt the light which was going up into *Caliſta*'s chamber with her ſelfe. The Page who carried the candle, frighted to ſee this man come haſtily downe the ſtaires, unknown unto him, with his ſword in his hand, and ſhee alſo cryed out: *Cleander*, who was at his chamber doore, going in, hearing his wife cry, came ſuddenly out, and

was just in *Leons* way, having nothing about him but his night Gowne; yet he stept unto him and stayed him, and so tooke hold of his sword, that both the one and the other had stayed, if *Leon* finding himselfe taken, and not being able otherwise to get away, had not stabbed him with his dagger, which made him let goe his hold. This wretch *Leon* having deadly wounded him, and by this meanes got cleare of him, was yet happy in this, that he escaped by the way which hee entred, & saved himself, without being followed or known, because that every body ran presently to *Cleander*, and the remedy which they did endevour to bring for his life, saved his murderer, together that this accident did so surprize them, that hee was sooner gotten from *Beauplaine*, than it could be imagined that hee was entred. *Cleander* being carried to his bedde by *Verascus*, and his servants which were run thither at the noise, together with discomfited *Calista*, who grew desperate at this mischance, having alwaies the sword which hee had taken from this cursed hand which hurt him; looking earnestly upon it, knew that it was his friend *Lisanders*, (you have heard how *Leon* found it, and having amended it in the same hilts wherein it was before, wore it in *Lisanders* absence.) *Cleander* judging himself dead, without knowing by whom, or how, not being able to comprehend that it was *Lisander*, & not knowing how his sword should come into any other mans hand, was no lesse astonished to see it, than at his owne death: In the end, finding that hee fainted, & having a greater feeling of *Calista's* sorrow than his own, hee tooke her hand, which he wrung, and looking upon her with a firme countenance, in comforting used these words, *Calista*, I suffered your teares these three last daies, in which wee both feared what is now happened, beleeving that they might have prevented this stroake, and beene of use to prolong the time which I had to remaine with you; but now being unprofitable, I cannot suffer you vainely to afflict your selfe for mee, who finde no other evill in death, but my leaving you: for beleeve, the separation between my soule and body troubleth mee but little, in comparison of that from you. But knowing that I cannot possesse you, but upon condition

dition of parting from you, that our life is ſo knit unto death, that wee cannot enjoy one without the other. I infinitely comfort and rejoice my ſelfe, that God doth now grant (which I have ever begged of him) that I might not live to ſee thee dye. To this favour he hath added ſo many more, that I ſhould dye in unexcuſable ingratitude, if I did not acknowledge how uncapable I am worthily to acknowledge them: but there is no bleſſing which I have received, wherein I account my ſelf more happy, or more ſatisfied, than in the ſweet life we have led together, which I may well call a marriage without thornes. I conjure you *Caliſta*, by the deſire which you ought to have to ſweeten the anguiſh and paine of my death, not to encreaſe it by your griefe; but conforme your ſelf to Gods will, who hath done me this favour, to advertiſe me of the time, that I might have leiſure to prepare my ſelfe: In time you ſhall know from whence this ſtroake came, for Gods juſtice will never leave it unpuniſhed before men; yet take ſpecial care that this ſword do not deceive you, for I had rather dye twice more than enter into any diſtruſt of the true Maſter thereof, whom I do entreat you to love above all perſons next me, as I did love him next unto you above all things in the world: but good God, ſaid he, how is it poſſible that it ſhould come into the hands of this murderer? with theſe laſt words he fainted, and calling upon the name of Jeſus, he died even upon the breake of day, at the ſame houre wherein the Spirit appeared, with that diſcomfort unto *Caliſta*, and ſuch aſtoniſhment unto *Veraſco*, and all the ſervants, that no humane diſcourſe is able to expreſſe it. *Cleander* thus dead, and *Caliſta* extremely ſicke, and overwhelmed with inſupportable griefe, *Veraſco*, who was a grave wiſe man, not being able to call again his life, reſolved to revenge his death, and to find the ſpring from whence it came. The dead man had no neerer kinſman than *Berontus*, who was then abſent; wherefore *Veraſco* was obliged to procure juſtice upon the crime: firſt hee began to informe himſelfe which way this man came into *Beauplaine*, and hee found that it was by the garden gate, whereof wee have ſpoken, which of neceſſity

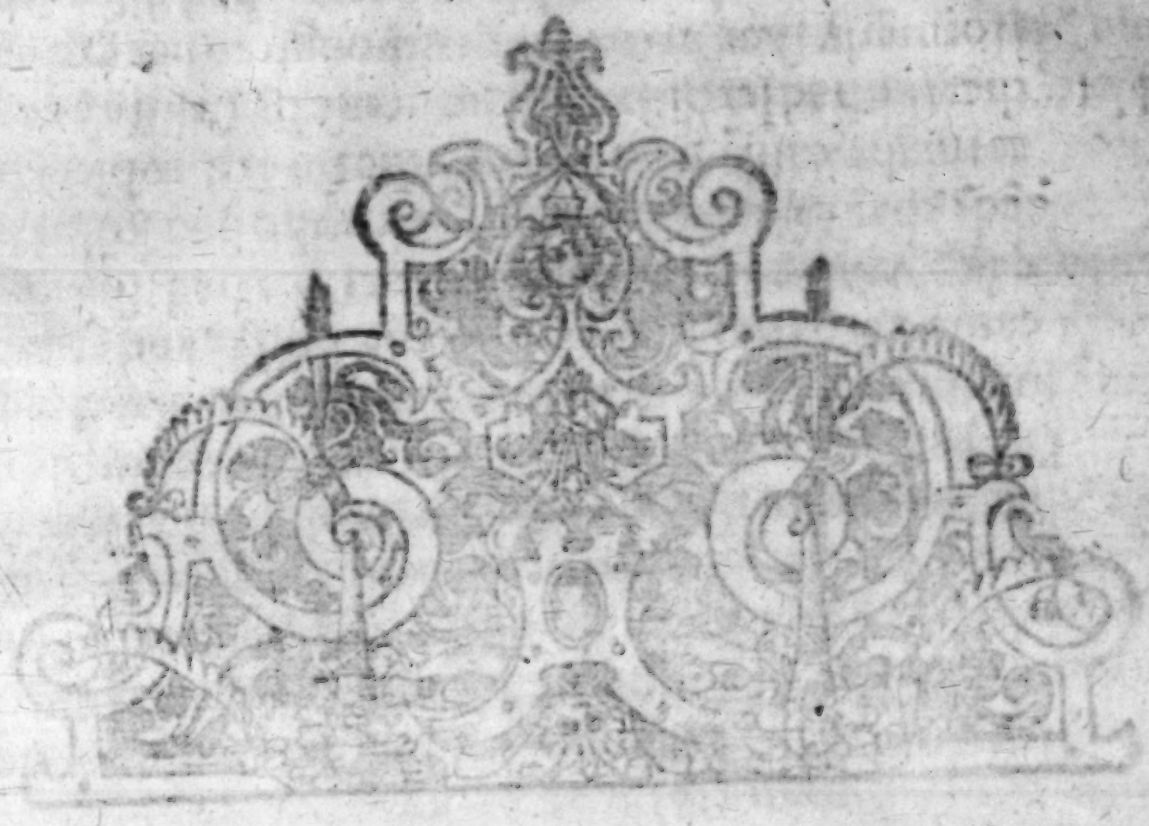
must some of the house open; for since the alarum, when *Cleander* tooke *Lisanders* comming in the night for theeves, hee had beene carefull to keepe it shut: this evening it had so rained, that the prints or markes of shooes did plainly appeare in the alleyes, where was manifestly seene that there were two prints of different bignesse, from whence hee collected that one had opened the gate for the other. *Verasco* perceiving this, caused all the servants of the house to come into that alley, whose feet hee measuring with the prints which were made in the sand, there was none found any way agreeing, but onely *Clarinda's*, whose shooe did perfectly fit the lesser print, which served as a great proofe, at the least for a violent suspicion against her; who (otherwise accused and convinced by her owne conscience) did not deny the fact: But alas, it had beene much better that she had disavowed this truth, than to have added so execrable and notorious a lye; For it is very true (shee said) it was I who opened the gate, notwithstanding it was by my Mistresses command.

Verasco not willing to proceed further in examination of a cause so criminall, made *Clarinda* fast, and sent for the Justice, strictly forbidding every body to speake of it unto *Calista*, who was so plunged in sorrow, and drowned in griefe, that her sickenesse moved no lesse pity than *Cleanders* death. The Judges, who for the most part are like Surgeons, seeking for nothing more than for wounds and swellings, quickly came unto the place, visited the body, and examined *Clarinda*, who persevering in what shee had formerly said, added, that *Lisander* was the man who had killed her Master, as might easily bee seene by the sword which hee had left; that she had let him into the house by *Calista's* command, as formerly shee had done; although to her extreme sorrow, which she no longer able to beare, had discovered to *Berontus*, whom she called to witnesse these words. *Calista* being upon this accusation heard, for the fulnesse of her misfortune, saw her selfe accused of her husbands death, by her who was the cause thereof, and for her last calamitie

(that

(that ſhee might the more lightly paſſe this troubleſome paſſage) was carried unto priſon in the little Caſtle in this proud City of Paris, where in former times ſhee had beene often ſeene in ſo much pomp and glory.

The End of the ſixth Booke.



A TRAGI-COMICALL HISTORY OF theſe Times.

THE SEVENTH BOOKE.

CALISTA being thus in priſon, the very centre of miſery, and a ſepulchre unto thoſe who live therein, muſt not be forgotten, nor ſuffered to lye long there: yet her comming forth cannot bee ſo ſoone, for innocency doth not eaſily appeare in darke dungeons, neither is the getting out of priſon ſo eaſie as the entrance thereinto: *Clarinda* was alſo placed in another chamber, and in her ſtead there was a ſtrange woman appointed to waite upon *Caliſta*, whom ſhe had never before ſeene, in appearance to ſerve her, but in truth to obſerve her words, and eſpy her actions. As for *Veraſcus*, hee remained at *Beauplaine*, unto which place having ſent for *Berontus*, and there celebrated *Cleanders* funerall, and ſetled his houſhold, he afterward went unto Paris to become *Caliſta's* adverſary, who being brought into this pitifull eſtate, began firſt to teare her haire, and to doe miſchiefe againſt her ſelfe; after having remained in ſilence a long time, without ſpeaking one word; as one whoſe griefe tooke away her ſenſe, at the length her preſent miſchiefe bringing unto her minde her former fortune, brought teares into her eies, and theſe words into her mouth,

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ſtirring pity in that place, where it never had beene: O *Caliſta*, where art thou! what are become of all thy pleaſant dayes? unto what is all thy glory and vanity reduced? O *Cleander*, my onely joy and comfort, was it not affliction enough to loſe thee, without being accuſed for thy loſſe? Ah *Liſander*, the ſervices which you have done mee heretofore are now dearly ſold unto me, and I pay thoſe honeſt acknowledgements of your love, with a high price. O *Liſander*, why doeſt not thou know of my impriſonment? And you my Judges, why doe you not know mine innocency? And thou *Clarinda*, why doſt thou accuſe mee? In the middeſt of theſe complaints (much more grievous than I can expreſſe) nothing comforted her but the hope of death, which was preparing for her; which ſhee would have much more deſired than her liberty, if ſhe could have received it without incurring infamy for the crime whereof ſhe was accuſed: But not to be long upon ſo grievous a ſubject, I will briefly ſay, that *Berontus* being come from Burgundy, and (being no leſſe aſtoniſhed than ſorry for thoſe accidents ſince his departure) was heard by the Provoſt, and confronted with *Clarinda*, unto whoſe former ſpeeches, his being conformable, it ſeemed that *Caliſta* was ſufficiently attainted and convicted of her husbands death, ſo that her proceſſe was (in the worlds opinion) judged both to the loſſe of her life and honour. I muſt not forget the griefe which this misfortune brought unto *Olinda*, *Alcidon*, & *Argire*, who were then at Paris; the ſorrow which *Ambriſia* had, who was in Burgundy, and that which was ſuffered by *Lidian* and his Parents in Normandy, when they knew of it. *Argire* and *Olinda* imployed all their friends to ſpeake with *Caliſta*, but were not able to obtaine it. All the world wondred that *Liſander* had ſo fouled the glory of ſo many brave deeds, by ſo diſhonourable an act. There was none but *Cloridons* friends, who (beleeving that hee was cowardly murdered) rejoiced that hee had committed this laſt baſe act, as a proofe of the former. *Liſander* was then at Bruſels, farre from thinking upon ſuch an act, where a faithfull Poſte, whom *Alcidon* had ſent, let him underſtand the newes of this deplorable diſaſter. When he heard of *Cleanders* death,

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he uttered great sorrow, as for a person whom next unto *Calista*, he truely loved above all creatures; but when he knew that the common beliefe was that he had killed him with his wifes privity, who was for that cause a prisoner, and upon the point of her punishment, he was strooke with silence, the newes taking from him both his feeling, and all his senses, like a great stroake which is not felt at the instant, but some time after it is received. When he had gathered his spirits unto him, which were wandred away with the violence of the first motion, and that griefe had given place unto his words; O God, what did he not say! his griefe cannot be represented, but by that of *Calista*; for never two soules were so equally wounded with one stroak, and their wounds unlike unto all others, had nothing to paralell either the others, but themselves: yet being a man, and having his liberty, he did resolve to lose it together with his life, or else to assure *Calista*'s. Now if hee durst appeare, he had done his Lady a great service, for his flight was one maine argument against her, and his presence would have much served for their justification. But *Cloridons* murder being fresh, and his blood almost warme, representing it selfe every day to the Kings memory, who would never grant him his pardon, he thought that his presence, in stead of satisfying things, would exasperate them, and that unprofitably he should carry his head to bee lost at Paris, without saving *Calista*'s: but what cannot love doe in a gentle heart? hee resolved to goe thither, and so taking Post with the same Messenger, which was sent unto him, he came in the night unto *Alcidons*, trusting both his honour and life into his hands, although being of *Cleanders* friends, he had cause to have feared (if he had beene guilty.) Having conferred with *Alcidon*, *Argire*, and *Olinda*, whom he also saw, and having told them how he left his sword in the field, and tooke *Cloridons* which hee still wore, they all rejoiced at the appearance of his innocency: Hee asked them, if they had not seen *Calista* in prison, and they telling him, how farre they had endevoured, and how little they had effected, he said, he had thought to intreat *Clarangeus* to goe thither, who through the reverence of his habit, might have the more

easie entrance under colour that hee came to confesse her, being so neere her sentence: But this could not bee, for some three or foure dayes before this unfortunate accident, *Clarangeus* was gone towards Rome, and had taken his leave of *Alcidon* the morrow after his comming from Beauplaine. As they were upon these termes, one came to tell *Alcidon*, that *Berontus* was at the gate, who had not seene *Alcidon* since his comming from *Burgundy*, which was some two dayes before, & that time he had spent in visiting *Verasco*, the Judges, and *Clarinda*, whom he did confront. *Alcidon* was not of opinion that he should see *Lisander*; wherefore leaving him in the chamber with *Olinda*, he with *Argire* ledde *Berontus* into another: They found him much afflicted, as he who did not alone bewaile *Cleanders* misfortune, but *Calista's* and *Lisanders* also, for *Ambrisia's* sake; so that their first embracing was mingled with teares, which being over, *Berontus* could not forbeare, saying, Well Sir, would you ever have thought that so brave a Knight as *Lisander*, and so honest a Lady as *Calista*, should have agreed together in committing so base a wickednesse, the one against his friend, the other against her husband? No truely Sir, answered *Alcidon*, and doe no lesse beleeve it than ever I did, although I know the world is possessed with this opinion. Oh (replied *Berontus*) I would to God it were false, upon condition it had cost mee some of my best blood; but alas it is too true. Sir, said *Alcidon*, condemne not those which are absent without hearing them: it may bee they have reasons which you know not: and although I doe not know them, yet the experience which I have of *Lisanders* vertues, is sufficient unto mee to repell the beleefe of a thing, so farre from the nobleness of his former actions. Sir, answered *Berontus*, this very knowledge hath also stayed my judgement: But let me say to you, it is sixe months since *Clarinda* told me the very same things which shee now speaketh, and it is more than a yeere since *Calista* and I, walking in the woods at Beauplaine, heard the loving complaints which he made for her sake. And as for my brothers death, would you have a clearer proofe than his sword? For the rest (said *Alcidon*) it is for him to answer, and I beleeve, were it

not for *Cloridons* death, whereof you well know the importance, hee would not faile to be here to acquit himſelfe: but whereas you alledge the ſword for ſo ſure a proofe of his killing *Cleander*, I will ſay that *Liſander* by the reverſe blow wherewith he cut off *Chriſantes* his arme, having broke it in the handle, left it in the field, together with his horſe, and tooke *Cloridons* horſe and his ſword, which hee weares yet: From whence it neceſſarily followes, that it is ſome body elſe who hath found his ſword, wherewith this unfortunate ſtroak is happened. No perſon, replied *Berontus*, knowes that better than I, for I went firſt after them into the field, accompanied with *Leon*, who found his horſe, but not his ſword: Speake unto *Leon*, Sir (anſwered *Alcidon*) and know of him if hee ſaw it not, for the conſequence is not ſmall. *Berontus* upon thoſe ſpeeches retired himſelfe, not knowing what to thinke of this ſword, and leſſe the next morning when hee could not heare of *Leon*, who was loſt. *Alcidon* returning unto *Liſander*, told him what had paſſed between him and *Berontus*; but when hee touched the complaints which *Berontus* had heard in the wood at Beauplaine, *Liſander* changing colour, and not willing to deny a thing ſo true, It is true, ſaid he, that I loved *Caliſta* before *Cleander* knew her, and not being able to reſiſt the powerfull charmes of her beauty, nor the amorous ſhafts ſhot from her eyes at me, without her will; and knowing her to be as vertuous as faire, I did bewaile my ſelfe in the midſt of the wood, for that which I never durſt declare unto her, beleeving that I had ſpoken only unto trees, and not unto her, or unto *Berontus*: but let him remember, ſeeing that he was there, that I blamed my paſſion for the injury it did unto *Cleander*, as well as for that which it did unto my ſelfe, and that I did not forbeare to preferre his friendſhip before my own love, although it were after in time: It is alſo true, that I ſaw her one time, as *Clarinda* hath ſaid, but if *Cleanders* honour did then receive any offence, I deſire that neither Gods juſtice, nor mans may pardon mee, and leſſe his death, if I had ſo much as a thought thereof: And how is it poſsible, that I ſhould thinke ſo baſely to compaſſe his death whom I had (pardon what I ſay) ſo bravely ſaved? They ſay-

ing many other things which would be too long to recount, went to supper, and from thence to bed, waiting the dayes comming, when they first resolved that *Lisander* should send for his sister into Burgundy, for to mediate some agreement with *Berontus*, over whom shee had a great command; and that *Olinda* should write unto *Lidian*, who might openly defend the innocency of his sister and *Lisander*, in requitall of so many obligations wherein he and his father *Dorilas* were tyed unto him: and that in the meane time the best should bee done to suspend *Calista's* judgement. All these remedies did not cover the moytie of the evill, besides, they were farre remote, and the evill hard by, neither would they serve unto any purpose: But *Lisander* looking neerer, as he who had greatest interest, after a thousand thoughts tost up and down in his heart, which kept him waking all night, resolved to provide by another meanes; and to that purpose rising the next morning before there was any store of people stirring in the streets, he went (not awaking *Alcidon*) unto the gate of the little Castle, which hee found shut: betweene the Castle and the little bridge there is a street, where dwell none but Butchers, and whither none doe goe but such as will buy meat, because there is no way out at the end thereof. *Lisander* having learned by *Alcidon* that *Calista's* chamber did looke into this street, entred thereinto, waiting the opening of a little wicket, and lifting up his head, hee perceived the iron grillis of one of the prison windowes just opposite unto a window of a house, and so neere unto it, that there was nothing but the breadth of a narrow street which did separate them, although the grillis was a little higher: *Lisander* comming unto this house, found the Mistresse thereof at the doore, not yet ready, who wondred to see a man of that appearance in this street so early. With her he stayed, and intreating her to hearken unto one word which he would say for her profit, for a Preface unto his discourse, gave her a Purse with some store of Crownes in it, which did more captivate her good will, and raised more attention than all the eloquence in the world could have done; Afterwards he said, Madam, there is in this Prison a Lady, who is my Kinswoman, whose af-

faires

faires are solicited by no man but my selfe, and whereof I can neither give, nor receive from her any instruction: That which I desire of you, is nothing which can either hurt you or prejudice any person, for I doe not desire any other thing, but that you would for a day or two lend me the chamber in your house, which is over against the prison window, thereby onely to see if I can convey her a letter: and it is for this favour that I do entreat you to take the hundred crowns which are in the purse, assuring you (if it please God I justifie her innocency, which I hope to doe) shee and I will give you more. She, who was a woman, and more, of Paris, and beyond, of that common sort which will give themselves unto the Devill for money, hearing him speake of a hundred crownes in ready money, and a promise to have more for lending her chamber two dayes, in receiving the crownes, said unto him, Jesus Sir, this cost need not, the house is at your command, and I hope also you have not much failed, for this barred window, which you see a little higher than ours, is one of the best chambers in the Castle, and where they are accustomed to lodge their prisoners of the best quality, so that I am much deceived if this Lady whereof you spake, doth not lodge there: and with this gracious speech, she brought him into the chamber, which was a beastly one.

The husband, who saw a Courtier (as hee thought) goe so early into his house with his wife, being not used to such visits, rudely asked of him what hee came for into his house. Man, said his wife, he is an honest *Monsieur*, who hath entreated me to stay here onely one day. How? stay here? said hee, how long have you accustomed to lodge guests? Sir, sir, you may get you into some other place, it is time enough, for here is no lodging. To this *Lisander* answered nothing, leering the wife alone, whom hee had payed so well, that hee doubted not of her speaking for him: she drawing her husband aside, and shewing him the hundred crownes which shee had received in earnest for so short a hyring out of her chamber, made him more gentle than a glove, so that changing both his countenance and voice, hee said unto *Lisander*, that he should dispose not alone of his chamber, but of all the

house,

houſe, and of himſelfe, who was at his ſervice, excuſing his rudeneſſe upon two Gentlemen, who having taken their meate and lodging with him upon credite, had gone away without paying, which had put him into this humour: but God forbid (ſaid he) that I ſhould take you for ſuch a kind of man; for upon the ſight of your countenance, I would lend you all my wealth. Although *Liſander* was vexed, yet could he not forbeare laughing at this Butchers ſpeech, who was a true Pariſian: ſo thanking him for his honeſt courteſie, he intreated him to lend him an inkehorne and paper, which was preſently brought him, and having written a ſhort letter, he tyed it, with pen and inkehorne of the leaſt ſize he could get, to caſt it into the window thorow the barres thereof, which being double, made the entrance very difficult. But becauſe the letter ſhould not fall into the ſtreet, and that he might pull it unto him untill it went in, hee tyed it with a thread of the length the ſtreet was broad, and ſomewhat more; and ſo flinging it, and drawing it againe, he continued it ſo long till hee flung it in. *Caliſta* was then upon her knees, at her prayers before this window, and was not then riſen; but when ſhe ſaw this letter fall, ſhe thought it fell from heaven, whoſe help ſhe then emplored: at the firſt ſhee could not imagine what the inkehorn and pen meant, untill opening the letter, ſhe found this which followeth.

Liſanders *Letter unto* Caliſta.

MAdam, I have felt your misfortune, not as mine, but as mine and yours together; the firſt and chiefeſt is to get out of priſon, to which I am reſolved, Madam, eaſier than to dye, and rather to dye than ſuffer either your life or honour to runne any hard fortune: have onely patience and courage, and beleeve that God will never forſake our innocency. I have tyed this Pen, and this Inkehorne unto the letter, that you might write back, and command him, who in obeying you can finde nothing impoſſible; you need but caſt the letter through the window without caring for the taking it up, or for any other thing but for your ſelfe. Farewell.

Caliſta

Caliſta knowing the letter both by the writing, and by the ſtile, felt ſtrange motions in her ſoule; for although ſhee rejoiced to ſee that *Liſander* took her cauſe into his hands, thereby hoping for a happy ſucceſſe, according to that great fortune which did accompany him in all his actions: yet remembring the common opinion which was had of his killing *Cleander*, ſhee had as willingly dye, as preſerve her life by his meanes, who was accuſed of her husbands death, although hee were innocent: for ſhe thought (as it was true) that the ſuccours which ſhe ſhould receive from him, would bee a proofe of his love, and conſequently confirme the opinion that he had murdered him; ſo that if ſhee had ſeene any other doore of ſafety open, ſhe would never have paſſed that way: but neceſſity (which is a hard and intolerable miſtreſs) conſtrained her to take that part, which ſhe could not refuſe without a moſt unevitable ruine, and thereby hazzard her reputation in appearance to aſſure it, together with her life in effect: wherfore after ſhe had conſulted ſome time with her ſelfe, having told the woman who waited upon her (whoſe good will and love ſhee had already gained; for *Caliſta* had ſuch admirable graces, that ſhe did eaſily take the moſt churliſh hearts) that it was a kinſman of hers; who moved with pitty and compaſſion of her miſerable fortune, endevoured to comfort her. She wrote backe.

Caliſta's *Anſwer.*

Sir, I doubt not, you doe lively feele a misfortune, whereof in part you are the occaſion, although I thinke you as innocent as I know my ſelfe to be. The chiefeſt (as you ſay) is to get out, but withall it is the moſt difficult: the enterprize is not ſmall, I pray you therefore guide your ſelfe ſo wiſely, that while you endevour to preſerve mee, you loſe not your ſelfe; and if you feare not for your owne ſake, yet feare for love of me, for from your loſſe followes mine moſt unevitable: you know the dangers which threaten you beſides this, which breeds more care in me, than you would ſhould take, but I firmly hope in God, that with the courage

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and patience which you entreat me to take, hee will (if it be his good pleasure) give mee meanes to make my innocency and his justice shine, as hee now gives mee affliction and adversity to try my constancy. I know not what to command you, nor what to forbid you, but onely that you will bring with you in this businesse, the least of your courage, and the most of your wisdome; and have a care to gather up my letters, seeing you would not that I should have any.

The time which *Calista* spent in her answer, was by *Lisander* passed in such unquietnesse that he could not rest, his eyes being with much impatience, as it were fixed upon the window to observe the comming of it through the bars thereof, untill in the end he saw it fall into the street: for *Calista* could not cast it into a window which she did not see. As soon as he saw it upon the ground, he speedily ran to take it up; but the chamber wherein he was being upon the highest floar of the house, he could not be there so soone, but that a Sergeant of the barre (which is hard by that place) who was there by chance to buy some meat, had taken it up, and as hee began to read it, *Lisander* came, who snatching it out of his hands upon the difficulty which the other made to deliver it, hee gave him so great a boxe on the eare that he overthrew him, and beleeving that he had astonished him, he ran away under the Castle, towards our Ladies church, followed by all the Sergeants which were at the barre, and an infinite rabble, who cryed after him, Take him, take him, stop him, he hath killed a man; all the rascall people (who are as the Hangmans hounds) rose upon *Lisander* in the most inhabited part of all Paris, so that he had no fewer behinde him than before him: being alone in the middle of them all environed with a great number, who eagerly pressing upon him, hee set his hand unto his sword, and having wounded two or three of the most importunate, so scattered the rest, that he had means to save himselfe among Coaches and Carts, wherewith this Bridge is alwaies plentifully furnished: having freed himself like a lion, hee crept away like a Hare from corner to corner by the most unfrequented streets, untill hee had gotten into *Alcidons* house unmarked of any body, having (besides the

danger

danger of being taken) run a great hazzard of being known. There hee had first leisure to read the letter, which hee also shewed unto his friend, and told him all that had hapned. *Alcidon*, who had beene all the morning in a continuall alarum for his absence, greatly blamed his rashnesse, praising God that it had so happily succeeded: for without thrusting your selfe into this danger, said he, this which you have done might as well have been done by a third as by your selfe. By whom (answered *Lisander*)? there is no man in the world in whom I would rely, but in your selfe, and there is no lesse danger for you than for my selfe: for if it be known that you meddle either in *Calista*'s businesse or mine, you lose *Berontus* his love (whereof we have now need) the Kings favour, and I my retiring place, together with the assistance of all my friends, who cannot openly helpe in a businesse so perillous. But how will you now doe to have newes from *Calista* (said *Alcidon*)? for to fight against the Serjeants at the barre again, is a manifest ruine, and belongs onely to a mad-man to be so desperate. I will tell you, said *Lisander*, a conceit which is come into my minde: I will apparell my selfe at night like a poore man, and I will so disguise my selfe that you shall hardly know me, so will I goe begging towards the Castle, where I will attempt two things; one is to write againe unto *Calista* by the same meanes I did before, the other to speake with the Porter, to see if hee will deliver her unto mee, for though it cost mee all that I have in the world, I shall thinke my selfe both happy and rich, if I may see her at liberty. You must then (replied *Alcidon*) do two things more: The one, that I may follow you a great way off on horsebacke to prevent any mischiefe that might happen, if you were known, or if any accident should happen like this first: The other is, that you take money to give unto the Porter, for if you speak in any other language, hee will as little understand you, as if you spake Greeke, and if he can, will apprehend you. I have (answered *Lisander*) yet five hundred Crownes in gold left, wherewith I hope so to dazell his eyes, before I doe prepare him to heare mee, that with a thousand more which I will promise him upon his delivery of *Calista*, I beleeve I shall

shake his fidelity. There must yet another thing be done, said *Alcidon*, which is, that in writing to *Calista*, you advise her to dispose the Gaoler who bringeth her meat, to hearken unto one who should speake with him from her, and that she promise him, and give him what shee please; for it shall be performed: and she may much better negotiate this businesse in the chamber, than you in the open street, with the danger of your life, together also that she hath such meanes to practise the good will of men, that he must be a Devill if he can deny her. This resolution taken, they went to dinner with *Argire* and *Olinda* (who were there together) it being past one of the clocke, and yet had neither eat nor drunke.

It was a little before the feast of Christmas, after which time *Calista*'s processe was to bee judged: neither was there any meanes to hinder her condemnation, according to her Councels opinion, but in justifying *Lisander*, who durst not present himselfe for the reasons abovesaid, so that every one did with severall passions expect this faire Ladies publicke execution, and shee her selfe was not ignorant thereof, being courageously resolved. All these things concurring in *Lisanders* memory, pressed him in such manner, that hardly had he patience to dine, much lesse to stay untill night for the executing of his designe; wherefore having put on the most tottered beggars weed that he could finde, and being so disguised that hee was unknowne unto his friends, before hee went out of the house, he wrote the letter which hee intended to fling unto *Calista*, and accompanied with *Alcidon* and two stout footmen that followed afarre off, he went againe into that narrow street by the Castle, not without feare of some misadventure, as well in regard of what hapned in the morning, as because he was to enterprise without a sword, or any other armes, but onely a poniard which he had under his weeds: when he had past the Castle, leaving the barre of Sergeants on the left hand, he entred into the Butchers street upon the right hand, and *Alcidon* walking up and downe betweene the little bridge and S. *James* street, he went directly into the house, where he had formerly written unto *Calista*. But this woman who had so courteously received him in the

morning, seeing him enter by her stall, and taking him for a cut-purse, or rather for some poore man who would steale something out of the house, as hee looked more like such a one than as he was indeed, cryed aloud unto him, Friend, get you gone, you are a notable fellow to come into the house before you begge; you should have done very well to have made choice of another street to begge in, farther from the Castle, and not like a flye come to scorch your wings here: this is a house for such Pigeons as you are, and by Gods mercy if I cause you to be shut up there, you will not get out, but with a *Flower-de-luce* upon your shoulder. Madam (said *Lisander*, who much doubted the scandall which might arise from this ignorance) I am come hither to doe you good, and not to begge or to take, onely take the paines to heare a word which I have to say unto you at this doore. O, answered she, behold the Gentleman with the little sword, who will doe us good, by S. *John* I must call my husband to fly-flap you. But Madam (said *Lisander*, who was desperate, hearing this discourse, not knowing how it might end) will you not make one step for your profit? She then beleeving hee was one of those who sould counterfeit chaines, & would deceive her, in shaking her head, said unto him, No friend, you mistake me, get you gone, or I will. But let us see, sure hee hath some chaine to sell: Saying this, shee came neere unto the doore, looking more upon *Lisanders* hands than upon his face, who then said unto her, Madam, I am the Gentleman who came this morning unto you, having thus disguised my selfe in regard of an accident which hapned at my going from hence: I pray say nothing, for you will get nothing by my hurt, and may hope for much profit by my prosperity, which consisteth in comforting this poore prisoner. This woman hardly knowing him, said, Jesus Sir, and my good Master, who would have knowne you in these cloaths? how could you get away from their hands? how durst you come againe? enter quickly for feare you should be knowne, for I tremble still for love of you. He without more entreaty enters, and having cast his Letter through the barres into the window,

he presently went into the streets, because he would be ready to take up his answer. The letter was in this manner.

Lisanders Letter unto Calista.

MAdam, I have catched your Letter, and have found the meanes to convey this unto you, thereby to intreat you to dispose the Porter who serves you, to heare a word from me, which I would speake for his good and ours, and assure him of five hundred Crownes, which I will give him at the first word, in earnest of a thousand more: but let him not thinke to deceive me, for I would kill him a thousand times, if he had so many lives, what punishment soever should come unto me. You may speake unto him at supper time, and hee may speake with mee at ten of the clocke at night, so neere unto the Castle as he will, provided it be not within: make haste (if please you) to give mee your answer by the window presently, and shortly you shall tell me newes your selfe, if at the least we can bring it to the passe we doe desire. Farewell.

Calista having received this second Letter, and upon *Lisanders* designe had already tasted the Porter, whom she found not altogether averse from her purpose, although she had offered nothing in particular, nor he promised any thing but in generall termes, only she had proceeded so far, that she might have some hope from his mercenary and barbarous minde, whom she had with gifts and faire words so softened, that contrary unto his cruell and stony disposition, he had witnessed a sorrow for her misfortune, and a desire to helpe her; which she presently writ unto *Lisander*, who with an incredible joy conceived some good hope of this enterprise: but as he retired himselfe with this Letter, alwayes accosted with *Alcidon* and his footmen, who never lost sight of him, being gotten from under the Castle, and in his opinion free from danger, he met a Marshall with many Archers, who apprehended as prisoners all that were poore, and begged in the street, because it being (as we have said) a little before the

feast of Christmas, in which beggars are very importunate; they were taken and shut up in a place, where they were clothed with the money which was put into the poore mens Boxe in Churches, and a straight command was given, that none should begge upon paine of whipping, and that none should give upon paine of Fines. These men meeting with *Lisander* at the end of our Ladies Bridge, and taking him not for such as he was, but for such as hee seemed to be, would have had him to prison; but he, who would not goe with them, so shooke off the Marshall and his Archers, that he made them leave him at liberty: hee being assisted by *Alcidons* footmen, who came as if they would know what the matter was, and *Alcidon* himselfe riding among them with his horse to know the newes; so that *Lisander* (by whose apprehension the Marshals men thought nothing was to be gained) got unto his lodging without any further trouble, where having left his beggars weeds, and put himselfe into his owne habite, hee shewed the last letter which *Calista* had flung out, and told not onely what had happened unto him with the Marshall, but also with the Butchers wife, which *Alcidon* knew not. It being now night, they went to supper with the faire Ladies (who did ordinarily beare them company) resolving after supper to goe on horseback about ten of the clocke to the Castle, so strong, that although the Porter should goe about to betray them, they would be able rather to revenge themselves upon him, than be taken. While they were talking with *Olinda* and *Argire*, (who continually prayed to God for the deliverance of their companion, beleeving that if she were once at liberty, and *Lisander* out of *Cloridons* businesse, both of them would easily justifie themselves) *Calista* was with the Gaoler and his wife, who attended upon her, and having given them jewels which shee had about her, to the value of foure or five hundred Crownes, shee said unto them, that it was not for the service which she hoped to receive, that shee gave them this, but for that which they had already done; for if God be so mercifull unto me, said she, that I may verifie my innocency, it is the least good which you shall hope for from my liberality

lity; but if it please God to dispose otherwise of me, this little that the least shall remaine with you, that you may pray for me, & cherish the memory of one, who is extremely grieved that she cannot binde you further. In saying this *Calista* wept, and by her words and teares raised such pity in their hearts, besides that which the present gifts (which as the Spanish proverb saith, breaketh downe rockes) and the hope to have more, wrought, that they themselves prevented the request which shee would have made unto them, and encouraged her to save her selfe, offering their persons, and their lives to serve her: the Porter offering further to deliver her, so that shee had any trusty friend who would convey her out of the City, after he had delivered her out of the prison. *Calista*, who saw she had touched them, and perceived plainly that it was not counterfeit to betray her, added unto her former strouks, saying, My friends, although you should lose the miserable gaine, which you so wretchedly, and with so much pain get here, by setting me at liberty: yet you should have no cause to complaine, for, besides that which you may hope for & procure yours selves from me, I have a friend who will give you this very night five hundred Crownes, if you will, & at your delivering me into his hands, will give you a thousand more: and be not afraid that hee will deceive you, for you shall receive it all before you deliver me; but withall take heed you doe not deceive him, for if you should doe so, no place in the world would assure your lives: and you should bee most wicked (which I will never beleeve of you) if you should procure hurt unto them, who intend so much good unto you, for, by doing this good work, and binding so many persons as have interest in me, by this act, in one day without labour, or running any danger, you may raise a fortune worthy of your selves, and live honourably either with us, or else where you please, all the rest of your lives, without being constrained to practise this course of life, in my opinion too base for your hearts: With these words and many others, *Calista* being assured of the Porter, and drawing from him the strongest oaths he could give, she shewed him *Lisanders* letter, whereupon it was concluded that he should goe out that

night

night about ten of the clocke, to receive the five hundred Crownes, and agree upon a day for her deliverance.

As they had agreed, it was done; the Porter going about ten of the clock, without the barre of the gate, saw two men, who walking up and downe on horseback, some twenty or thirty paces from the gate, one of them, who was *Lisander*, seeing him without the bar, left his companion (who was *Alcidon*, with two footmen who followed him) and going unto him, asked him if hee were not the man which carried meat unto the Lady who was prisoner there. Yes, Sir, answered he. Hath not she advertised you, replied *Lisander*, that I would be here at this time about her business? She hath told mee (answered the Porter) that a Gentleman would about this time come hither to speake with me, but I doe not know that it is you. *Lisander* hereby knowing that *Calista* had made the bargaine, said, hold friend, here is five hundred Crownes in gold in this purse, which I give for a token that it is I, and if thou canst deliver her to me to morrow, I will give thee a thousand more, which shee hath promised unto thee, before thou put her into my hands: But do not think to deceive me, for if thou doest, I vow to kill thee, though I fall into all the hangmens hands in France. Sir, said the Porter, (taking the Crownes) I will not deceive you, but I cannot promise to deliver her before the feast of Kings. How (answered *Lisander*?) what if the processe should be judged between this and that? Sir, said the Porter, I will doe what I can to deliver her sooner; but to assure you that I can infallibly doe it before that time, I will not. Thou doest promise, said *Lisander*, to bring her then hither into this place in the night before that day at the furtheſt. Yes Sir, said the Porter, I do promise you to bring her hither about ten of the clock at night, upon pain of my life; and untill that time let mee heare no newes from you, nor expect any from mee, for feare we should be taken speaking together. Tell my Lady then (answered *Lisander*) what we have agreed upon, and so farewell. In saying this, hee turned towards *Alcidon*, and both together went unto their lodging, where they told unto *Olinda* and *Argite* what

they

they had done, who received an unſpeakable contentment to ſee *Caliſta*'s deliverance proceed ſo well, although the length of the time bred ſome griefe, & made them fear ſome croſſe: But leſt the proceſſe in the mean time might be judged, they concluded that *Olinda*, who was betrothed unto *Lidian*, *Caliſta*'s brother, and might openly declare her ſelfe for her ſiſter in law, ſhould goe and intreat the Reporter not to report her proceſſe, untill the comming of her Parents, leſt the innocency of this Lady might run ſome danger for want of a defence: foraſmuch as ſhe was ſo afflicted with her huſbands death, and with ſeeing her ſelfe accuſed, that ſhe wiſhed nothing more than to bee quickly out of this world, which was the cauſe (as indeed it was) that ſhee had not thought upon any juſtification, nor any perſon for her; but her friends being come, they might peradventure bring *Liſander*, who being heard, would wonderfully cleer *Caliſta*'s right. Theſe words full of conſideration and weight, with the credit and grace of the Speaker, had ſo much power over the Reporter, that hee promiſed to ſtay the comming of *Caliſta*'s friends, untill the feaſt of Kings were paſt, and rather go into the Countrey with the Proceſſe, than be conſtrained to deliver it into the Court. Thus the feaſt paſſed happily amongſt theſe foure perſons, *Liſander* never ſtirring abroad, but once under his beggars weeds, to let *Caliſta* underſtand what *Olinda* had done for her, and to know from her alſo whether the Porter had faithfully told her what was reſolved to be done the night before the feaſt of Kings, whereof being ſatisfied, hee expected the Eve of the feaſt of Kings with great longing. In the meane time *Berontus* knowing that *Olinda* had ſolicited for the deferring of *Caliſta*'s judgment, went upon that occaſion to viſit her, made offer to joyne with her in her requeſt, deſiring not only a delay therein, but *Caliſta*'s freedome; ſo that hee who was guilty of his brothers death might appeare: And although *Olinda* was in a faire way of agreeing them, and that *Berontus* for *Ambriſia*'s love did deſire it; yet *Caliſta* was ſo farre in the hands of juſtice, that it was not thought poſſible to get her out by any

agreement

agreement. When the Eve of the feast of Kings was come, the Master Gaoler of the prison intended to make merry (according to his ancient custome) with his wife and her friends, the chiefest of whom was the Register, and the Hangman his Gossip; they were to choose a King by a beane, and afterwards fall to drinking: for this cause the Porter had made choice of this night, as fittest for this purpose, well knowing that sleep doth ordinarily follow drunkennesse: *Calista* and *Lisander* were advertised to bee ready, the one to goe out of the Castle, the other to bee out in the street about eleven of the clocke (as it was agreed) with this charge, that if they lost this opportunity, they must hope for no other, nor yet think to prolong *Calista*'s judgement any longer, which must needs bee both mortall and infamous. *Lisander* came about ten of the clock with *Alcidon* and foure other Gentlemen, every one armed with Pistols, and well mounted to prevent all Treason, and rather to kill all the Provosts and Archers of Paris, than suffer themselves to be taken. The Porter had received the thousand Crownes which were promised, and *Lisander* and *Calista* did impatiently wait for the clockes striking eleven, which in the end strucke, yet in vaine both for the one and the other: when *Lisander* heard the clocke strike eleven, and could not see his man, he thought that hee was betrayed, yet long hee was not of this opinion before the Porter appeared; but when *Lisander* saw him come alone, hee was about to have killed him, verily beleeving that hee would breake his promise: nevertheless he forbore, desiring to heare what he would say, which was, that having heard the clocke strike eleven, and not being able to execute his designe, he came now to intreat him to have patience, and not thinke much at his waiting, for if his Master were asleepe, who was not yet retired into his chamber, hee would without faile deliver the prisoner. This comforted *Lisander*, but not *Calista*, who having expected eleven with so much longing, and told it with so much earnestnesse, when shee saw it passe without hearing any body, shee accounted her selfe lost, and confirmed her selfe in that opinion, because the

Porter had no meanes to come into her chamber, to give her that advertisement which hee had done unto *Lisander*; yet there remained some weake hope which flattered her griefe while the clock struck twelve, but that being struck, she utterly despaired of her liberty, and consequently of her life.

In this agony more deadly than death it selfe, came the Porter (when she had lost all hope) who opening the doore of her chamber (a thing so far from her thought & expectation, at an houre when all things else slept) troubled so much her minde with his unexpected comming, and with the first motions of a sudden joy, from an extremity of the contrary passion, that in stead of going out (as they had projected) she fell down upon the floore in a swound. The Porter was infinitely astonished, and running unto her, said, Madam, will you undoe mee, who have had a desire to save you? Take courage, rise up, and see your friends who are here hard by waiting for you. Yet at these words *Calista* stirred not: the Porter was mad, his wife, who was appointed to wait upon *Calista*, was desperate, all was in disorder and confusion: if *Calista* had not come to her selfe again, who seeing the danger which shee did run by her stay, with a lively apprehension of her infamy and punishment, rose up, & instantly went out of the chamber, to the Porters infinite contentment and his wives: But as she was hastily going down the stairs, which were an ill-favoured paire of stone, her feet light against an old Cauldron of brasse (wherein they did use to put fire in cold weather) which tumbling downe from the top unto the bottome, made such a noise that all had been spoiled, if (by great good fortune for them) the Gaoler and all his friends had not beene so buried in wine and sleepe, that they would not have heard a Petar. *Calista* thus went out of the Castle with the woman who tended her, and the Porter, leaving the gates open, and with no lesse feare than joy came into the street, where she gave her selfe into *Lisanders* armes and *Alcidons*, who received her with an incomparable joy; and having placed her in a Caroch (with the woman who alwaies after remained with her) they retired themselves unto

to *Alcidons*, bidding the Porter firſt farewell, who was reſolved to retire himſelfe into ſome other place. To tell you *Liſanders* joy, *Alcidons* pleaſure, the thankes which *Caliſta* gave them, the words, the teares, the kiſſes and embracings which afterwards paſt between *Olinda*, *Argire* and ſhee, I ſhould never have done: Onely, having ſpent the beſt part of the night, they went towards morning to reſt and ſleep, after ſo many dangerous ſtormes, and ſo many ſorrowes; where I will ſuffer them to remaine in peace, as unwilling to trouble their reſt, untill we come to the eighth part of this Hiſtory, where with more contentment we ſhall ſee her innocency verified, whoſe impriſonment and liberty we have already ſeene.

The End of the ſeventh Booke.

A TRAGI-COMICALL HISTORY OF theſe Times.

The Eighth Booke.

THe accidents of this world are ſo mingled one with another, that feare ordinarily ſucceedeth hope, and good and evill do follow one the other like day and night; ſo unto the joy for *Caliſta*'s delivery, ſucceeded the ſorrow for her departure, with a thouſand important reaſons made neceſſary. And whereas ſhee had thought, that being once out of the Caſtle, ſhe had been free from all care, more than to juſtifie her ſelfe with time, ſhee then ſaw her ſelfe wrapped among difficulties and griefes, which gave little place unto the former. A poore condition of mortals, who alwaies longing for what is to come, and earneſtly thirſting after them, when wee have ſwallowed them, wee finde our ſelves as unſatisfied as wee vvere at the firſt.

After then that the Gaoler had digeſted his vvine, and riſing earely in the morning, according to the manner of ſuch people (vvho never ſleepe but vvhen the Devill rocks them) found his priſon doores open, his Porter gone, and *Caliſta* vvith her Keeper eſcaped, there vvas no ſmall noiſe in the houſe: yet after hee had in vaine tormented himſelfe, not knovving vvhere to ſearch for her, nor vvhat to do, he adver-

tiſed

tised the Justice, and the adverse parties, who were *Berontus* and *Verasco*, who diversly apprehended this newes: for *Berontus*, who was most interessed in the death of his brother, and who ought to have stirred most at *Calista*'s flight, was least troubled, although he dearely loved *Cleanders* memory, and extremely desired revenge. But were it that hee would doe it himselfe with more courage and knowledge, or that he did thinke *Calista* innocent, he was in his heart very glad that shee had made an escape: But contrariwise *Verasco* made earnest request, that hee might bee suffered to search *Olinda*'s house; who soliciting for her, seemed to have been the onely cause of her escaping from the punishment of her crime.

Alcidon was not yet risen, when *Berontus* came unto him, and being brought into his chamber, told him, how *Calista*, with the woman who kept her, and the Porter of the prison, had broken prison, advertising him further of his uncles designe to cause *Olinda*'s house to be searched, entreating him to let her know so much from him, to the end that if *Calista* should be retired thither, care might be had that shee were not taken againe, because it would much empaire her condition, and doe her more harme than she thought to doe her selfe by escaping. *Alcidon*, not knowing whether this were a pretence, and distrusting *Berontus* in a matter of this importance, answered him, that there was no appearance of *Olinda*'s medling in this businesse, especially without his privity, who was her neighbour and her friend, and who saw so cleerly through her actions: that it was not the enterprise of a woman, but of a man, yea and of a valiant man, and as much as *Lisander* (if hee had beene in France) durst have attempted; yet he would not faile to advertise her what he had said, though it served but to let her know the good will which he bore unto her sister in law. With this *Berontus* departed, seeing no body but *Alcidon*, who going instantly unto *Lisanders* chamber, & both of them into the Ladies, who were up and ready, told them all that which hee had learnt of *Berontus*. A remedy for this there was none but to bee gone, yet whither they knew not: for to retire into Normandy

mandy unto *Caliſta*'s parents, the ſmall account which they had made of her life, beleeving her guilty of *Cleanders* death, did ſufficiently witneſſe that they would not receive her, neither could ſhe have beene more aſſured there than in any other place, for the King doth force obedience all over his Kingdome, which *Liſander* ſwore rather to dye than ſuffer: ſo that *Caliſta* muſt reſolve not alone to leave ſuch deare company, unto whom, beſides her ancient affection, ſhee was newly ſo much bound, but her native country France, where ſhee had beene ſo tenderly brought up, and take upon her a flight into a ſtrange countrey, from all her acquaintance, under the conduct of a man, unto whom in effect ſhe was obliged for her life and her honour, but who in appearance, and in the opinion of the world, had beene the ruine of them both, together with the loſſe of her husbands life: judge if *Caliſta*, a woman of a vertuous and noble carriage, could be ſenſible of this. *Olinda* and *Argire* had no leſſe feeling than ſhe her ſelfe, yet the bitterneſſe muſt be digeſted. *Caliſta* reſolved to depart in the beginning of the night with *Liſander*, his faithfull footman, who was come from Flanders during the feaſt, and this woman who waited upon her in priſon, with a Gentlewoman whom *Olinda* offered unto her. *Alcidon* made proviſion of ſixe good Horſes in a Coach, to the end that during the long night (alwayes at this time of the yeere) they might make a great journey; and *Olinda* retired her ſelfe unto her owne houſe, expecting the ſearch whereof *Berontus* had advertiſed her, which (nevertheleſſe) was afterwards hindred by himſelfe: ſo that this whole day was paſt with much feare, care, and teares, and as much griefe for *Caliſta*'s departure, as joy for her deliverance. In the evening, *Olinda* being come from her lodging, they ſupped together in great ſadneſſe: after followed ſuch pitifull adieues, that I will not by relating them afflict the reader of this ſtory, ſorrow having ordinarily this contagious quality, that wee cannot ſee it in others, without feeling it in our ſelves. After the laſt embracings, upon this ſeparation, *Caliſta* and her woman entred alone into the Coach, about eight of the clocke at night, and going out of Paris by S. *Denis* gate, ſhee

tooke her way towards Flanders through Picardy, followed on horſebacke by *Liſander* and *Alcidon*, who (with the ſame Gentlemen who had aſſiſted him the night before) accompanied him beyond *Seutlis*, where he tooke his leave of *Caliſta* and *Liſander*, with more hearts griefe unto all three than can be ſpoken; and there leaving the two Gentlemen, hee tooke his way backe to Paris in poſte, fearing that if his abſence ſhould be knowne, hee might be ſuſpected to have bin of the party. *Caliſta* and *Liſander* after their departure from *Alcidon*, uſed all the diligence poſſible they could untill they had gotten into Cambray, where having reſted themſelves two dayes, they tooke their way to Bruxels with more eaſe and leiſure, *Liſander* entring into the Coach with her, and cauſing his horſe to bee ledde by. But they were no ſooner out from the ſtroaks of Fortune wherewith they had bin ſo beaten, when *Caliſta's* beauty wiping away in *Liſanders* mind the remembrance of former ſorrowes, and the apprehenſion of thoſe which might come, renewed the cruell flames of love: nevertheleſſe conſidering the pitifull aſhes of his friend, *Caliſta's* preſent eſtate, hardly recovered from the aſtoniſhment of ſo many bloody diſaſters, whereof his love had in part beene the occaſion, and his owne miſerable condition, who by his former unhappineſſe, was fallen into diſgrace with his Prince, and into the evill opinion of all France, he thought although it were by anothers fault, yet his love had done injury unto *Cleanders* friendſhip, and unto *Caliſta's* chaſtity, to whom as yet he durſt not touch upon that ſtring. Being come unto Bruxels, the *Arch-Duke* (who knew *Liſanders* valour, both by the report of what he had done in France, and what hee had done for the Hollanders againſt himſelfe) having welcommed him according to his worth, and ſhewed him extraordinary favour, which hee did communicate to few, made him offer of two thouſand crownes penſion by the yeere, to draw him to his ſervice, which *Liſander* would not accept, humbly entreating his Highneſſe to pardon him, if he could not be penſionary unto any man beſides his King, with whom although he were now in diſgrace, rather by his misfortune than through his fault, yet he

would

would not commit this errour, to take pay of any man but of him: nevertheleſſe humbly thanking his Highneſs, whoſe moſt obedient ſervant he would remain all his life without wages. And although in this *Liſander* performed the duty of a brave and generous Knight (as he was) yet hee had occaſion to repent himſelfe ſhortly after, though in the end it fell out happily for him, as we ſhall ſee in the progreſſe of this Hiſtory.

As for *Caliſta*, ſo ſoon as ſhe knew the name of the French Embaſſadors wife, with whom ſhe had beene acquainted at Paris, ſhee went (with *Liſanders* conſent) to lye at her lodging, thereby hoping to avoide the ſcandall of lying at his chamber. And as nothing is impregnable to her graces, ſhee drew the Embaſſadors wife ſo much to her friendſhip, that ſhee was afterwards very profitable unto her: for the King (being advertiſed that they were both retired unto Bruxels, and humbly entreated as well by *Cloridons* friends as by *Cleanders*, that hee would not ſuffer the murder of two ſuch Knights to paſſe unpuniſhed, whom they thought had been murdred by *Liſander*, who (ſaid they) not content wickedly to have killed his friend *Cleander* by the helpe of his wives conſpiracy, is not now aſhamed to live with her in the face of all the world) writ into his Embaſſadour that hee ſhould ſeize upon them both; which had beene done without faile, if the Embaſſadors wife, who heard an inkling thereof, had not firſt advertiſed *Caliſta*, who (together with *Liſander*) getting away as well as they could, went both together into Friſland, and ſo eſcaped this danger with no leſſe labour than the former.

I know that ſome Authors, leſſe faithfull than ſlanderous, or willing rather to imitate the Roman of *Amadis*, than to follow the threed of a true diſcourſe, have ſaid, that in the courſe of this voyage, and during their abode in theſe parts, *Caliſta*, vanquiſhed with *Liſanders* importunities & ſervices, yielded in the end unto the violence of his deſires: But ſuch Authors, having had more knowledge of the falſe report which in that time was ſpread againſt her, than of her vertues, have beene eaſier tranſported by the paſſion of her enemies,

mies, than by the truth of the Story. But leaving them in Friseland, and this discourse of them in the world, wee will returne unto Paris, unto which place *Ambrisia* came (a little after their going) upon a letter which she had received from *Lisander*, and shortly after came *Lidian* upon a letter of *Olinda*'s. They met all together at the same *Olinda*'s house with *Alcidon*, who received them with no lesse contentment than they gave, by telling of *Calista*'s innocency & liberty; *Ambrisia* was as joyfull for her brother, as *Lidian* for his sister, and for *Lisander* himselfe, whom with reason above all men living he loved.

Berontus knowing of *Ambrisia*'s comming, would, according to his accustomed manner, have gone to see her, as one whose love was not altered by any former accidents: But she entreated him not to think evill, if shee could not accept of this honour, untill there were better correspondency betweene him and her brother; although shee so visibly loved him, that *Lidian*, offended with *Berontus* his prosecution against his sister, had challenged him into the field, if the respect unto *Ambrisia* and her teares, had not prevailed; wherein she was assisted by *Alcidon* and *Argire*, and by *Olinda*, who was alone more powerfull in this, than all of them. As for *Verascus*, the consideration of his age kept *Lidian* from quarrelling with him: But *Alcidon* having told unto *Berontus* all the treason of *Clarinda*, as you have heard, who for to hide her shamefull life with *Leon*, had accused her Mistresse of her owne fault, and finally caused *Cleanders* death, who could not bee killed but by *Leon*, seeing it was hee who found *Lisanders* sword, who was at the time of *Cleanders* death in Flanders (as hee said) hee had learnt as well from *Lisander* as from *Calista*, and that it was to be beleeved in regard of *Leons* flight. To be short, having demonstrated unto him, that in the taking of *Leon* consisted the cleering and proofe of the whole businesse, he made both *Lidian* and *Berontus* sweare to enter in quest with himselfe, never giving over untill either the one or the other of them had found him, and that hee who first should finde him, should lead him to Paris; and make it known unto the other. So leaving their Mistres-

ſes at Paris, they all three one after another departed to ſeeke for *Leon* in all places of the world; where we will let them goe, and returne unto *Liſander*.

We have left him in Friſeland, diſputing *Caliſta*'s favours, whoſe beauty gave ſo full into the eyes of a young Friſon Lord called *Berengarius*, with ſo great lightning, that he was too weake to ſuffer it; for although her minde was poſſeſt with ſorrow, and mourning covered her face, yet could not the luſtre of her excellent perfection, wherewith ſhe was inriched, be defaced. *Liſander*, who did not lead her thither for him, ſeeing that he did openly declare himſelfe confident of the friends and meanes which he had in the Countrey, from a lover, which hee was, became jealous, and fearing to inwrap himſelfe in new miſchiefes, yet languiſhing under the ruines of thoſe which had overwhelmed him, he knew not what order to give, when as *Caliſta* preventing him in this care, intreated him to lead her into ſome other place, alledging for her reaſon, that this aire was unwholſome, & hiding the feare ſhee had of the events which the raſhneſſe of this lover might produce, who being an Almain, and leſſe ſubtile than naturall, did ſo ill diſguiſe his affection, that one not ſo cleare-ſighted as *Liſander* might eaſily obſerve it, which was the true cauſe that moved her to make this requeſt: *Liſander* was glad that this motion came from her, for hee thought it was liberty enough for him to let her ſee his love, without making his jealouſie knowne, neither did he give her any occaſion to thinke that any ſuch hammer beat in his head; but repreſenting unto her how far they were from their friends, deſtitute of all goods, which were ſeized upon and confiſcated, and had no meanes long to ſupport the expence which they were conſtrained to be at, he intreated her to be willing that he might carry her into Gaſcoigne, where hee had ſome places ſo farre from the Court, that there would bee none to diſcover them, and ſo ſtrong that they could not be ſurpriſed though they were diſcovered; whereunto *Caliſta* yeelded, to avoid a greater miſchiefe (which nevertheleſſe they could not ſhunne) upon condition that he ſhould firſt have her into Normandy, to endevour to recover the favour of her pa-

rents, that having juſtified themſelves with them, they might make their innocency appeare before all the world, and ſo recovering their ancient glory and reputation which they had in France, together with the Kings grace and favour, they might with the approbation of all their friends contract together a lawfull marriage.

This being concluded and agreed upon betweene them, earely in a morning without taking leave of any body, they truſſed up their baggage, and entring into a Caroch, *Liſander*, *Caliſta*, and her two women, followed with two Gentlemen well horſed, and with ſome other ſervants, who, with his faithfull footman, ledde *Liſanders* good Horſe along with him; they tooke their way towards France, following the leaſt beaten wayes, that they might not be knowne. Already were they come upon the confines of Friſland, *Liſander* loſing both the remembrance of *Berengarius* and his countrey, ſtudying nothing more, than how to eſtabliſh himſelfe in his own; when they diſcovered five or ſixe horſemen comming after them, whom *Berengarius* (vexed at *Caliſta*'s departure) had aſſembled together to take her away from him upon the way. At the firſt they did not thinke that they were enemies, wherefore they haſtned not their way; but when they ſaw them come a gallop, *Liſander* leapt out of the Coach, & was hardly on horſebacke, when hee knew *Berengarius* in the head of his men, who ſaluted him with a Piſtoll ſhot, and in the ſame inſtant all the others diſcharged theirs, aſwel on him as on thoſe who accõpanied him, who returning fire for fire diſcharged theirs; ſo that at this firſt encounter foure fell to the ground, which were *Liſanders* two Gentlemen, and two of *Berengarius* his men. But it was Gods will that *Liſander* ſhould eſcape, although hee were covered with flames and blood, that by his hands might be puniſhed *Berengarius* his rapine, who fell unto the ground mortally wounded with the ſhot of a Piſtoll, which was given him by *Liſander*, who like a lion flew among the reſt with his ſword, and either ſcattered or killed them all; acting in the fury wherein hee was, and in *Caliſta*'s ſight, ſuch valiancies, that thereby he did leſſen all thoſe which heretofore hee had done, to the aſto-

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niſhment of the world. Having revenged the death of his men with ſo bloody an execution, and no body left with him but a little Flemmiſh boy, and his old faithfull footman, who was wounded with a Piſtoll in the ſhoulder, and hee with two ſhot, although not ſo dangerous, and with ſome blowes of ſwords which were but ſleight, he was conſtrained to retire himſelfe in great diligence, and no leſſe ſorrow, untill he were gotten out of the limits of Friſland, cauſing his faithfull Footman to get upon his Horſe, hee himſelfe going into the Coach with *Caliſta*, untill they came unto their lodging, where hee himſelfe dreſſed firſt his owne wounds, and then his footmans, waſhing them with wine and oyle, as he had learned of the Capuchin, who healed him of the wound which *Chriſantes* had given him: but becauſe the Footmans ſhoulder-bone was broken, whereby he was not able to endure travaile, he was conſtrained to leave him behind in the ſame lodging, to whom he gave money in large manner for the charges of healing his wounds, commanding him ſo ſoone as he ſhould be well to follow him in Gaſcoigne: he himſelfe (making the little Flemiſh boy ride upon his Horſe) went into the Coach, having no wound which could keepe him from travaile, and being but foure, drawn by ſixe good horſes, they made ſuch haſte that in ſeven or eight dayes they came into Normandy, within ſixe leagues of Bellaire (ſo was the houſe called where *Caliſta* had received her birth.) It was then in the beginning of April, at what time the earth begins to waxe beautifull, and the dayes long. There they entred into deliberation, how they ſhould proceed with *Dorilas*; for to go directly to *Bellaire*, not knowing how they ſhould be received; they were none of them of the minde: and although *Liſander* had infinitely obliged him, as well in ſaving his owne life, as in ſaving his ſonnes twice, yet (as it is ſaid) benefits are written in the ſand, and injuries in metall: hee beleeved with great appearance, that this laſt act which hee (as it was beleeved) had committed againſt *Cleander*, did utterly deface and wipe out of the mind and memory of *Dorilas*, the remembrance and merit of all his former obligations; And that if he would not ſee his owne daughter, becauſe ſhe

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was accused for the death of her husband, he would lesse see him; who had beene her instrument therein, and for whose love she had caused him to bee killed; wherefore they resolved that *Calista* should write a letter full of compassion to her father, and another to *Otranta* her mother, to move them to have some pity of a daughter who had been so deare unto them, and upon their answer they would resolve either to goe thither, or passe by. *Calista* wrote presently; but then they were more troubled than before for an apt messenger: The faithfull footman was not there, & the Flemming was but a block-head, and they had need of a quick spirited man, who might know and report backe their true dispositions, and helpe abate, and put by the stroakes of her parents anger: So that *Lisander* could not finde better meanes than to disguise himselfe, and make himselfe the Carrier of *Calista*'s letters; for *Dorilas* had never seene him but one night at Fountaine Bleau, & then when he had no beard: As for *Otranta*, he had so well known the affection which she bare unto her daughter, and unto him, that although she should know him, yet he feared no displeasure from her; but contrarily they hoped she would much helpe to convert *Dorilas*, and to wipe away the evill impressions which hee had conceived against his daughter: Wherefore the next morning he put himselfe into a serving-mans habite, and having hired a horse, taking his Flemmish boy with him, leaving *Calista* in the lodging he galloped so fast, that he came unto Bellaire before dinner, where having made known that he came from her with letters unto her father and mother, & being brought in unto them, he humbly presented the letters, together with their daughters duety unto them: *Dorilas* made some difficulty to receive them, yet having opened them with a severe countenance, never imagining that *Lisander* was the messenger, he found it said thus.

Calista's *Letter to* Dorilas.

SIr, among all the calamities wherewith I have been miserably afflicted since the losse of my husband (the unfortu-

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nate spring of all the rest) I have felt none equall unto the griefe which I suffer, in being unjustly deprived of the honour of your good favour: for since that deplorable accident which made mee widow unto a person whom I held dearest in the world, I made so little account of my selfe, that the losse of goods and honour which I had acquired, was light unto mee, and the living an exile out of my native countrey was supportable; but to bee constrained to live out of the good opinion of my father, having lost the honour of your love, it is a misery which cannot bee imagined but by her who suffers it, and if you were able to conceive it according to my feeling, it may bee it would stirre up as much pity in you, as it worketh griefe in me. For your good will, Sir, was the only good which was remaining unto me in this world, and was in stead of a recompence, and by which I hoped to be comforted for him whom I had lost: But cleane contrary unto my hope, it hath been the increase of my affliction, and the inflammation of my wound is proceeded from the remedy which I hoped to apply. Sir, you are my Father, I most humbly entreat you to bee my Judge, and take knowledge of your daughters fact, as you would of the greatest strangers in the world, I aske no favour but justice, and doe entreat you to execute it as rigorously as the crime (whereof I am falsly accused) doth deserve, not onely if it may be found that I am culpable, but if it be not evidently seene that I am innocent, and your most humble daughter, *Calista*.

After that *Dorilas* had read this letter, he found terrible cuttings with griefe and pity in his minde, which nevertheless hee dissembled, and giving backe the letter unto *Lisander*, for answer, said, My friend, tell *Calista*, that if she were innocent, as she writeth unto me, she need not (to aggravate her crime, rather than justifie her selfe) breake prison, nor flie with him, who is the cause of her doing this wickednes, but if she be so assured of her innocency, as that she can verifie it, let her returne into the place from whence shee is escaped, I will become her Solicitour, and will employ all that I am worth to recover her honour, and assure her life, shewing my selfe as good a Father as I have beene in former times, when shee li-

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ved according to that blood and nobleness from whence she is issued: but to thinke, that shee living in the opinion of having killed her husband, and now conversing with his murderer, I ought to account her my daughter, or regard her letters of teares, she is much deceived, and so I pray tell her. *Lisander* never heard words so grievous as those, not daring to answer again, yet he was constrained to say that he knew *Calista* & *Lisander* so well, that the quality of a murderer was no way fitting to the one, nor of an adulteresse unto the other, & that hee would sweare they were both innocent of what they were accused; but by that which he had heard, the cause which hindred them from justifying themselves, was, *Lisanders* not daring to present himselfe. And why doth he not present himselfe, if hee be innocent (answered *Dorilas*?) Because (replied *Lisander*) hee had some small time before killed *Cloridon* and *Chrisantes*, and thereby incurred the Kings displeasure, and he (you know) is a strong adversary. *Dorilas* with pleasure hearing this discourse, and being glad to understand *Calista's* justification; especially *Lisanders*, unto whom hee was so exceedingly obliged, entreated him to relate all that hee had heard reported. *Lisander* then told him how he had left his sword after hee had killed *Chrisantes*, which was found by *Leon*, who was since gone out of the way; he being in love with *Clarinda*, had beene the cause of this pitifull tragedy (as you have heard): with this discourse *Dorilas* was much pleased, yet was not resolved to send for his daughter *Calista*; neither did hee know that shee was so nigh, *Lisander* having told him, that she was in Friseland; but asking if *Lisander* were with her, and the same *Lisander* assuring him that he was not, hee said, hee was the onely man of the world unto whom hee was bound, and that hee should receive no lesse contentment to understand his innocency than his daughters, that in truth hee did wish him well, being carried away with the common belefe of this false report: But seeing it was so, hee would goe speedily to the Court, (whither hee had sent *Lidian*) to employ all his friends to restore him to the Kings favour; to the end that purging himselfe together with *Calista* from the murther of *Cleander*, hee

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might receive them both into his houſe as his children. And that in the meane time *Caliſta*, in the place where ſhee was, ſhould expect newes from him, and ſhould endevour to preſerve that, which he did aſſure himſelfe, ſhe had not loſt. Whileſt *Dorilas* thus ſpake unto *Liſander* without knowing him, *Otranta* not marking him, read *Caliſta's* letter, which contained theſe words.

Caliſta's *Letter unto her Mother.*

MAdam, when Fortune had ſo wounded mee, as to take from me, together with my husband, the contentment, the glory, and the liberty which I had in the world; one of my greateſt comforts, next unto that which I had in God, & in my Conſcience, was to remember, that yet I had left a pitifull Mother, who, according to thoſe deare affections which ſhe had ever witneſſed, would never abandon me in ſo great a defolation, beleeving, that I had not loſt all, and that if God had taken from mee the beſt husband in the world, yet he had left me the beſt Mother under Heaven, and a Father who had ever ſhewed himſelfe kinde unto his daughter and yours. Nevertheleſſe, Madam, I have been driven to fall from this comfort, to my extreme griefe, when I knew that you had not only left me, but for the top of all my misfortunes, that thoſe whom nature had given me for my Parents, were become mine enemies. Thoſe things which are moſt to bee eſteemed, are ſuch, as ought moſt to bee ſorrowed for when they are loſt; and I have not onely loſt your affection, Madam, which of all things in this world is moſt deare unto mee, but it is turned into hatred towards mee; and from being honourable and profitable, as it hath beene, it is become ſo ruinous unto me, that I ſhould have been buried in the miſerableſt reputation that ever poore woman was, if my honour and my life had not miraculouſly beene preſerved by him, who is falſly accuſed of *Cleander's* death, & *Caliſta's* overthrow. I have ſaid (and doe moſt humbly entreat you, Madam, to pardon me) that your hatred doth mee injury many waies; for beſides that it maketh every one be-

leeve that I am justly accused of that which is imputed unto mee, or at the least hath confirmed the beliefe which was already had of my guiltinesse (seeing that my Parents would not embrace my defence;) it hath constrained me, if I would not dye without justifying my selfe, and in the opinion of an infamous Adultéresse and Murtherer of my Husband, to receive succour & refuge from him, who is yet all bloody with my husbands death, if it be true that he is guilty: which is the faireſt pretence, and the most lively appearance wherewith mine enemies have been able to colour the falseneſſe of their imposture, and whereat I cannot complaine, but only at the hardneſſe of my Parents. Madam, I doe once againe intreat you to pardon me; my just and incomparable griefes cannot frame small complaints: If you knew what I have suffered, you would abhor that ever you had brought into the world so miserable a creature; if you will not take pity of my life, at the least take knowledge thereof, be not more cruell than my Adversaries, nor more criminall than my Judges: Shall it be said, that a Mother refuseth her eyes to the deportments, or her eares to the justification of her daughter? and if you would not that I should have recourse unto you, Madam, unto whom would you then that I should have recourse? Tell mee from whom I should hope for more, or in whom I may better rely than in you, who are my Mother. And let fortune shoot all the arrowes of her anger upon mee (if shee hath any remaining which I have not felt), yet shee shall never doe so much, but that (Madam) I will be alwayes your most humble and most obedient daughter, *Calista.*

It cannot be said that two letters so pitifull, from a daughter so faire, did not touch hearts so noble as those of her Parents; for they were pierced even to the very soule: but it may be truly said, that they were not so touched, that either of them would resolve to send for their daughter to their house, which often made me thinke, it is not without cause said, The Norman is a terrible nation. *Otranta* nevertheleſſe, who was a woman, could not so well cover her affection as *Dorides*; for her teares wherewith she had wet the letter while she read it, did witnesse it sufficiently without seeing

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ing her face, and having her heart so oppreſt with ſorrow that ſhee could not ſpeake, ſhee commanded that *Liſander* ſhould bee had to dinner with the ſervants, ſaying that after dinner ſhee would give him anſwer: In the meane time ſhe and *Dorilas* ſate downe to dinner, where they reſolved what they ſhould write, and ſend backe to *Caliſta*; for they judged ſhe could not unwind her ſelfe from ſo many troubles without excesſive charge. After dinner *Otranta* being retired into her chamber, ſhee called for the meſſenger, unto whom, not yet knowing him, ſhee ſaid: My friend, I am a mother, and conſequently cannot deny but that I love *Caliſta*, who is my child, and the more, becauſe ſhe hath hitherto obliged me unto it by her good nature, which never belyed her birth; but this wicked accident hath given ſo great a wound unto her renowne, that together with her vertues, for which ſhe hath been honoured over the kingdome, ſhe hath loſt the naturall affection of her parents; who had rather deny their blood, than avow it in favouring ſo deteſtable a crime. Nevertheleſſe, ſeeing you ſay there needes onely but the preſenting of *Liſander* to juſtifie *Caliſta*, there ſhall neither be wanting our meanes, nor the favour which wee can have in Court, all which wee will employ to the uttermoſt of our friendſhip, and of our eſtate, to the juſtifying both of the one and the other; for the obligations which lye upon us from *Liſander*, are ſuch, that wee will not employ our ſelves leſſe for him than for her. But tell mee friend, are they not alwaies together? No Madam, anſwered *Liſander*, they are not I aſſure you, but though they ſhould, whither would you that ſhe ſhould retire her ſelfe, rather than to him, who is at this day the onely proppe both of her honour and her life? Alas, ſaid *Otranta*, he will never ſo well ſupport it as hee hath ruined it. If hee hath ruined it (replied *Liſander*) it is but in appearance, but in effect hee hath preſerved it, and will maintaine it againſt the world; and if you thinke evill of her being with him, why doe you not take her home unto you? I know that *Caliſta* never longed after any other thing, and of her will dependeth *Liſanders*, who will as willingly render her into your hands, as hee drew her from the hands of juſtice: but

would you that she should wander up and down the world as a cast-a-way, as you have left her? With these last words *Lisander* was so transported in passion, that forgetting the part which he plaied, he lost both the countenance and fashion of a servingman, and tooke upon him his owne true carriage: So that *Otranta* marking him more curiously, knew him no lesse by his gesture, than by his words, and remained almost transported with astonishment. He seeing himselfe knowne, and that from thence came *Otranta*'s perplexity, proceeded in his discourse in this manner; Madam, bee not astonished to see mee thus disguised, *Calista*'s vertues deserve that all extraordinary enterprises should bee attempted for her service: But that you may know it is with that honour wherein I am tyed, I doe entreat you to take her home unto you, and to beleeve that this request is the farthest from my desire (which is to bee alwayes with her) and onely to conforme my selfe to hers, and to let you see how much I preferre her contentment before that which I receive in her sight. O *Lisander*, said *Otranta*, who can deny you so just a request, and so fitting to *Calista*'s reputation? Alas, if it bee true (which I doubt not) that you are innocent of her misfortune, and *Cleanders* death, what satisfaction can equall this your merit? Merit, answered *Lisander*, there is none, and for my innocency, I hope God will doe me the favour to make them see it, who will not now beleeve it. Many other discourses passed betweene them, which would be too tedious to relate; after which, *Lisander* having told her where he had left *Calista*, they agreed that he should returne unto her, without discovering himselfe unto *Dorilas*, who going two or three daies after unto the Court, would leave *Otranta* at liberty to be able to send for her daughter.

Thus was our messenger sent backe, who having found his Flemming, returned a gallop the same night unto *Calista*, and gave her a faithfull account of his message: *Calista*, who was wearied with leading so miserable a life from one countrey to another, with so small pleasure and lesse honour, seeing the evill opinion was conceived of her love unto *Lisander*, and seeing how freely hee had employed himselfe for

her in this last action, did no lesse esteeme this service than any of the former, because in those former hee had served her against her enemies, and in this against himselfe. When hee drew her out of prison, it was to save her life, without which hee could not live, and to enjoy her presence, which was his soveraigne good; so that it was to content himselfe as well as *Calista*: But here hee laboured to lose himselfe with her sight, and to condemne himselfe unto a perpetuall torment to leave her in rest, and he will repent himselfe at leisure. During those three dayes which they stayed in their lodging, expecting *Dorilas* going to the Court, *Calista* never spake of any thing but of *Lisanders* goodnesse, and how much shee was beholding unto him, which shee protested to engrave in her memory with an eternall character: *Lisander* entreated her to take pity of the griefe, which the apprehension of this departure wrought in him, and the languishings which would consume him in her absence.

Above all things Madam (said he) remember the promise which it pleased you to make mee, and the honest affection wherewith I have endevoured to merit it. Give me not cause to repent the great respect I have born you, and the incomparable obedience wherewith I have moderated the violencies of my passion, otherwise you will convert my patience into fury, my discretion into folly, and you will reduce mee to the greatest despaire that ever wretched soule was brought unto. Whereunto *Calista* answered, *Lisander*, either you have forgotten who I am, or else you thinke my judgement is not capeable of knowing what you are; yet I do not think that any of my actions or words could lead you to these distrusts: remember that *Calista* cannot bee accused of ingratitude, but by such as doe not know her, and although misfortune should carry her to this vice against all the world, yet it is not posible she should be so to you, to whom shee oweth more than unto all men in the world. So did these lovers comfort themselves, expecting newes from *Otranta*, who failed not to give them notice immediately after *Dorilas* his departure, which was within three dayes that *Lisander* had delivered *Calista*'s letters. The day of his departure being come,

come, *Lisander* conducted *Calista* within the view of Bellaire (not willing to goe in with her, fearing lest the over much sorrow which would possesse him at his departure, might give more knowledge of his love to *Otranta*, than hee desired she should have); and there, as they would have bid one another farewell, the faire words which were accustomed to have birth in their mouthes, dyed now there, and that which they had premeditated to speake, vanished; witnessing that a meane griefe sharpneth the spirit, but an excessive one astonisheth it. In the end *Lisander* said, this departure should be lesse cruell than it is, if it did leave mee power to bid you farewell, and my griefe would be lesse, if it would suffer me to complaine: that which comforteth mee is, that I suffer for you, who merit more, and the cause of my martyrdome allaieth the cruelty; receiving also so great glory in obeying you, that there is no kinde of torment, which my obedience and your service would not make agreeable. And I conjure you my faire one, by the eternall lights of your faire eies, the onely Sun whose raies and eclipses I am not able to beare (yet whose light I am now constrained to lose) that you will forget me the least you can in these darknesses, wherein I goe to inwrappe my selfe during your absence. *Lisander*, said *Calista*, you see this great light which shineth over our heads, I doe call it to witnesse, that it shall sooner cease to lighten the world, than I will cease to love you: you have obliged mee too much, and when my ingratitude should come to this height of forgetfulnesse, your valour is so necessary, that it would cause it to be sought for unto the worlds end. Farewell, since the influence of the starres doe condemne us to this separation, preserve mee alwayes in your memory, and beleeve mee, your name and representation shall bee alwayes the deareſt jewels of my life. In speaking these words, *Calista* lovingly kissed her *Lisander*, with more liberty than ever shee had done, and *Lisander* embraced her with feelings of joy almost incomprehensible: In the end (almost forceably) they snatcht one the other out of their armes, separating themselves with sorrow no lesse pitifull, than the love which produced it was true. *Calista* followed

her

her way to Bellaire, and *Liſander* being on horſebacke followed her, with his eyes fixed upon her as ſtedfaſtly, and as immoveably, as if they had been of a Statue, untill he ſaw her Coach enter into the Caſtle: and when he had loſt his North-ſtarre, O God, what darkneſſe, what trouble, what confuſion roſe in his minde! I make a conſcience to abandon him in this ſolitarineſſe, more purſued and more torne by his own affection, than *Acteon* by his dogges. *Caliſta* being come to Bellaire, was received by *Otranta* with great teſtimony of love, ſorrow, and pity of her misfortune: There were their teares renewed; there motherly affections ſucceeded amorous, and amorous gave place to motherly: cleane contrary unto poore *Liſander*, who onely entertained himſelfe with imaginations, and lived onely with hopes of love. Hee (after he had loſt his faire Beare) tooke his way towards Paris, determining to enter by night, and ſee his friends as hee paſſed by, or elſe to learne ſome newes, although it were with hazzard of his life: And as he paſſed S. Germyn, it being late, travailing in the freſh of the evening upon the bankes of Seine, ſoftly, as well becauſe he would ſpare his horſe, as becauſe he would not come by day light to Paris, he perceived foure Archers of the Provoſt Marſhall, who came upon a trott after him, and amongſt them hee perceived a ſouldier, a priſoner upon horſebacke, with his legges tyed under the belly. *Liſander* had no ſooner beheld him, but hee remembred hee had ſeene his face, yet hee could not call to minde where; wherefore a little mending his pace, he entreated the Archers to tell him who hee was, and whither they carried him: Wee carry him to priſon (anſwered one of them) unto the Caſtle at Paris, where hee was ſometime Porter, and to tell you more, wee ſhould have ſomething to doe, if wee ſhould render an account of all wee take, unto all that aske us. By this anſwer, *Liſander* knew that it was the Porter who had delivered *Caliſta*, who by ill fortune was fallen into thoſe Archers hands; and being deſirous to deliver him, hee ſaid unto them: Friends, this poore man if you carry him unto Paris will be hanged, and it will but breed ſorrow unto you for having beene the cauſe of his death: but if you will

give him unto mee, I will give you twenty crownes to goe drinke, and he shall be bound to pray for you all his life. We neither care for his prayers nor your crownes (answered another) and it may be, it had been better for you, you had been lesse officious, and not so charitable. How (said *Lisander*) will you also take me prisoner, because I am charitable? Not so, answered the Archer, but if the party who causeth him to be taken prisoner, know the care you have to deliver him, it may be hee would make you be further examined. Leave that care unto the party (said *Lisander*) and deliver mee your prisoner, for I desire much to have him. You doe but jest (answered an Archer) we will answer him unto the Justice. By your leave (replied *Lisander*) you shall not have him to prison, before I know whether hee be willing or no to goe: and withall he said unto the prisoner, speake unto me friend, Is it willingly or by constraint that thou goest to prison? By force Sir (answered the prisoner.) Truly then (said *Lisander*) this is a great injustice in this manner to force free persons: Well, my masters, seeing you will not let him goe for mony, free him for nothing, or else resolve to dye by my hand. The Archers at the first thought hee had beene in jest, or that hee had beene mad; but seeing him come violently upon them with his sword in his hand, they beganne to defend themselves, which served them to little purpose; for *Lisander* was well horsed, and knew so well to take advantage by the nimblenesse of his Horse, and with the goodnesse of his sword, that hee layed two of the stoutest along upon the ground; the rest betooke them to their heeles, leaving him the prisoner, who knowing by whom hee was freed, could not give thanks sufficient. *Lisander* made his Flemmish boy speedily unbinde him, and both of them to follow him, who in stead of going to Paris (as hee projected) left it upon the left hand, and taking his way towards Gascoigne, rode so hard all night, that before day he came unto Estampes, where having rested himselfe a while, he tooke Poste with the Porter (who never forsooke him after that day) and his good horse, with the Flemming, to come after by easie journeyes unto Tholose.

In the meane time *Dorilas* being at Court, emplored the Kings mercy for *Liſander*, urging his valour, and the fidelity of this Knight, heretofore ſo remarkable for his combats and by his ſervices, hee touched (as in paſſing by) the penſion which he had refuſed from the Arch-Duke, although he had no meanes from his Majeſty, but contrary that he was in diſgrace, having loſt the honour of his favour: I do intreat you, Sir, ſaid hee, in compaſsion of this old age, and of the diſaſter wherewith I am miſerably afflicted in my laſt dayes, in the perſons of *Cleander* and *Caliſta*, to adde unto ſo many favours which you have beſtowed upon your nobility, that which I demand in *Liſanders* name for the death of *Cloridon* and *Chriſantes*; ſlaughters which are the moſt pardonable that ever were, ſeeing that *Liſander* being firſt almoſt murthered by *Cloridons* friends, and after challenged by *Chriſantes*, hee alone had killed them both, not only by his valour and fortune but by the juſtice of his cauſe, which had beene manifeſtly aſsiſted by the hand of God.

The King poſſeſſed with the love which he had born unto *Cloridon*, and with the falſe report which ran of the combate, ſo much to the diſadvantage of *Liſanders* free and noble heart, and wondring that *Dorilas* with ſo much earneſtneſſe ſhould ſue for the pardon of a man who was accuſed for the murther of his ſonne in law, ſaid unto him, that he had granted pardons unto his Subjects for combates nobly decided, but for Murtherers hee never gave any, marvelling further, that he would begge pardon for a man who had branded his reputation with ſo foule a fault, and who had ſo mortally offended him in the perſon of one moſt neare unto him, wherby he had deſerved to have his condemnation purſued. It is for this cauſe, Sir, anſwered *Dorilas*, that I demand *Liſanders* pardon, touching *Cloridon* and *Chriſantes* deaths, whereof I accompt him innocent, that hee may be puniſhed for the murther of *Cleander* (if it be true that hee be guilty.) Cleane otherwiſe (replied the King) *Cloridon* and *Chriſantes* friends thinke him guilty of their deaths, and innocent of the other, ſo either of you is tranſported with his particular paſsion: But I, who am or ought to be guided with reaſon

onely, will give unto every one that justice which is due unto him. Sir, answered *Dorilas*, to the doing of justice, first belongs the knowing of the cause, and to the knowing of the cause, belongs the hearing of the parties: Your Majesty cannot justly condemne *Lisander* without first hearing his justification; but agreeing that hee killed *Cloridon* and *Chrisantes*, it followes that hee did well or ill kill them; if well, it followes that your Majesty may pardon him; and if ill, you may punish him after you have given him pardon: for justice doth not allow of pardons gotten upon a false suggestion; so your Majesty may in time bee cleare of *Lisanders* innocency in respect of the combat. For I am sure he will offer himselfe, not onely to prove that he killed them like an honest man, but also to purge himselfe from *Cleanders* murther: which I the rather desire, Sir, because upon his justification dependeth *Calista's*. But how should he justifie himselfe (said the King) of two crimes, both cõmitted without witnesse? Sir, said *Dorilas*, it is for his adversaries to convince him, and for him to defend himselfe; I doe not know what proofes they can have against him: But in respect of the combat, *Chrisantes* before he died spake with *Leon* and with *Beroncus*, who have told the truth to *Lisanders* great advantage, although they were his enemies, as the events have since shewed. As for *Cleanders* murther, it is certaine that *Lisander* was at Bruxels when it was committed, and that he left his sword (by which circumstance they would convince him of the murther) in the field where he killed *Chrisantes*, having broken it in the hilts with the reverse blow wherewith he cut off *Chrisantes* his arme, and accommodated himselfe both with *Cloridons* horse and sword, which he yet hath. But, Sir, though this did not nor could appeare, what better course can your Majesty hold, than that which your progenitors have held? alwayes when such cases have hapned, so doubtfull that the truth could not bee knowne, they have granted the combate to the accusers or the accused, who did demand it. There was standing by at the Kings dinner, where *Dorilas* pleaded *Lisanders* cause, a young Knight called *Lucidon*, who was *Chrisantes* his Nephew, and one of

the activeſt Gentlemen of France, who hearing pardon aſked for his Uncles death, and fearing leſt *Dorilas* his reaſons might bee of force with the King, proſtrated himſelfe at his Majeſties feet, moſt humbly beſeeching him, that the death of two ſuch Knights as *Cloridon* and *Chriſantes* might not go unpuniſhed for want of proofe, ſeeing it was well knowne ſuch actions were alwaies performed with the fewveſt witneſſes that could bee brought, and that *Liſander* had killed all that could witneſſe; yea even unto the foot-boyes, thereby, as it was moſt likely, to hide the foule play of the combate. That in caſe it could not be verified according to the ordinary forme of juſtice, hee did require that according to the cuſtome alledged by *Dorilas*, hee might be ſuffered to challenge *Liſander*, and decide this combate by a ſecond combate. Whereunto *Dorilas* anſwered, The Kings preſence (*Lucidon*) makes you ſpeake, and me hold my peace, but if the inviolable reſpect which we owe unto his Ma. were not, this white beard (ſuch as you ſee it) would enforce it ſelfe to ſhew you that there was no foule play in that action, and if the King pleaſe, without entring into farther proofe, I doe offer to maintaine it in the field, my perſon againſt yours. I had rather (ſaid *Lucidon*) that it were with your Sonne, nevertheleſſe I hope having done with you, I may then finiſh with *Liſander* himſelfe, of whom queſtion is made at this time; wherefore I will not refuſe you. *Dorilas* was much provoked with this anſwer, and would have anſwered againe, but the King cõmanded them both to ſilence, forbidding them upon paine of his diſpleaſure to proceede any further. And having granted *Liſanders* pardon, upon condition that hee did come and procure it to bee allowed within one moneth; and that he might ſafely come and juſtifie himſelfe of *Cleanders* death, he did aſſure him from being troubled for any thing but murthers. It was thought that next unto the juſtice of the cauſe, nothing diſpoſed the King ſo much to the granting of this pardon, as *Liſanders* refuſing the Arch-Dukes penſion.

With this expedition *Dorilas* returned to Bellaire, where being received by *Cloriſta* with teares, which drew them mutually from his aged eyes, after the firſt motion of this encounter

counter, having informed himself of *Lisanders* retrait, hee dispatched a Gentleman to him in Post, with his pardon, and with a letter, which said thus.

Dorilas *his Letter to* Lisander.

Sir, having understood that there wanted nothing but your pardon (for your combat with *Clorisdon* and *Chrisantes*) for you to justifie your selfe against those, who slanderously accuse you for the death of *Cleander*, I have (by Gods assistance) obtained it of the King, in such manner as this Gentleman will let you know, to the end, that together with your own innocency, you may also verifie *Calista's*, and prove them liars, who have scandalously wounded both your reputations. The naturall affection which I beare unto her as a Father, and that which I owe unto you, as having obliged me, by saving my life and my childrens, doe make me passionately desire to see you free out of this trouble. I would have sent *Lidian* to intreate you not to faile within the terme which the King hath given you to present your selfe, if I had (as I did think I should) found him at the Court, but hee was gone before I came thither. *Otranta* humbly kisseth your hands: *Calista* writes unto you, and I remaine

Your obliged servant,
Dorilas.

Dorilas having communicated this letter unto *Otranta*, and both of them thinking it fit, that *Calista* should accompany it with a letter from her, who was principally interessed in this businesse, and had most power over *Lisander*, shee said thus.

Calista's *Letter unto* Lisander.

I Write this word both out of my duty and obedience, but although you had not obliged mee, nor my Parents commanded me, yet mine own affection, and the interest in your

affaires have power enough to conſtraine me: you ſee by my Fathers letter, what he hath done for you, & what you muſt doe both for your ſelfe and mee: I need not intreat you in a thing wherin your honour is intereſſed, I ſhould wrong your courage, and the deſire you have to recover your good name, which our evill fortune hath made us loſe: Farewell. Remember I am *Caliſta*, that is, your beſt friend, and moſt affectionate ſervant.

This meſſenger diſpatcht with inſtruction where to finde *Liſander*; *Caliſta* expected only his return: and now thought ſhe held fortune under her feete: But it hapned by great miſchance, that this Gentleman travailed in a ſeaſon when the waters were very high and broken out, ſo that he paſſing along by a little river which flowed out into the way, he ſaw his Poſt-boy with his packet fall into the water, whom hee endevouring to ſave, went ſo neere as that hee tooke him by the collar; and as a little ſtrength will draw a great waight out of the water, hee had almoſt pulled him up, when his own ſtirrop (upon which his whole body reſted) brake, and he fell into the Current, where he was (together with all that hee would have ſaved) loſt. Thus *Liſander* unadverti ſed, could not come to the Court within the time hee was expected, from whence ſprung many diſpleaſures, which wee ſhall ſee happily determined in the ſequell of this Story.

The End of the eighth Booke.

affaires have power enough to constraine me: you see by my Fathers letter, what he hath done for you, & what you must doe both for your selfe and mee: I need not intreat you in a thing wherein your honour is interessed, I should wrong your courage, and the desire you have to recover your good name, which our evill fortune hath made us lose: Farewell. Remember I am *Calista*, that is, your best friend, and most affectionate servant.

This messenger dispatcht with instruction where to finde *Lisander*, *Calista* expected only his return: and now thought she held fortune under her feete: But it hapned by great mischance, that this Gentleman travailed in a season when the waters were very high and broken out; so that he passing along by a little river which flowed out into the way, he saw his Post-boy with his packet fall into the water, whom hee endevouring to save, went so neere as that hee tooke him by the collar, and as a little strength will draw a great waight out of the water, hee had almost pulled him up, when his own stirrop (upon which his whole body rested) brake, and he fell into the Current, where he was (together with all that hee would have saved) lost. Thus *Lisander* unadvertised, could not come to the Court within the time hee was expected, from whence sprung many displeasures, which wee shall see happily determined in the sequell of this Story.

The End of the eighth Booke.

A TRAGI-COMICALL HISTORY OF these Times.

The Ninth Booke.

Isander having rode hard, in few dayes came unto the river Garroune, and from thence unto Miramont, the house of his father *Adrastus*, where hee was received by the good old man, and by *Hypermestra* his mother, with teares of joy, and unspeakeable griefe at his returne after ten yeeres absence; In which time, hee had broken the course of their lives with alarums and feares of so many accidents which had happened unto him: After the first welcomes & the divers discourses and recitals of his adventures, wherof he could not be acquitted by once telling of them, the newes of his returne being spread through the countrey, they were visited by many of the Nobility dwelling thereabouts, who, some to see *Lisander*, others to rejoice with his parents for his returne, came unto Miramont by troupes. The Flemmish boy came shortly after with his good horse, which had been *Cloridons*; and after him came the faithfull footman, healed of the wound which hee had in his shoulder, which gave *Lisander* no small content. *Adrastus*, who had a desire to tye his sonne at home with bonds which could not easily bee broken, fearing his

returne

returne unto the Court, where his life was so unassured, determined to marry him neere home, with a young, rich, and faire Inheritrix, whose excellent vertues, and farre surpassing the quality of her sexe, were no lesse admirable than her beauty. This Lady was called *Hippolita*, whose parents had left her an Orphant under the tuition of a Kinsman of hers, who in her first youth was carefull to second her good nature with exquisite education; as the crescent of her beauty was perfected with riper yeares, it strooke so in the eyes of this poore Tutor, that forgetting all respect of nearenesse of blood, he could not forbeare witnessing more love than affection of parentage: which so much offended the young heart of this maid, that the first time he went out of the Castle (which was exceeding strong) where she was brought up, she shut the gates upon him, keeping him out; there with a maid shee had called *Erisila*, of like age and disposition, she gave her selfe not onely to such exercises which those of her sexe do ordinarily use, but also to such as are fitting unto men, every day riding of horses, and exercise of Armes, which she did with an unspeakeable dexterity: and this was privately within the inclosure of the Castle wals: but shortly after, her Tutor endevouring to surprise her by force, was shamefully beaten by his Pupill, and by her valour repulsed, whereat he tooke such griefe, that he died, leaving *Hippolita* free from his love and government. She had also joyned unto these qualities so perfect a knowledge in learning, that those who were not taken with the unevitable strokes of her face, were constrained to yeeld themselves to the charmes of her speech, and the sweetnesse of her conversation. All these faire parts, making an excellent agreement in this maid, incited all those who beheld her to adore her (upon whom nevertheless she would never vouchsafe to cast her eye) and particularly raised a great desire in *Adrastus* to gaine her for *Lisander*, unto whom hee would not yet say any thing before hee had seene her, hoping that she would gaine more upon him with one look, than all his remonstrances, joyned with his authority; and otherwise knowing that love is unaptly constrained by duety, and that oftentimes commandements doe destroy desire:

fire: Hee also knew that *Lisander* was lost in *Calista*'s affection, and that upon the sudden to endevour to queneh those fires, which were so lively in him, to kindle new unto a subject whom hee had not seene, hee thought it would be a discourse altogether in vaine; wherefore the subtile old man desired that hee might see her before hee made any demonstration of his intent, hoping that of himselfe he would come into the net, and the rather, if he were not advertised before hand. To attaine hereunto, hee made a match of hunting, unto which *Hippolita* was intreated, who failed not to come: but hearing that this brave *Lisander* (whose vertue had sounded so loud in her eares) would be there, shee studyed with great Art to tye all those graces together, wherewith shee accustomed to have her admirable beauty accompanied. For although she had no particular designe upon his person, yet the glory which shee did apprehend in captivating such a courage, made her desire to seeme faire. Shetherefore apparrelled her selfe in a hunting garment after the Saramatick fashion, of crimson Velvet, embroydered with silver; over which hung in a rich scarfe, a faire sword with an excellent grace, her haire was gathered up under a little cap almost covered with feathers, and set thicke with stones, which glistering about her head, dazzled their sight who beheld her; but it was little in respect of the lightning which came from her face. Her horse was a Jennet of Spain, white as Snow, which shee rode upon rather for bravery than to hunt with. In this manner accompanied with *Erisila* her maid (whose habite was of the same fashion, but not of the same stuffe) shee met the Assembly. On the other side *Lisander*, unto whom had beene already figured the cleerenesse of this bright starre, as of a rising Sunne, called for *Cloridons* horse, and girding his good sword upon a skarlet suit, laced thicke with gold lace, settled himself in a saddle of the same, and followed *Abrastus* with those who were of the match.

When they came to the place where they intended to cast off their dogges, they found in the same estate I did represent, *Hippolita*, who both rejoiced and astonished all the troupe with her presence. Never did *Atlas* appeare so faire to *Me-*

leager,

leager, when she hunted the Thessalian Bore, as she then seemed unto *Lisander*, whom she beheld with an eye full of admiration; shee thinking that hee was the faireſt object to be seene amongst men. And indeede there was none in the company that did not thinke so, nor any minde so envious which did not confesse that they were the faireſt couple in the world: but that which raised greateſt admiration, was the sweetnes and gentlenes of their countenance, with fiercenes of their courages; for they seemed to be two contraries in one subject, and (which was rarely found but in them) equally fierce and gentle, whose hearts were uncapable of feare in any danger, and tractable and easie in conversation. For although *Lisander* were in war sterne and haughty, yet in peace there was nothing more humble: and although *Hippolita* was (amongst Ladies) both perfectly faire and humble, yet shee was no lesse warlike and stout in armes. And I doe not know which was most rare to finde, either so much beauty in *Lisanders* valour, or so much valour in *Hippolita*'s beauty. Before they fell to the sport of hunting, *Lisander* alighted from his horse, having first made him curvet and bound an hundred times before *Hippolita*, with such justneſse and grace, that those who had taken pleasure in beholding him before, confessed it was nothing in respect of what they received in this action: *Hippolita* her selfe more than all was ravished by him, whom without doubt she had ravished, if hee had not been formerly gained by another; but his soule was so filled with the most excellent perfections of *Calista*, that there was no place left for *Hippolita* to make any impression, whereas *Lisander* finding *Hippolita* with a minde free and unpossessed like a smooth white paper, writ in fiery letters the everlasting progresse of his love. All the hunting they gallopped close one by the other, to *Adrastus* his great contentment, who did beleeve that *Hippolita*'s conversation would work the ordinary effect in *Lisander*, as in all others, which was, to force him to subjection, which all the company beleeved as well as *Adrastus*; seeing that *Lisander*, obliged with so much beauty, and with his own nobleneſse, spake unto her of love, unto which she answered, mocking and feigning not to be-

leeve, that which indeed shee ought not to have beleeved. In the end, their hunting finishing with the killing of a great Stagge, as they were upon their returne, they found in a Coppice a huge overgrowne Boare, so furious and terrible, that neither the Huntsmen with their darts, neither the dogges with their Collars stucke with iron points, durst behold his wilde countenance. *Lisander* seeing this, leaps from his horse, and sets upon him with his sword, and with much adoe and some danger hee thrust it in betweene the Boares shoulders up to the hilts: But the blow, although it were mortall, could not stay the violence of this fearefull beasts motion, nor *Lisander* so nimbly shift himselfe, that hee did not rush upon him, and overwhelme him to the ground, carrying away upon his tuskes a great peece of his Cassaque, so that every one thought him dead: When *Adrastus* saw his sonne fall, it is not to be demanded whether hee were troubled, and faire *Hippolita* was no lesse, who nimbly leaping from her horse, instantly ranne before all the rest to helpe him up. But there was no such need, he rising without helpe or hurt, but onely the shame he had for his fall; and the Boare falling upon the other side dead, revived their hearts which were troubled, and raised great joy to succeede this feare, and a great affection in the soule of *Hippolita*, unto whom the glory of so hardy an action, was as a bellowes to kindle her new fire. *Lisander*, having presented unto her what they had killed, at the departure of the rest of the company went with her untill they came within view of her house, and there obtaining leave to visite her, hee returned unto Miramont after *Adrastus*, more satisfied than amorous of her beauty. While these things thus passed, the time (within which *Dorilas* had promised to present *Lisander*) approached, and there was no newes of him, nor yet of the messenger whom he had sent: which brought care unto *Dorilas*, griefe unto *Otranta*, and almost despaire unto *Calista*, who knew not what to say, nor what to think of *Lisander*. On the other side, *Lidian* having travelled all the Kingdome over to finde *Leon*, without learning any newes of him, moved with an earnest desire of seeing his Lady, at the time which was agreed by *Alcidon*, *Be-*

rontus and himselfe, came backe unto Paris, where having heard of the words that passed from *Lucidon* unto his father, he presently challenged him. *Lucidon* bravely accepted it, and both of them demeaned themselves so valiantly, that they were carried both grievously wounded out of the field, with more appearance of death than hope of life. *Lucidon* got great reputation in bearing himselfe so valiantly against *Lidian*, whose valour was often approved, and had challenged him, although hee had but lately entred his pardon for the like former fact: wherefore his friends fearing left the Officers of justice would search for him, all wounded as he was, carried him in a Litter by night from *Olinda*'s house where he first was brought, unto a house of *Argires* in the countrey, foure miles from Paris, named Clarevall, whither came *Argire*, *Olinda* and *Ambrisia*, who, expecting to heare some newes of her brother, had alwaies remained with them, and borne them faithfull company.

In the meanetime *Dorilas*, seeing the month expired within which time he had promised unto the King to bring in *Lisander*, returned to Paris, with an intent to combate *Lucidon* himself, according to the offer which had been made and accepted. But when he came there, finding that his sonne had prevented him, and was yet in his bedde wounded, and beleeving that it would be thought to be done by his advice, to excuse him from that wherein he had formerly ingaged himselfe, he was no lesse angry with him for fighting, than sorry for his wounds; yet understanding that hee was carried to Clarvall, hee went to see him, and from thence writ unto *Otranta* newes of this accident. Shee hearing that her sonne was wounded, and lay at *Argires* house neere Paris, came thither with *Calista* as speedily as shee could, and as secretly as was possible. I neede not relate the complements, the entertainments and words which passed amongst the Ladies, especially with *Calista*, neither could I expresse them: Only I will say, that having found *Lidian* a little better than they thought, their sorrow was turned into joy, seeing themselves together, although it was not perfect. For besides *Lidians* wounds, the absence of *Alcidon*, *Lisander* his quarrels, and *Ca-*

liſta's proceſſe, were ſharpe thornes amongſt theſe roſes.

In the meane time ſuch as were equally friends unto *Lidian* and *Lucidon*, ſeeing they were recovered of their wounds, and ſeeing the ſmall cauſe for them to remaine enemies, there having no words of injury paſſed betweene them, and their wounds being equal, they determined to make them friends, knowing that with the ſervice which they ſhould doe unto the two Knights in agreeing them, they ſhould alſo pleaſe the King which did deſire it. The honour, the friends, and the nobleneſſe of their proceeding had imprinted more affection, than the blood which they had drawn one from the other had left hatred, wherefore they were eaſily diſpoſed to agreement, provided, that in their agreement there might be no ſpeech held of *Liſander*, who was the firſt cauſe of their diſpute: but when they ſhould ſee one the other (which muſt bee of neceſſity) becauſe *Lidian* durſt not come unto Paris, *Lucidon* was brought unto Clarvall, where firſt embracing *Dorilas*, and after *Lidian*, he was raviſhed with the beauty of the company, eſpecially when his eyes beheld *Caliſta*, who blinded him with ſo violent a paſsion of love, that from a mortall enemy, which (not long ſince) he was of her whole houſe, he was now become a moſt affectionate ſervant. He was young, rich, well favoured, comely of perſonage, of an excellent ſpirit, and a great courage; charmes which might prevaile much with women, which nevertheleſſe were not of force with *Caliſta*, whoſe heart was ever turned towards *Liſander* as the Needle is towards the North, although at this time his abſence, and the little newes of him, had much offended her. *Lucidon* finding in *Caliſta* a minde drowned in ſorrow for the death of *Cleander*, and onely (as he conceived) capable of griefe, as well for his death as that ſhe was thereof accuſed, and not yet juſtified, contented himſelfe onely to offer her all his ſervice, as well in this as in any other, neither pretending nor hoping for more recompence, than the honour to call himſelfe her Knight. And ſo he tooke his leave, with his friends returning to Paris, more wounded with the arrowes of her eyes, than he had beene before by *Lidian* her brother, and no leſſe ſtudying which way to gaine her, than

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to destroy *Lisander*, whom all the world knew both to love her, and to be beloved by her, thinking therby to satisfie both his love and hatred together: wherefore the moneth which the King had given for him to come and enter his pardon was no sooner past, but *Lucidon* remonstrated unto his Majesty, that his crime heretofore cleere enough was now more than notorious, that otherwise hee would never have failed to appeare within the time which was limited for the enjoying his pardon, which was procured with so much instance; but that *Lisander*, convinced by his conscience, fledde the light of the Sunne which discovered him, confessing by his flight, that hee could neither deny it in justice, nor defend it with armes. He therefore entreated his Majesty to revoke the pardon given him, & yeeld unto the shadowes of *Cloridon* and *Chrisantes* the contentment of seeing justice done upon their murtherer; and if any were found who in his absence would defend him in so evill a cause, that hee might be suffered to fight with him, and submit his right unto the triall of armes. The King taking *Lisanders* absence as an ill signe, ordained, that if within three weekes hee came not, nor some other for him to fight with *Lucidon*, the pardon which was offered unto him should be void, and hee himselfe should be put into the hands of justice. Further, his Majesty ordained, that the combate should bee on horsebacke, the combatants armed at all points, and in the presence of his Majesty, according to the ancient custome of this Kingdome: This order comming unto *Dorilas* his eare, he dispatched *Lidian* away in Poste unto *Lisander*, remaining himselfe at Clarevall expecting newes.

But being one day at Paris (whither hee ordinarily went) a little after *Lidians* departure, hee met with two Gascoigne Gentlemen of his acquaintance, who came lately out of the country, by whom informing himselfe of *Lisander*, no way disguising the trouble of minde that hee had by his absence, considering what businesse called him thither; they told him, that they had left him about a businesse which did well deserve his stay. And what businesse (said *Dorilas*) can be of such importance unto him, that it can make him forget the

care

care which he ought to have of his honour and his life? Wee know not (said they) neither doth he beleeve that his honour doth oblige him to come hither; but the cause which detains him there, is (I think) partly because he cannot be here in that safety which he desires, and partly for the satisfaction which hee desires to give unto his parents after so long an absence, but the true and strongest chaine, which tyeth him, is the love which hee beares unto a faire Amazon, who will not give him so much liberty to runne up and downe in the world as hee hath done. Then did they so lively describe *Hippolita*'s vertues and beauties, adding the greatnesse of her estate unto her other perfections, that *Dorilas* certainely beleeved it was the onely reason why *Lisander* was deafe unto his letters, and infinitely bewailing that he had sent *Lidian* unto him, hee returned to carry this newes to *Calista* at Clarvall. To tell you the ravage which this newes made in her minde, the rage and the fury of her jealousie, the despite and the shame she had, to see her selfe so despised and deceived by a man, who had adored her with submissions and humblenesse, as if it had beene to a Deity, it is not possible, it must bee conceived by thought, or bee represented by some other woman injured by the feeling of the like affront: Nevertheless *Calista*, being wise and advised as well as faire, wisely dissembled, in the company, what shee felt, and shewed her selfe so discreete and constant in this first motion, that one would have judged this act of *Lisander* to have beene indifferent; but after shee was retired into her chamber, and her doore shut upon her, that she saw she was at liberty to complaine, then her griefe, too too strong for her reason, enforced her to words and actions which cannot be related; for with the complaints she made, and the teares she shed, little wanted that she did not yeeld up her life: Ah Traytor (said she) and the most spotted with infidelity that the sunne ever saw, is it thus, that thou at need leavest the too easie and credulous *Calista*! at the least ungratefull, thou shouldst have staied untill shee had recovered the honour which by thy occasion shee hath lost, and thou shouldest have assured the life which the too much affection shee hath borne thee, hath

brought

brought into despaire: but cruell as thou art, thou hast left me in the hands of justice, from whence thou hast drawne me, onely to prolong my torment with my life. Ah disloyall, it is not now that thou diddest deceive mee: This *Hippolita*, whose praises in my hearing thou didst sing, perswading me that it was a counterfeit name under which thou hiddest mine, was the true subject of thy passion; and so ot that I am, I tooke it to mine advantage, and fedde my selfe with praises and affections which thou breathedst for another. What should I make account of any mans fidelitie? Let Heaven and Hell torment mee for ever with some new punishment (if they have any wherewith they have not afflicted mee) if ever I suffer my selfe to be overtaken again by any man. Thus without eyther comfort or counsaile the faire *Calista* lamented.

Ambrisia who was present at these newes, was little lesse afflicted than shee, and knew not what reasons to use in her brothers excuse. *Olinda*, *Otrania* and *Argire* were all in the same astonishment, & as one hardly beleeveth that which is not seene, they could not imagine that *Lisander* in so small a time could be so much changed, or have fallen into so great a forgetfulnesse of himselfe, they all supposing that although he had lost the memory of his love, yet hee would alway preserve that of his honour, which did oblige him to justifie *Calista* in verifying his owne innocency, and that necessarily some other great accident besides love had stayed him. *Dorilus* himselfe was of that opinion, although those who had reported this evill newes (not dreaming of the griefe which they brought with them) had told him for a certaintie of their knowledge, as being at the hunting where *Lisander* and *Hippolita* first saw themselves together. But *Calista* taking it at the worst, and thinking her selfe the most wretched woman that ever was; being ashamed ever to appeare in the world, or in the presence of her owne parents, or almost to see her selfe after such unsupportable miseries as shee had suffered, resolved upon the strongest deigne that could fall into a womans thought: first she would neither see nor be seene of any person; and having commanded that they should

leave

leave her, that she might take her rest, she spent the day in sad and bitter solitarinesse, eating her heart in silence, and meditating deepely in those furies wherewith shee was troubled, and when night descending with sleep had wrapped all creatures else in their rest, she softly rose from her bed, and (without awaking any servant) shee went from her owne chamber, unto that wherein *Lidian* lay before his departure. There finding, amongst many other necessary implements which hee had left behinde him, a suite of greene Sattin laid thicke with silver, which he had but newly made, with a silke Grograine cloke of the same colour, and laced, in briefe, all things suteable, shee accommodateth her selfe therewith as well as she could; her legges shee hides with his Bootes, by her side she hangs his sword, and her long haire shee covered with a gray Bever, shadowed with a greene Feather; afterwards going unto the Stable (having first tooke all her money with her) she her selfe chose and made ready the best horse *Dorilas* had in the Stable, and getting upon him, went to the next way she met, in the horrour of a dark night, without knowing what way shee should keepe, or what resolution shee should take.

Who will not now confesse unto mee, that love is a rage which troubleth the most settled braines, since that *Calista* (who lived in the opinion of a Lady so wise, that the death of her husband, the infamy of a prison, the losse of her wealth and reputation, the beleefe of her parents, or the extreme danger of a shamefull death could not move) was shaken and carried from all her constancy by the first strokes of a false report? and more light, and more a woman than ever she had witnessed her selfe, she forgot the griefe which she had raised unto her parents, the scandall which shee had brought unto her house, her owne honour, which had beene (untill that time) so deare unto her, to expose her selfe unto the wide world for the uncertaine newes of a contrived untruth, and runne (as it is said) blindfoldly rather after her owne despaire than upon any well placed resolution.

The next morning *Otranta* and *Dorilas* would go see their daughter, and finding her gowne which shee had left in the

place of *Lidians* habit; one tore her haire, the other his beard, both of them called themselves miserable, having children at such rate; thinking none happy but those who had none. Sorrow redoubleth in this house, and that which over night was but an ordinary evill, in the morning became extreme. In vaine is she sought after; for those who came backe without finding her, confirmed her losse unto her parents, and made their griefe almost past remedy.

On the other side, *Adraſtus* seeing *Liſanders* love with *Hippolita* did not kindle and burne (as hee hoped) at first, after many other subtilties, said unto his sonne, that now being old, the greatest contentment that *Hypermeſtra* and he could at these yeeres have, was to see him retire himselfe home unto them; That hee had runne enough up and downe in the world, it was fit now to rest, and that it was high time for him to take the house to his care, and suffer his father and mother to divide the remainder of their yeeres in rest: not that he would abridge him of going to the Court, where hee knew well his honour did oblige him, to purge himselfe as well from *Cloridon* and *Chriſantes* deaths, whom he had killed, as also from *Cl[illegible]anders*, which (as he said) he not so much as thought; but that this might be done with time, and in the mean while he would be glad to have him make choice of such a party who might tye him to stay in the countrey, offering to assist him as a father, and as he had alwayes done in all places untill this very time; That it was told him he had some designe upon *Hippolita*, but for some considerations which were unknowne he had not yet witnessed it; That if it were out of any doubt that hee would not be willing, hee would cleare that doubt by telling then that he knew *Hippolita* to be of an illustrious family, of a vertuous condition, of a rare beauty, and that hee did not know any in the world whom hee would rather desire to be his daughter in law; That if peradventure hee feared hee should not be able to attaine the end of his suit, and that this did keepe him from discovering his suit, hee did ingage himselfe to draw assurance from her, that hee should not lose his labour nor travaile in vaine in her service.

Lisander wondring at this speech, knew well that his father would ingage him to marry with *Hippolita*, whom hee would have purchased at any price (excepting *Calista*'s losse) but there was no duety of a sonne, nor reverence of a father could draw him from so happy a captivity as hers, to serve in any other place: yet not willing to lose the respect which he ought him, with obedience he answered, That the small stay he had made in the countrey, and the disorder of his affaires, had kept him from thinking of marriage, not imagining it fit to be suitor for a wife while hee had such criminall processes upon his hands, and such deadly quarrels: Nevertheless seeing he did witnesse it to be his pleasure, he would alwaies conforme himselfe, especially for so faire a subject as *Hippolita* was, whom hee knew more worthy to be served, than he thought himselfe capable of serving her. But before hee did embarke himselfe, hee did entreat to suffer him to make one voyage unto the Court, to give silence unto the infinite slanders which unworthily did injure his reputation; that being returned, he would unfallibly serve *Hippolita*, and would spend the rest of his dayes under the shadow of his house, if he pleased. *Lisander* (said *Adrastus*) you aske leave of mee to goe unto the Court, where you dare not appeare without evident danger of losing your selfe; you promise me to serve *Hippolita* at your returne, even as hee who promised the *grand Signeur* to teach an Elephant to speake, and tooke so long a time, that it was not possible but either the *grand Signeur*, or the Elephant, or himselfe must be dead before he were tyed to the accomplishment. I see how it is, you are bewitched in the love of *Calista*, who hath reduced you to the brink of your ruine, and whom you have in like manner drawne into like danger. You may doe what you please, but remember it shall never bee with my liking. By these words *Lisander* knew that his father understood little lesse of his businesse than himselfe. This said, *Adrastus* turned himselfe away, and not expecting any reply, left *Lisander* in great perplexity. And although hee resolved rather to suffer any thing, than the losse of his Love, yet hee intended to search

some meanes, whereby in keeping her, he might not lose his parents favour. At night, *Adrastus* being gone into the Garden to take a turne, rather to digest his thoughts than his supper, *Lisander* tooke occasion to speake unto his mother *Hypermestra*, unto whom hee told the words which his Father had said unto him, and his answer (which she already knew from *Adrastus*) with the discontentment which thereby hee received, whereat hee was so grieved, that although hee did passionately desire to returne unto the Court, for the reasons which he had alledged unto his Father, yet he had rather suffer them and all extremities, than displease him. For this cause having more ripely considered of it, he resolved to obey him in whatsoever he should please to command: And because he had declared that his pleasure was he should serve *Hippolita*, he was determined (by his good will) the next morning to goe see her, which he humbly entreated *Hypermestra* to let him understand.

Hypermestra, glad that her sonne had better bethought himselfe, said, that she never hoped lesse from his education and good nature, and confirming him in this resolution, she that night advertised *Adrastus*, who was much rejoiced therewith. The next morning *Lisander* pompously cloathed himselfe, as one who went to see his Mistresse, and taking with him onely his faithfull footman, his Flemming, and the Porter of the Castle at Paris, who was now become Groome of his chamber, he gallopped unto *Hippolita*, loaded with blessings of his Parents, who accompanied his journey with vowes, and thanked God that hee was so disposed to obey them: but the old folkes were much deceived, as wee shall shortly see, and thereby a strange effect of the power of love, which of the most loyall and the most absolute man (one of them in the world as *Lisander* was) made him a deceiver of his parents, betraying the hopes which hee had given them, and afflicted their age with as much griefe as was possible. Hee went therefore unto *Hippolita*, with whom hee pratled some small time of love, like a man who had more upon his lippes than in his heart, and charmed her so well, that repre-

ſenting unto her the neceſſity of his affaires which did oblige him to returne unto the Court, he procured her to write this letter to his Father *Adraſtus.*

Hippolita's *Letter to* Adraſtus.

SIr, I will tell you, that your ſonne finding me in apt occaſion to employ the affections which he hath witneſſed to me, doth me the honour to undertake a journy at my requeſt unto the Court, whereof I have thought good to advertiſe you; thinking you would not bee offended with the proofe which he offereth mee of his ſervice, for which I doe entreat you to receive the humble affection which I have to doe you the like, and to beleeve me

Your humble ſervant
Hippolita.

This letter was no ſooner diſpatched, but *Liſander* tooke his leave of *Hippolita*, fearing leſt his Father might come and ſtay him there: and determining to goe into Normandy to ſee *Caliſta*, he made haſte, and ridde great journies; yet when he was at Bourdeaux hee heard of a magnifick tilting which was in England, where deſiring to be, he changed his reſolution, and ſending the groome of his chamber with a letter unto *Caliſta*; hee embarked himſelfe upon Garrowne, with his footman, directing his courſe for the river Thames. *Adraſtus* having received *Hippolita's* letter, knew well that his ſonne had gone beyond him, whereat he was much diſcontented. In the midſt of which diſcontent, *Lidian* arrived at Miramont, and not finding *Liſander* there, he addreſſed himſelfe unto his Father, unto whom he told how *Dorilas* had obtained his pardon, upon condition that hee preſented himſelfe within a moneth; That hee had expreſly ſent a Gentleman to advertiſe him ſo much, of whom, as alſo of *Liſander*, there was no newes. So that the moneth being paſt, the King had given his laſt order, by which, not preſenting himſelfe within three weekes, hee was to be declared guilty of the crimes whereof he was accuſed; That all France wondred at his not

appearance

appearance in this needfull occasion, and did thinke him convicted; That his friends could not tell what to thinke, nor what to doe, but onely to present themselves at the last day, to fight with his accusers in his absence. But what a shame would that be (said he) in the sight of so great a King, that *Lisanders* friends should enter combate for his cause, he in the meane time being idle in the countrey? *Adrastus* more vexed at this last newes than at the former, knew not what answer to make unto *Lidians* speeches, but, that they had neither heard of Gentleman, nor any man else that brought letter from *Dorilas*; that this was the first word hee had heard of his pardon: And as for *Lisander*, see what is written unto me, which I received but now; and saying this, hee shewed him *Hippolita*'s letter. *Lidian* marvelling that there was no newes of the Gentleman, and sorry that he had missed of *Lisander*, comforted himselfe with hearing that hee was gone unto the Court: and giving unto *Adrastus* and *Hypermestra* *Ambrisia*'s letter (wherewith they were much rejoiced) hee stayed only one night at Miramont, departing the next morning early, and determining to see *Hippolita* as he passed by, as well for the estimation was made of her, as to make a true discovery of *Lisanders* waies; hee found her, such as she was described unto him, exceeding faire: and having understood by her, that *Lisander* was gone towards Bourdeaux, and by easie journies, he thought if he did goe Poste, he might come thither as soone as *Lisander*: for which cause hee tooke his leave, being much satisfied with her fashion and behaviour, and presently tooke his way after his friend: Nevertheless *Lisander* had made such haste, thinking his father was still at his heeles, that he was departed from Bourdeaux the very day that *Lidian* came thither; wherefore beleeving that it was not Gods will, out of some secret judgement which hee understood not, that he should meet him, he resolved to ride no more after him, esteeming it unprofitable, seeing he travelled to bring him unto a place, whither (it was said) he was gone before. And hearing of the great tilting which was to bee in England, hee resolved to breake a Launce there: a consideration worthy of a rash man, rather than of *Lidian*, who knew

well

well the great griefe wherein he had left his parents, neither would he ever have undertaken this journy, but through the assurance which was given him in so many severall places, that *Lisander* was gone unto the Court.

Let us now returne unto *Calista*, whom we have left wandring alone so long, and see what became of her. After that shee was gone from Clarevall, her horse which was accustomed to Paris way, brought her about breake of the day unto the gates of that great City; and then remembring the times which she formerly spent there, in the glory of her fortune, and comparing it unto her present misery, her heart was likely to melt in her breast, and come forth at her eyes: Ah *Calista* (said shee) what meanest thou to doe? what designe hast thou taken? unto what extremity hath thy misfortune reduced thee? darest thou ever returne before the face of thy parents, having thus injured them? But coward as thou art, why speakest thou either of comming in thy parents sight, or of living in the world after this affront? No, no, *Calista*, thou must dye once for all, and in dying, tye about the necke of thy ungratefull Lover the revenging furies of this death. In saying this, she entred into the city, covering with her cloake her face, which was all wet with teares, and went to seeke for a lodging toward the Temple, the most retired part of all Paris, lest she should be knowne. Having rested a little (if the griefe, which did continually racke her, may be called rest) she called her Hoste, and intreated him to get her a servant, who was an honest fellow, & could dresse a horse, and to cause an Armorer to come unto her. An Armorer, answered my Hoste, you shall presently have, but an honest servant is not found in a small time: yet I will get you such a one, for whom assurance shall be given: Saying this, he caused an Armorer to be sent for, of whom shee bespake an armour complete, all blacke, with a devise of a wheele, like unto one of those used in watring of gardens, incompassed with water-pots, some full and others empty: his word was *Los llenos de dolar y los vazios de Speranza*, and entreated him to make it as speedily as was possible. Now shee knew the combate which the King had granted unto *Lucidan*, in case

Lisander

Lisander did not appeare within three weeks, or some other for him; which she beleeving he would not do, considering the ingagement of his new love, did resolve to fight with him for *Lisander*, whom she accounted her enemy, certainly determining to die in the fight, and cause therby sorrow and griefe unto *Lucidan* for killing of her, in thinking to kill *Lisander*, and make *Lisander* repent that ever he had left her, seeing that although he had despised her, and betrayed her, yet she would lose her life for him: All being fantasticke passions of a woman, blinded with love and jealousie.

Now let us make a steppe into great Britaine, waiting for the tilting day. We left *Lisander* on his way thither, and *Lidian* following him shortly after: But to relate all things in their order: *Lisander* being come unto London, keeping himselfe secret, caused Armes to be made for him of an ashie colour, which hidde the sparkles of a lively fire, spotted with *Flower-de-luces* of silver, his device was a Love tied to a pillar in the middle of a faggot, kindled by a Lady, the word was, *Alwayes constant*: his Feather was *Gree de liu* and white, his Coate of Armes and caparison of his horse *Gris de liu*, embroidered with silver. *Lidian*, comming the next day to the towne, caused Armes to bee made of Azure colour, spotted with starres of gold without number: his Device was a Love, holding a Dart in the mouth, an Olive branch in the hand, and having a goose at his feete, holding a stone in the bill: the word was *Leale & secreto*, a devise which he had made in the time when *Clarangeus* his jealousie made him love (no lesse secretly than faithfully) his Lady *Olinda*: His feather was yellow and blew, his coate armour and the caparison of his horse was of blew Velvet embroidered with gold. The tilting was begunne before the Armes of our Knights could bee finished: The Tourney was in this manner, with Launces having steeled and sharpned heads, and in open field; hee who was overthrowne at the tilting, might not demand the combate with the sword, but if they both fell unto the ground, or that after the breaking of three launces they remained unhorsed, it was granted them: If it hapned the defendants were overthrown by the assailants,

the

the victorious assailants must take the place of the vanquisht defendants to the end of the Tourney, which was to continue three dayes. The Prize of the Tourney was a sword, which King *Arthur* had sometime worne, for the Knight who should be victor, and a Carquanet of great Pearle for his Mistresse. Foure defendants, Brittaines, descended in straight line from the famous Knights errants of the Round Table, were come within the lists of the field in pompous and magnificke shew: The first had for his device, A Sunne rising in the East over the toppe of a mountaine, with this word, *Sin occaso*. Foure divers Engines rowled after them by an admirable art: The first was full of Musitians, who sung these Verses in passing before the Scaffold where the King and the Ladies sate.

YOu beauties, whose excelling light
Obscure the beames of Phœbus bright,
Whether he doth his race begin,
Or else the waters passing under,
The rayes from men he keepeth in,
To their still increasing wonder.

You can with one glance of your eyes,
Dazle his lookes amidst the skies,
And make him hide his blushing head,
Or else for feare if he discry
Your beauties which hav'him surpassed,
They should eclipse his flaming eye.

But to this Sunne which me subdueth,
And in my heart more brightly sheweth
Than th'other in his Hemisphere,
My law prescriber, this faire eye
All the respect you can it beare
Is to adore it like as I.

Faire Sunne, so trust I to attaine
Ever to see you shine againe,

And shew your beames, which alwayes are
Without eclipse or accident,
Which as they be without compare,
So yet they have no Occident.

The second Engine followed after, with the second Defendant, carrying a Globe under a Love, which hee pierced thorow many wayes with his arrowes, with this Motto, *Conservat cuncta Cupido.* Then followed the third Engine, wherin was represented the history of the lame god *Thermes*, who though hee would never yeeld unto *Jupiter*, now followed the triumphing Chariot of Love, loaden with iron among the slaves of his tyranny: The Motto was, *Cedere nolo Jovi, cedere cogor amori.* In the last Engine, marching with the last Defendant, was carried the same God *Thermes*, overthrowne with his heeles upwards by a stroke with a Lance, with these two words, *Cedit & cecidit*, together with a Consort of Musicke singing these Verses.

THis staffe enamelled with gold,
Is that which Argalus *did hold,*
Or Cephalus *his dart much rather,*
Which I with a warlike arme direct,
And being fatall still to conquer,
Never gives blow without effect.

To breake a Speare is action light
Of a couragious noble Knight,
But he that breaketh Therme *with Lance,*
And without stroke doth make him fall,
Is of heroicke valiance,
This force is most heroicall.

This Therme, *that from all bond is free*
But onely of eternity,
Whom nothing can resist, if tryed,
That god which unto nothing yeeldeth,
By me throwne downe, to me he giveth
That which to Jove *he hath denied.*

What

What man is he that can be found,
But my steele blade shall bring to ground;
Since with this wood for wars unstable,
Braving both Fortune and the skies,
I thus to throw to th' earth am able
The strongest of the Deities.

Shortly after these foure Knights had placed themselves in the lists, foure brave Turkes entred into the field, having their *Dolimans* upon their Armes, their *Turbants* upon their heads, their Launces in their hands, and their *Cemeters* hanging by their sides, after thier manner. Their device was the Crescent of Silver, which serveth them as an ordinary marke without any word. After they had made a turne about the lists, and placed themselves opposite unto the defendants, all eight ran one against another; their Launces couched, with their sharpe steele points, they gave full in the visers of each others Helme, the staves flew in pieces, and the foure Turkes were throwne unto the ground at this first course, not without pleasure and laughter unto the English: about forty other Assailants were overthrowne (to their comfort) after them, the Defendants not so much as losing a stirrop. So all that day the English continued vanquishers, and so went triumphing out of the field. The next morning, so soone as the Defendants had taken their places, two strange Knights entred at the other end of the lists, whose onely countenances promised extraordinary valour: The one had redde Armes full of flames of gold, a redde Feather; the caparison of his Horse crimsin velvet embroydered with flames of gold: for his device he had a Love, bearing a Globe, with this word, *Piu fort d'atlante.* The other was in greene Armour, engraven with silver, his feather greene, his caparison greene velvet embroydered with silver; his device was a Love, which overthrew a measure of corne, with this word, *Sin mesura.* So soone as the Defendants had seene them take their places, two of the foure opposed themselves, and couching their Launces, came one against another with such grace, and met with such force, that their staves breaking to their hands, the

two defendants fell to the ground, and the ſtrangers perfected their careere without moving, to the great admiration of the beholders. The two defendants remaining, ſeeing their companions overthrowne, endevoured to revenge them, ſpurring againſt the aſſailants, & the aſſailants againſt them, made the braveſt encounter that had beene ſeene: but nevertheleſſe the defendants were overthrown, leaving their place to the ſtrangers, who from being aſſailants (as they were at firſt) now became defendants. All thoſe who preſented themſelves that day, were overthrowne with much leſſe reſiſtance than the firſt; And the night comming, giving an end both unto the Jouſt, and the day, the ſtrange Knights went victorious out of the field, with the ſound of trumpets, and the like ſolemnity that had accompanied the Vanquiſhers the firſt day. The King of great Britaine, deſirous to know theſe Champions, ſent to learne their names, and of what country they were; but they humbly beſought his Majeſty to pardon them, if they ſhewed any unwillingneſſe to make themſelves knowne untill the end of the Tournament, which being finiſhed, they would not faile to offer their moſt humble ſervice to him.

All this was paſt before *Liſander* could recover his Armes, whereat hee was deſperately inraged: but in the end, having put them on the third day, hee was the firſt in the liſt, with ſuch a brave behaviour, upon that incomparable Horſe which he had from *Cloridon*, that hee gave cauſe of admiration to all the Aſſiſtants. Thoſe who had formerly beheld the others, having their eyes now fixed upon him, would not vouchſafe to looke upon the other. The defendants ſeeing him come, judged by his countenance that he would cut them out more worke than all the other; and therefore (either of them making choice of a ſtrong Launce) they prepared themſelves to receive him: Hee in greene armour advanced himſelfe firſt, and as a whirle-winde, in the middle of the courſe met him, who fell upon him as a tempeſt; their Launces breaking upon the viſers of their Helmes, flew into ſplinters, & the Knights perfected their career without any advantage, which had not hapned ſince the beginning. Having ta-

ken new Launces, they ranne the second time, with more force and fury than they did the first. The bankes of the river Thames sounded with the blowes, and their cleer waters were troubled. *Lisander* lost a stirrop, and bended towards his crupper, but the greene Knight was throwne unto the ground so violently, that he had much adoe to rise, whereat a great cry was raised by the people. The Knight in the redde Armes, desirous to revenge his shame, in whose company hee had gotten so much honour, fiercely spurres against *Lisander*, who came against him like a Torrent. Amongst all the Assistants there was an universall silence, without speaking, without moving, or without stirring their eyes, which were fixed upon the Combatants: and by the Knights there was a noise made, and a dust raised under their horses, which darkned the aire, & made the earth tremble. The Knights met with equall violence, their Launces failed not to hit right, and to breake unto their hands, and they passed by without being stirred in their seates, not onely in the first encounter, but in the second and third course, with admiration (through the novelty of the act) doubling in the mindes of all the beholders. When they had runne their courses, they drew out their swords, and if before they had witnessed their force and nimblenes in the Jousting, they did no lesse in the combat. *Lisander* provoked that a man should breake three Launces against him, and yet withstand him, so violently strooke him upon the head, and upon every part of the body, that at every blow hee brought away a peece of his Armour, with great abundance of sparkles of fire: The other who saw himselfe handled so rudely, kindled his courage out of shame and despite, and his force encreasing with his rage, doubling strength upon strength, and blow upon blow, hee covered the ground with peeces of *Lisanders Vambrases* and *Tasses*. Horrour seized upon the mindes of the beholders, which made their faces looke pale, and the Combatants in these fearefull motions, endevour to shew themselves greater and stronger than two men can bee: Two houres this cruell combate lasted, without any rest taken betweene them, and their horses were covered with dust and sweat all

over their bodies; and blood in many places (although proceeding but from sleight wounds) when *Lisander* feeling his adversaries forces begin to faile, rained backe a steppe or two, and said thus unto him: Knight, your valour is equall (at the least, but I have more Fortune, seeing that she is contrary unto you, and favourable unto me, content your selfe with that proofe which you have witnessed both of your noble courage and strength: our combate is not to death, and I should be sorry, that so brave and valiant a Gentleman should lose his life, which in all places else I would preserve with the hazzard of mine owne. Willingly yeeld what you cannot have by force, and bee not sorrowfull that you give place rather to fortune than unto vertue. Whatsoever you are (answered the other) you have a great deale of courtesie, but no lesse presumption, to thinke to oblige mee to that by your tongue, unto which you cannot reduce mee by your sword. And not to flatter you long in this vaine hope, doe not thinke that I will quit the honour of this Tourney but with my life, nor my life without dearely selling it. I thought to doe you a pleasure (replied *Lisander*) but seeing my courtesie offends you, wee will speake of it no more. Then began they with more fury and violence than before, and by the cruelty of this second charge, they wiped away the astonishment of the first: But in little time it was plainely seene, that the Knight of the redde Armes grew heavie, and although he did his uttermost endeavour, and witnessed as much courage and valour as his adversary; yet his nimblenesse began to faile with his strength, and *Lisanders* valour appearing advantageable above his, made it seene that the victory (after it had hung in an equall ballance untill then) together with the glory of the combate (the Prize) would fall unto him: Which the King seeing, and not willing that the victory should bee bloodied with the death of so good a Knight, nor the feast fouled with so tragicke an action, commanded them to bee separated by the Judges, appointing two newv prizes besides the first: The one for the foure defendants, vvhich had vanquished the first day; and the second for the other two, leaving the third for *Lisander*, if he were not vanquished before night by some o-

ther, which was thought impossible.

Nevertheleſſe contrary to every bodies opinion (that after the proofe of ſuch invincible valour no man durſt oppoſe ſo ſtrong an adverſary) a ſtrange Knight entred into the place, who by the richneſſe of his Arms, the goodneſſe of his horſe, and the comely preſence of his perſon, renewed againe the attention and ſilence in all the multitude: his Armes were azure with ſtarres of gold. Now you muſt underſtand that this was *Lidian*, who comming laſt to London, could not get his Armour finiſhed before toward the end of the laſt day, whereat he had ſuffered great impatience. *Liſander* walked on the other ſide of the field, newly come from the Judges, who had parted him from the Knight with the red Armes, and had lett him alone defendant: When *Lidian* ſaw him, he went ſoftly unto him, where perceiving his Armour broken, his Horſe in a ſweat, and himſelfe in blood iſſuing from ſleight wounds, hee ſpake in this manner unto him, Knight, it is my great griefe that fortune hath occaſioned me any fighting with you this day, you but newly comming out of a great fight, which I ſee you have made, and I freſh, having done nothing: But, if it pleaſe you to joine unto my prayer, wee will humbly entreat the King to deferre it unto another time, when you may have more meanes to defend your ſelfe, and I more glory in aſſaulting you. Knight (anſwered *Liſander*) your courteſie binds me to eſteeme of your valour, for they ordinarily follow one the other, as the ſhadow doth the body; and hardly ſhall you finde a courteous man who is not valiant, or a valiant man who is not courteous. But I thanke God, I am not in ſo weake a plight that I ſhould bee conſtrained to receive your advice, neither doe I thinke it fit to entreat the King to revoke a generall law for two particular men; wherefore, if you pleaſe, we will obey the law of the Tourney, and preſently end the controverſie of the prize, which fortune hath taken from ſo many, to give together with the victory of this day, unto one of us twaine. Be it as you pleaſe (replied *Lidian*) but I wiſh you leſſe wearied than you are, that I might enter with leſſe advantage: Saying this, hee turned his horſe, and being gone a ſpace ſufficient

ficient for his Careere, hee came against *Lisander* with that fiercenesse, that their staves breaking into shivers, they met horses and bodies with such extreme force, that they went all unto the ground: *Lisanders* good horse, which had runne so many courses, and suffered so long and so violent a combat, was nevertheleſſe so vigorous, that hee presently rose againe, scarcely setting his crupper unto the ground, and *Lisander* had also rose with him, or rather had not fallen, for he lost not his saddle, but the girths (with the strength of the blow) brake and left the saddle between his legges, whereat all the people cryed *Lucifer* was fallen: *Lidian* hee was in worse plight, for his horse tumbled upon one side, and he of the other so astonished, that *Lisander* was already with his sword in his hand, before hee was come againe to himselfe; yet hee got up, and both of them kindled with despite and shame, began the fiercest combate that had beene seene during the Tourney, *Lisander* being as fresh as if hee had not struck one stroke all the day. *Lidian* could not thinke that he was any other than a Devill, or else inchanted, he seemed so unfatigable in his Armes; and all the Assistants, who had seene him endure so long with so much violence, thought as much: But *Lisander* thinking that hee had to doe with English, could not sufficiently admire the English Knights bounty, and did beleeve that what had beene said of the Knights of the Round Table, was nothing in respect of the truth, having never in his life received such violent encounters as of those three Knights, whom he did thinke to be issued from their blood. The red Knight, and the greene Knight were both of them retired upon one side, no lesse angry against *Lisander*, than wondring at his prowesse; and admiring also *Lidians*, could not imagine who those Knights should be, who with so much force and nimblenesse debated for the Prize which they had lost. In the meane time our two Combatants laid such blowes one upon the other, as if it had beene two hammers upon an Anvill: the iron made a horrible noise upon their Armour, yet neither of them was astonished at their owne danger, wherewith others were amazed. *Lisander*, seeing the day passe, and fearing, the night comming, they should depart the

field

field with equall honour, redoubled his ſtrokes upon his adverſary, and made him feele them more heavie, and more ſpeedy than before. *Lidian*, finding that his adverſary was fiercer in his ſtrokes, and that his force ſeemed to encreaſe with his labour; uſed his utmoſt power, ſtriketh, thruſteth, preſſeth him on all ſides: they were like waves againſt a rocke which could not be moved. In the meane time the Sun (it may be) frighted with the horribleneſſe of this combate, hid himſelf in the ſea, aſtoniſhing the Nymphs with relating the wonders which he ſaw in this Tourney. Then *Liſander*, deſpiting at *Lidians* long reſiſtance, gave him ſo violent a thruſt upon the Gorget, that piercing both Gorget and Curas it entred even unto the skin, and doubling a ſtroke upon the top of his Helmet, made him fall with his hands and knees unto the ground, and the Caske off from his head.

So ſoone as the two Knights in the red and green armours ſaw *Lidian* barefaced without his caske, they knew him, and thinking that *Liſander* would make uſe of that advantage, they put themſelves betweene to hinder him, at the inſtant that *Lidian* roſe againe. But *Liſander* knowing him alſo, and being as it were ſorry for the victory, in reſpect he had handled him ſo roughly, deſired rather to loſe the prize of the Tourney, than to diſcover himſelfe, thinking that in his abſence it could not be judged but unto *Lidian*, who had laſt fought for it; wherefore in putting up his ſword, he ſaid unto him, Knight, I ought to have knowne you by your valour, before I ſaw your face, and willingly quitted that unto you, which I am conſtrained unto by your victory: enjoy therefore peaceably the prize of your vertue, which I honour, and beleeve, that I have both ſorrow for oppoſing you, and a great deſire to ſerve you. This ſaid, without ſtaying for an anſwer from *Lidian*, who was almoſt raviſhed at this exceſſive courteſie, he quickly got upon his horſe, and turned himſelfe to be gone: but *Lidian* running after him, ſtayed him by his coate armour, ſaying unto him, God forbid, Sir, that you ſhould vanquiſh me both in courteſie and ſtrength, or that I ſhould triumph for a victory due unto you; for Gods ſake doe me not this ſhame, in refuſing your owne glory. While

they were in these termes, the Judges of the field came, and all the multitude desiring to know what passed between them, came round about, so that *Lisander* could not passe, wherefore alighting from his horse, I protest (saith he) against the violence you doe me, and that I doe onely stay to accompany you in your triumph, and in taking off his Caske made himselfe knowne. It is not possible to expresse *Lidians* joy and admiration: Ah brother, said he, will you thus hide your selfe from me who honour you as I doe? Will you flye from him who searcheth you over the world? With these words *Lidian* held him fast embraced, when the other two Knights, who in the beginning were approached unto them, pulling off their Helmets, made themselves knowne for *Berontus* and *Alcidon*, who embracing somtime the one, and somtime the other, the contentment and wonder of this happy meeting doubled. The Judges with much labour interrupting their embracings, had them all foure unto the King, who unwilling to frustrate *Lisander* of the prize due unto his vertue, gave him a sword by the Prince of Wales, and a rich collar by the Princesse: and willing also to acknowledge *Lidians* valour, as also *Alcidons* and *Berontus*, sent them three armors of an excellent goodnesse, with three of the best Horses in his stable. As for the foure English which had vanquished the first day, he also, according to the great bounty of his minde, richly rewarded them: But knowing that *Lisander* was in some disfavour in the Court of France, and desiring to draw unto his service a man of his eminent valour, offered him a pension of a thousand pounds sterling; yet *Lisander* refused his offer as well as hee had done the Arch-Dukes, excusing him upon the same reasons which hee had done unto his Highnesse. After being brought with triumph to the Palace with the King, they past away the evening amongst the Ladies of great Brittaine, who for beauty and noble courtesie beare away the prize from all the Ladies in the world. *Lidian* telling *Lisander* the necessity of his affaires, and how much hee was desired in France, they tooke their leave of the King and Queen that night, and generally of all the Court, leaving both a great sorrow for their departure, & an incomparable re-

reputation of their valour. The next morning riſing early, they went all from the Court, and imbarking themſelves at the neereſt port, they ſet ſaile for Callis: and although by all tokens they were threatned with a violent ſtorme, yet *Liſanders* impatience was ſo great, that whatſoever the Mariners ſaid, and what token ſoever of foule weather they marked, hee would not abide untill it was paſt. We will leave them paſſing the ſtraight betweene England and France, and returne unto *Caliſta*, who having got armour ſome ten dayes before the three weekes were expired which were given unto *Liſander*, one evening armed her ſelfe from head unto foot, and onely with one Lackey which her Hoſte had procured unto her, ſhe rid from Paris to lye at Suren, from whence the next morning ſhee ſent a letter of challenge unto *Lucidan*, of this ſubſtance.

Caliſta *her Letter to* Lucidan.

Lucidan, you have offered the King to fight with a Knight now abſent, whom you dare not looke in the face if hee were preſent, and undertaken to verifie that by Armes which you cannot doe by juſtice: Seeing then his abſence hath given you this boldneſſe, his right bindes me to maintain him, and ſhew you as much reaſon in his defence, as you have paſſion in your proſecution; for wch purpoſe I expect you in the plaines of Suren, with a good horſe, a good ſword, and good arms, ſuch as the K. hath granted you, & above all a good hart to abate your pride, and make you repent your undertaking an evill cauſe. Informe not your ſelfe of my name, for you ſhall not underſtand it untill after the combat, if you remain alive, but be contented to know that I am a Knight, *Liſanders* friend, whom you hate, and ſo conſequently your enemy.

Caliſta having diſpatched this letter, and inſtructed her Lackey of his name and lodging unto whom he was to deliver it, all armed mounted on horſeback, and accompanying him about a mile, ſtaied in the middle of a great field, which is betweene Suren and an Abby of religious women called Longchampe, whither ſhe commanded him to come to her,

framing in the meane time such discourses in her minde, which none but she onely could speake. The Lackey no lesse diligent than faithfull, and although he knew not his Master, yet made such haste, that hee tooke *Lucidan* in his bedde, where hee was rather musing upon *Calista*'s beauty, and of her losse which hee had heard of, than of such newes, which having received, he was much troubled, not onely to know who this Knight should be (so good a friend unto *Lisander*) who would expose his life for his honour, but also to resolve how to content him; for it troubled him much to refuse him; and on the other side he thought (as it was true) that a combat being granted at his instance, and appointed by the King, he should much offend his Majesty if hee should enter into a private one, which was forbidden by the lawes: wherefore after a long debate in his minde, ballancing sometimes upon one side, and then upon another, he answered in this manner.

Lucidan *his Answer.*

KNight, it is true that I have offered to combat with *Lisander*, or any other of his friends, such as you witnesse your selfe to be: But not that his absence hath given mee courage, or thinking him so dangerous that I dare not looke him in the face: it is also true that if I could verifie by justice, what I intend to prove by armes, there would bee no need of any combate; but it followeth not therefore that I prosecute it with passion, or that hee hath reason on his side: and if you have so much desire to maintaine his right, as I have to shew the injury hee did unto *Chrisantes* and *Cloridon*, you need not make choice of the solitary plaines of Suren, but rather the field for battaile appointed by the King, and at the time which he also hath set downe, and there make knowne not alone unto his Majesty, but unto the eyes of all France, the justice of our cause by the end of our combate. To effect this you neede onely to have patience but eight dayes, in which time you may moderate your choler, and learne that your threatnings do bring you more neglect and shame, than they will

will either feare or hurt me: I will not informe my ſelfe of your name, ſeeing you dare not tell it, but will content my ſelfe with the knowledge that you are a Knight, my enemy, of whoſe courage I doubt not, having aſſured my ſelfe that the King hath not in vaine granted the liberty of combate unto your friend *Lucidan*.

Lucidan having given the Lackey this anſwer, entred into a deepe imagination who this Knight ſhould bee, who not reſpecting the Kings diſpleaſure, defied him with ſo much daring; ſometimes hee thought it was *Lidian*, who would not diſcover himſelfe in reſpect of the agreement betweene them, and ſometimes hee thought it was *Liſander* himſelfe, who would prevent the time appointed, and make a private duell of a combate which ought to be publicke. But *Caliſta*, finding by his anſwer that fortune conſtrained her to keepe her life, which ſhee would ſo willingly loſe; coufirmed her ſelfe more than ever in her deſpaire, and not knowing where to ſpend the eight dayes which with ſo much ſorrow ſhe had left to ſee the light of the Sunne, determined to retire her ſelfe unto Longchampe amongſt the religious women untill the day of the combate, curſing *Lucidan* that he had not accepted this challenge, although that ſhe greatly (in her heart) commended his diſcretion, who wanted neither courage nor judgement in his young yeares. As ſhee was going towards Longchampe, having already given her helmet unto her Lackey, ſhe ſaw upon the way towards Paris a man travelling in great haſte: preſently ſhe had a conceit to go neare him, which ſhee no ſooner thought but did, and inſtantly knew him, although hee were in other faſhion than when ſhee laſt ſaw him. It was the Porter who had delivered her out of the Caſtle at Paris, whom *Liſander* had ſent into Normandy unto her (as wee have formerly ſaid) then when hee went into England: Hee came at this time from Bellaire, where not finding *Caliſta*, hee went to Paris, where hee was told he ſhould heare of her at *Olinda*'s. When he ſaw *Caliſta* in Armour he knew her not, but ſhe (not knowing that hee dwelt with *Liſander*) called him by his name, and uſing him with a great deale of courteſie, offered to acknowledge

with

with all her power the ſervice which he had done her. The Porter (aſtoniſhed both with wonder and joy, to finde her whom hee ſought for, when hee leaſt looked for it, as alſo at her being armed) made her alſo marvell more, when he gave her *Liſanders* letter; her lively colour bluſhed in her cheekes, and fledde away incontinently: her knees trembled, and her horſe bridle fell out of her hands, and likely herſelfe alſo to fall unto the ground, ſtrucken with aſtoniſhment at ſo unhoped for newes, and with the griefe which the memory of *Liſander* made her feele. In the end going into a wood hard by, ſhee gave her horſe unto her footman, commanding him to walk him, and lying along under a tree upon the freſh graſſe, ſhe opened her enemies (as ſhe thought) letter, wherein ſhe found theſe words.

Liſanders *Letter unto* Caliſta.

ONely death can ſhew you, that the ſeparation from my ſoule, is not ſo unſupportable as my being divided from you: but the intereſt you have in my life, makes mee carefull to preſerve it, becauſe I would not deprive you of the abſolute power you have over it, and leſſen the number of your creatures by my loſſe: The cauſe of my Martyrdome leſſeneth the paine; for although it be without example, and that my paſſion is neither capable of counſell nor remedy, yet it is a ſweet imagination that I ſuffer for you, and the image of your beauty (which is the onely preſent object of my mind) maketh my torment eaſie, and withall maketh mee to confeſſe, it is both juſt and reaſonable that I ſuffer the extreameſt griefe in the world for the moſt excellent beauty: let mee finiſh the reſt in ſilence, ſeeing my words will rather leſſen my conceits than expreſſe them. You who know the wounds which your eyes have made in my ſoule, by the knowledge which you have of the power of their ſtrokes, and who cannot be ignorant of the amorous flames which you have ſo lively kindled in mee, behold the pitifull feelings of my true languiſhing, and thinke that your perfection is the cauſe thereof: which could not be infinite, as it is, if

it

it could be told. Farewell faire one, and I judge of my exceeding griefe by the failing of my voice, whereby all meanes of complaining is taken from mee; neither doth it ſuffer me to live, but by the glory which I have to be your *Liſander*.

Ah diſloyall creature (ſaid ſhee in reading this letter) with what cunning doeſt thou diſguiſe the perfidiouſneſſe of thy heart? theſe words, her deep ſighes, and warme teares, which like great pearles rowled over the roſes of her cheekes, eaſily let the Porter know, that there was jealouſie in her paſsion, which made him ſay unto her, I am ſorry, Madam, that I have brought you ſuch ill newes to afflict you, and doe no leſſe wonder why *Liſander* ſhould uſe mee in this buſineſſe, ſeeing that next after God, there is nothing in the world which I doe reverence ſo much as your image. Are you belonging to *Liſander*, ſaid ſhe? Yea, Madam, anſwered he, ever ſince he delivered me out of the hands of the Marſhals men, who were carrying mee to Paris, where without his helpe I ſhould have beene made a pitifull ſpectacle. Then he told how *Liſander* had delivered him (as you have heard.) Friend (replied *Caliſta*) you ſerve a man who of all men in the world doth beſt acknowledge ſervices done unto him, and who doth more for all them who deſerve of him. I would to God, he were as good a ſervant as he will be a good Maſter, but unto me he is the vileſt Traytor that ever was: God forgive him, hee hath beene the loſſe of mine honour, out of the love which hee hath borne mee, and by his perfidiouſneſſe hee will alſo be the loſſe of my life. Madam, ſaid the Porter, doe not ſo much wrong unto *Liſanders* vertue, in depriving your ſelfe of the greateſt glory that a Lady of your quality can have in this life, which is to bee ſerved and adored by the moſt accompliſht Knight in the world. Then *Caliſta* ſaid unto him, come hither, and (if thou alſo haſt not loſt that affection which heretofore thou haſt witneſſed unto me, and if from being faithfull as thou wert, by being converſant with thy Maſter, thou art not become ſo perfidious as he) let mee conjure thee by the light of the Sunne, and by the firſt cauſer thereof, to tell me the truth: Is is not the greateſt treaſon that can bee in *Liſander*, not alone to abuſe mee with ſo

many

many false protestations, as he hath done, but now to write me letters of love, whilest he in his owne countrey serveth and loveth a new Amazon called *Hippolita*? It is true (answered the Porter) he hath seene this *Hippolita*, and is pressed to serve her by all the remonstrances and commandements which his parents may lay upon him: But I wish the ground may open under my feet, and swallow me up before you, if hee hath not left the countrey, fearing hee should bee constrained to sue unto her, and is now gone into England to a Tourhament which is held there, with an intent to come from thence hither: From whence hee will never retuthe into Gascoigne untill *Hippalita* bee married, although next unto your beauty (which surpasseth all those of your sexe) there is none who equals her.

Although *Calista* were well satisfied with these newes, yet could she not put off the desire which shee had to dye, thinking that though *Lisander* were innocent of the crime of infidelity, hee was guilty of suspition, which had inforced her to this discontented and unseemely course, after which there was no joy left her to live, or bee seene in the world; and willingly would she have confined her selfe within the cloisters of Longchampe with the religious women of that Abbey, but that she thought she should not be received, neither would shee at any hand present her selfe in the habite which now shee wore; together also that not being able to suffer the condition of a free life being a Mistresse, how was it possible for her to endure the strictnesse of a religious obedience? All these things considered in her minde, she confirmed her selfe in her first resolution of fighting with *Lucidan*, and in dying by his hands in the sight of all the world, revenge her self of *Lisander*, and end her ill fortune, which had prosecuted her with that outrage: wherefore shee said unto the Porter, shee would have him stay a while with her, that hee might witnesse unto *Lisander* her actions, and that after shee would give him an answer. So retiring unto Longchampe, she accommodated her selfe as well as she could in the house of a poore Peasant adjoyning unto the Abbey, where having left her horse and her armour, after dinner she

went

went to ſee the religious women, with whom ſhe not onely ſpent this day, but eight more, which were remaining of the three weekes granted unto *Liſander*.

In the meane time *Dorilas* ſeeing the day for the combate granted unto *Lidian* approach, and hearing no newes of *Liſander*, and leſſe of *Lidian*, whom hee had ſent unto the other, determined in their abſence to preſent himſelfe, not ſo much for love unto *Liſander*, againſt whom he was extremely angry by reaſon of *Caliſta*'s loſſe, as becauſe he had already ingaged himſelf by his overture made before the King; wherfore going from Clarvall unto Paris, without acquainting any body with his deſigne, hee cauſed blacke armes to bee made, taking for his device a great greene oake, ſhaken with two contrary windes; his Motto was, *Tanto pui fermo quanto pui ſcoſſo*, whereby he would ſhew, that the adverſities wherwith he was aſſailed of late, had rather confirmed than ſhaken the conſtancy of his heart. On the other part, *Adraſtus* underſtanding by *Lidian* how *Liſanders* affaires ſtood, and willing to ſhew the youthfulneſſe of his courage in his old yeeres, tooke his way in poſte unto the Court immediately after *Lidians* departure, where not finding *Liſander*, as he verily thought he ſhould, determined to enter into the combat for him againſt *Lucidan*: and for this cauſe he made himſelfe gray armour, almoſt of an Iron colour, in which for his device he had an Eagle encompaſſed with a cloud full of lightning and thunder, with this word in Spaniſh, *Ni Matarme, ni Spantarme*; By which hee would give to underſtand, that all his and his ſonnes enemies did neither feare him nor overcome him. So the appointed time for the combate being come, by three ſeverall wayes there entred into the Horſe-market, which was the royall place by the King ordained for battailes to be fought, *Adraſtus*, *Dorilas*, and *Caliſta*, all completely armed, & mounted upon good horſes, not one knowing of the others enterpriſe. Of the other ſide of the field entred *Lucidan* with the ſound of Trumpets, mounted upon a brave horſe, with an engraven Armour, having a *Cupid* for his device, who held armes in his right hand, and wings in his left, with this word, *Ardito & preſto*, thereby willing to

ſignifie that he was no leſſe valiant than ready, as well in his love as in armes. Shortly after came the King, with many Princes of the blood, Peeres of France, and officers of the Crowne, whom he had made Judges of the combate, according unto the ancient lawes and cuſtomes of the kingdome.

When he was in his ſeate, the three unknowne Knights having humbled themſelves unto his Majeſty, without diſcovering their faces, remonſtrated unto him that they were there, every one in particular to maintaine *Liſanders* honour, not onely againſt *Lucidan*, but againſt all others who ſhould accuſe him of diſloyaltie: Nevertheleſſe meeting all three with one intent, without knowing either of others deſigne, they humbly entreated that they three might bee ſuffered to fight againſt three others all together, and that in this reſpect *Lucidan* might bee permitted to chuſe three of his friends to ſecond him in this quarrell: but he unwilling to have either ſecond or third, and offering rather to fight with all three one after another, ſo long as his life ſhould laſt; the King appointed them to draw lots, which of them ſhould fight firſt; after whoſe combate, were hee either overcome or conquerour, the other two ſhould not be received to make any further quarrell concerning *Liſanders* innocency; thinking the one unneceſſary, and the other unreaſonable, becauſe if *Lucidan* were vanquiſhed, *Liſander* remained acquitted, and if he did overcome, the other ſhould remaine culpable: beſides, it were not juſt, that he ſhould expoſe himſelfe unto a ſecond combate being wearie, and it may be wounded, againſt another freſh and without hurt. This equall ſentence was nevertheleſſe grievous unto the ſtrange Knights, who were every one (apart by himſelfe) afraid to be dsifavoured by the lot, which (although they were three) yet could favour but one: but the ſorrowfulleſt of all was *Caliſta*, who diſtruſting her fortune, did beleeve ſhe ſhould never receive ſo much favour as to dye in this combate, but that ſhee ſhould be ſtill reſerved unto more misfortunes. She had with her the Porter of whom we have ſpoken, unto whom a little before ſhe had given the anſwere which ſhee ſent unto *Liſander*, commanding him onely to waite the event of this day, that hee

might

might report it unto *Lisander*; but if shee had knowne that the two Knights which contended with her about fighting with *Lucidan*, had beene the one *Adrastus* and the other *Dorilas*; the one *Lisanders* father, and the other hers; and also if *Dorilas* had knowne that she had beene his daughter *Calista*, without doubt their trouble (although extreame) would have beene much greater. When the lots should be drawne to see which of the three strangers should fight with *Lucidan*, their names were demanded, which they being unwilling to declare, *Adrastus* first answered, that he was called the Knight of the Eagle, *Dorilas* called himselfe the Knight of the Oake, and *Calista* (as wee said before) having a wheele invironed with buckets for her device, named her selfe the Knight of the Buckets. Three Billets were made with their three names, which were all put into a caske: and as a child (who was appointed to draw) was putting in his hand, there came in a fourth knight who stayed the drawing. Who this knight was, we will speake of in another place: But now we must returne unto *Lisander*, the principall subject of this story. We left him floating betweene Dover and Callis, with his three companions in Armes: The Sea was then troubled with winde, whereby the waves in bignesse being doubled, in that little space they ran a dangerous fortune. At the beginning they thought it was but a blast, which as short as violent would turne into faire weather: but the skie armed with lightning, and darkened with clouds, which brake amongst them into violent raine and fearefull thunder, and the blasts of this winde (which in the darkenesse of this storme lifted them upon the waters, sometimes unto the starres, and sometimes opening the waves in the middle, did with horrour throw them into the bottome) made them repent their rashnes in despising the storme, hoping of saving themselves. The pale Pilote having for a time resisted this fortune, causing all the sailes to bee strucken, and stirring the helme as he saw occasion, was constrained to abandon that also, seeing by reason of the noise which continually came from the thunder, the windes, the waters, the cryes and the confusion which was through all the ship, hee was not able to com-

mand, nor the Mariners able to obey. *Lisander* seeing both steerage and tackle forsaken, and the sailes in disorder, expecting every minute to bee swallowed by the waves, which already filled the ship, endevoured to raise their courages; which hee so well effected, that every one began to stand to his worke; some to the helme, some to the tackles, some to pumpe out the water which came into the ship: But seeing that the Patron (judging the ship lost) had lept into the skiffe with an intent to save himselfe therein, hee leaps after him with his sword in his hand, and setting it at his throat, threatneth him with a speedy death, if hee did not returne into the ship, and take upon him the guiding of the same. The Patron seeing death present it selfe unto him on both sides, desiring rather to receive it by the waves than by iron, promised to obey him; but as hee was going to returne into the shippe, a huge roaring wave strucke against the skiffe with such violence, that breaking the cords wherewith it was held, it was presently driven away, that they in the ship could never more set eye upon it. He who was able to expresse *Lisanders* griefe, was no bad Orator: he was ready then to effect what he had threatned against the Pilot, and if he had not used his skill, I know not what hee would have done; but his friends sorrow was no lesse, beleeving certainly that he was cast away, so suddenly they had lost the sight of the skiffe amongst the waves.

After this unhappy accident, *Neptune* (as satisfied with this revenge, & contented to have punished those audacious persons, who had rashly contemned his power, by *Lisanders* losse) shewed himselfe lesse terrible, by little and little appeasing the fearefull motions of his Empire. The skie waxed cleere, the sea calme, and the windes having strove all day against the waves, now retired into their dennes, leaving in some rest the miserable ship, who all broken with the tempest, in the end came to Callis, having beene a whole summers day, making a three houres voyage with a good wind. Then did *Lidian*, *Alcidon*, and *Berontus* (who now had altered his opinion conceived against him for his brothers death) renew their complaints for *Lisanders* losse, especially

when

when they saw his Armes, his Horse, his rich Sword, and the collar which hee had gained at the tilting, resolving to keepe them safe untill they could heare more certain newes of him; and staying only one night at Callis, the next morning very early they tooke their way towards Paris, hoping to be there at the day of *Lucidans* combate, with whom every one of them had a particular designe to fight in *Lisanders* quarrell: who then being in the skiffe alone with the Pilot ran a fortune all that day, and the next night tossed upon the waves at the pleasure of the windes, through the darknesse of the night, in the greatest misery that ever he had seene. The day following, the light appearing, the aire being cleere and the sea quiet, they were carried upon an Iland which the Pilot knew to be Gersey, where landing with great danger, in a place amongst cragged and desert rocks rarely frequented by any man, they found a young Hermite, who (not seeing them) complained so loud, that they easily heard all his lamentations, which you shall understand in order after we have related the memorable combate which about that time was fought in the most famous City, and before the greatest King in the world.

We left three Knights pretending all to fight with *Lucidan*, with great impatience expecting him whom fortune should chuse for that purpose, when a fourth entring into the field, stayed the childes hand, as he would have drawne the lot out of the Caske: This Knight was mounted upon a Spanish Jennet as white as milke, his Armes also were white, having for his device a naked *Cupid*, which passed through Pikes, Launces, Swords and Darts, with this word, *Spreso ogin rischio*, by which hee made knowne that there was no danger which hee did not despise to follow his end. After hee had humbled himselfe before the King, without discovering himselfe more than any of the others, he made it known unto him, that having more interest in this combate than any of those who had presented themselves, he required, if not to be preferred, at the least to be put to the casting of lots with the rest; which being granted him, and having called his name *Lisanders* Knight, it was put into the Caske with the

other

other, where having beene shaken together, every one expected with great unquietnesse unto whom fortune would dispose the battell. It was wondred at by all when the childe drew forth the Knight named *Lisanders* Knight, to the extreme griefe and sorrow of the other three, whom the Judges causing to depart the field, and having equally (for advantage of some) placed the combatants, the Trumpets gave the token of the battell, and the Knights spurring their horses and couching their staves, met with such fury, that their launces breaking, flew into pieces, and their horses astonished with the blow, set their cruppers unto the ground, from whence with bridle and spurre being raised, they bravely perfected their careere without advantage, and setting their hands unto their swords, began a combate no lesse strange for the novelty, than admirable for the combatants valour. *Lucidan*, who was esteemed (and justly) one of the best Knights in France (and consequently of the world) striking his adversary sometimes with the edge, and sometimes with the point, made him bend sometime to his horse necke, and sometime backe upon the crupper. The other who gave not place unto him, presing upon him with strokes like a fury, made him also swerve sometimes upon one side, then upon the other, with the gesture and motions of a man falling unto the ground: yet he held firme, and when he was thought to fall, he recovered himselfe with more vigour and strength, reducing his adversary to many great extremities. Thus the combate, without advantage, was continued the space of two houres before they stayed to breathe: while they thus rested themselves, they looked one upon another through their visers in great fury, themselves being beheld by all the assistants in great admiration, who expected the end, uncertaine and doubtfull unto which of them the victory would happen. But above all, the faire *Calista*, *Darilus* her father, and *Adraste*, were in great paine, not knowing who hee was that so valiantly maintained the justice of *Lisanders* cause. It was about foure of the clock in the afternoone, when three unknowne Knights entring into the field, and passing through all the multitude, went to doe their reverence to the King, of

whom

whom one of them craving leave to ſpeake, ſaid in this manner (a generall ſilence being amongſt the multitude, and a generall attention unto his words, out of curioſity of the novelty) Sir, theſe two Knights who are here fighting, have entred into this combate rather out of paſſion, the one deſiring to revenge his kinſmans death, the other to ſerve his friend, than out of any certaine reaſon which they have; both of them grounding their actions upon the good opinion which they have of thoſe for whom they are armed. There is none in France but my ſelfe and one Knight more (who I thinke is not here now) that can cleere your Majeſty in this action, and maintaine unto *Lucidan* with certainty, that *Liſander* killed *Chriſantes* and *Cloridon* like a valiant Gentleman: for I knew it from *Chriſantes* himſelfe, who told it unto me at his death, being gone out with *Leon* (who is the abſent Knight of whom I ſpake) to part them, and having found him even upon the point of death, with the loſſe of his arme, he had onely the power to tell me ſuccinctly the combate, and afterwards gave up the ghoſt, commending his enemies vertue, and blaming *Cloridons* paſſion and their evill cauſe, for which both of them loſt their lives: and of this, Sir, *Leon* whereſoever he is to be found, will be my witneſſe, and many other perſons unto whom the very ſame day I made the relation, although I was not then, nor have been ſince any great friend unto *Liſander*, in regard of ſome accidents which have miſchievouſly fallen out: But my conſcience, Sir, obligeth mee to utter this truth, and my honour bindeth me to maintaine it, not onely thereby to preſerve the reputation of an honeſt man, but alſo to ſave the lives of theſe two Knights, who labour no leſſe raſhly than honourably to kill one the other. But if your Majeſty will yeeld the combate to any man for *Liſander*, it is to be granted unto me, Sir, who ſpeake out of knowledge, and who eſteeme *Lucidan* ſo brave and ſo noble a Knight, that hee will not abſolutely ſay the contrary.

By this diſcourſe you may eaſily know that this Knight was *Berontus*, and the other two *Alcidon* and *Lidian*, whom wee lately left upon their way from Callis towards Paris,

with

with an intent to fight with *Lucidan*, but seeing themselves prevented, they used this meanes to separate them. Upon this proposition of *Berontus*, the King caused the Judges of the field to aske *Lisanders* Knight, upon what ground he had enterprised this fight. Hee answered to maintaine *Lisanders* honour. It was againe demanded of him what proofe hee had of his innocency. Unto which hee answered, none but the glory of his former actions. The same Judges asked *Lucidan*, what assurance hee had of the murder which hee pretended *Lisander* had committed. Hee answered, none, but that hee would hazzard his life to revenge *Chrisantes* his death. These words agreeing with *Berontus* his speech, the King deciared *Lisander* (to the contentment of the whole company) innocent of the pretended murders, and also absolved from *Floridons* and *Chrisantes* death, and imposed a silence concerning that unto *Lucidan* for ever, cõmanding him to embrace, not onely the Knight who combated, but also the other three who had offered to fight with him. *Lucidan* witnessing as much obedience to the Kings command, as he had shewed violence to revenge his Kinsmans death, put up his sword, and putting off his Caske, with open armes went to embrace him, whom lately hee endevoured to kill; who unwilling also to give place in courtesie, put up his sword, and pulling off his helmet, goodly tresses of haire fell about his shoulders almost to the heeles, which with new admiration to the world, made them all see that this masculine courage, and more than manly strength, proceeded from a woman. At the first these goodly tresses astonished *Lucidan*, as well as the others, who was ashamed and despited with himselfe, that hee had so vainely employed his Armes against a maid, who had so lively made him feele her cutting sword: but when hee beheld her Angell like face, and considered so many beauties among so many vertues, he was more wounded with her lookes than with the blowes of her sword: and in the instant the remembrance of *Calista*, whom hee despaired ever to obtaine, was lost by the impression which this faire warrier had made in his heart. *Adrastus* presently knowing her and *Lidian* also, they both of them ranne together

ther to ſalute her with ſo much joy, that I am not able to expreſſe it. Afterwards knowing one the other, they both took her, one by one hand, and the other by the other, and went with her to doe their reverence unto the King, who embracing *Adraſtus* and *Lidian*, although hee had been angry with him, knowing that it was the faire *Hippolita*, who, with ſo gentle a courage, had undertaken to fight ſo dangerous a combat in *Liſanders* behalfe, gave her the beſt entertainment, and did her all the honour hee could deviſe, with commendations as glorious as the party that ſpake them was great: *Hippolita* humbly demanded his hands to kiſſe, but the King with a grace truly royall, ſaid, Rather (excellent maid) ſhould I kiſſe your hands, which either by love or force will make all the world doe homage unto them: And ſo preſenting her unto the Queene, he ſaid, See here another Amazon, whoſe beauty ſhameth the faireſt, and her valour the braveſt of this age. Heretofore you have heard how Knights have fought to defend the honour of Ladies, but now you ſee Ladies fight for Knights: Whileſt hee yet ſpake, *Dorilas* and *Alcidon* having pulled off their Helmes, did their reverence unto his Majeſty, who rejoycing amongſt ſo many good Knights, wondred to ſee *Adraſtus* and *Dorilas* undertake this combat. But *Caliſta* ſeeing her father, her brother, and her other friends diſcovered without their Helmes, and learning by the common report which ſpread it ſelfe through the aſſembly, that the Knight which had fought againſt *Lucidan*, was *Hippolita* her Rivall, out of jealouſie of whom ſhe was brought unto this deſpaire, and that for *Liſanders* ſake ſhee had undertaken this combate, conſidering her love unto him, and that which hee was tyed to render againe to her beauty, grace, nimbleneſſe, courage and ſtrength, wherein ſhe gave place unto none; and ſeeing alſo the infinite kindneſſe wherwith *Adraſtus* uſed her, and the countenance wherewith ſo willingly ſhe received them, ſhe upon all theſe appearances concluded that the firſt report of *Liſanders* infidelity was true, and the treacherous excuſes of the Porter falſe, wherefore now ſhe thought her ſelf more miſerable and wretched than ever. In this common and publicke joy ſhee ſtole out of

the preasse, and as well as shee could, retired her selfe unto Longchampe, where with griefe upon griefe, and complaint upon complaint, we will leave her in this discomfort, not being able to comfort her.

In the meane time the King turning to *Dorilas* and *Adrastus*, said, Me thought there was a third, who came with you to fight with *Lucidan*, what is become of him? Sir, answered *Adrastus*, I know not, for so many others came after him, and so many wonders are done this day (especially since the comming of this faire Warriour, pointing at *Hippolita*) that my eyes were onely busied in beholding them. You make love, replied the King) but I think it is for another (intending *Lisander*) yet I should bee glad to know this Knight, who is thus gone away without speaking to us: Let some goe after him (said hee to some of his guard which were about him) and so entring into his Coach with the Queene, followed with a great Court, hee returned triumphantly unto the Louure.

To tell you the thanks which *Lucidan* gave unto *Berontus* for parting him from the battaile which he had with *Hippolita*, the service which he offered unto the same *Hippolita*, the contentment which shee received in the glory which this day shee had gained, besides the pleasure she conceived in obliging *Lisander*: *Adrastus* his joy to see him absolved, and in the Kings favour, hoping that this glorious action of *Hippolita* would oblige him to serve her: That also of *Alcidon* and *Lidian*, to see their friend in his former lustre, and *Berontus* that he was an instrument in it: The comfort which *Dorilas* tooke in seeing *Lidian*, and in *Lisanders* innocency, after which, hee also hoped to see his daughters; it would bee a discourse too long for one breath upon the end of a Booke, which wee will conclude by Gods helpe in the tenth part of this Story.

The End of the ninth Booke.

A TRAGI-COMICALL HISTORY OF these Times.

The Tenth Booke.

WE have represented passions in the end of the last Booke, after the manner of Architectures, who (as it is said) make their buildings with the greatest beauty and glory towards the streete, hiding their errours of contriving within the house: for if wee looke neere and judge not by outward appearance, but by truth, we may find that among their sweetnesse and joy there was a great deale of bitternesse and sorrow: All the contentment which *Lisanders* friends had to see him absolved, and in the Kings favour, no waies equalling the sorrow which they had for his losse, or that which those who knew not thereof (as *Adrastus* and *Hippolita*) had for his absence: And *Dorilas* his joy which he had to see his sonne, and *Lidian* his Father, did no way ballance the griefe, which one suffered for his sister, and the other for his daughter. *Alcidon* and *Berontus*, who in reason had least cause to complaine or desire, were not contented, because they could not see *Argire* and *Ambrisia* shine at the Court: yet the webbe of these evils were mingled with some prosperities, which made them some way sufferable, only *Calista* was uncapable of comfort, her whole reason and wisedome serving but to augment her

griefe. We left her within Longchampe, ſad, wandring and deſperate, all in teares and fury, not knowing what to doe but to dye, whereunto ſhee ſought all occaſions, but found none; unexorable death, which with ſomany ſenſible and violent ſorrowes taketh away life from others, would not doe her that favour.

In the meane time the Porter, who (amongſt *Alcidons* and *Lidians* followers) had ſeene *Liſanders* Flemming and footman, and from them having learned the ſad newes of his Maſter, oppreſſed with his loſſe, and with the deſpaire wherin hee had left *Caliſta*; reſolved to goe ſeeke for one, and diſcover the other: wherefore having ſpent this night with his fellowes, he roſe early the next morning, and going unto *Alcidon* (who inſtantly knew him) told him, that the Knight who offered to fight with *Lucidan*, together with *Dorilas* and *Adraſtus*, having ſuch a device and ſuch armes, and who afterwards ſtole away without making her ſelfe knowne, was the faire *Caliſta*, ſo late tranſported not onely out of love unto *Liſander*, but of jealouſie unto *Hippolita*, whoſe ſight had carried her backe unto Longchampe with the ſame deſpaire wherein he had firſt found her; That although he had promiſed not to diſcover her unto any body, yet he beleeved he ſhould erre leſſe in breaking his word, than in leaving her in this diſcomfort.

Alcidon wondring (yet glad at this newes) left the Porter at Paris (who departed immediatly from thence towards Normandy, to ſee if upon the Coaſt he could have any newes of his Maſter) and not ſpeaking a word either unto *Dorilas*, or *Lidian* of what he had heard of *Caliſta*, went unto Longchampe, where ſhe was ſtill a bed, with her chamber doore ſo faſt ſhut upon her, that it was impoſſible to open it without breaking. He firſt found her Lackey with her horſe, who brought him directly unto her chamber, where knocking at her doore, *Caliſta*, who thought it had beene her boy, or the Porter, who having loſt her when ſhe ſtole out of the throng at Paris, was come to ſeeke her, asked who was there: *Alcidon* anſwered, a Friend. What ſeeke you, ſaid ſhe (knowing by the voice that it was neither of them whom ſhe

thought

thought it to be:) I seeke you (answered *Alcidon.*) Stay without (replied shee) and I will speake with you presently. In the meane time shee arose, and not content to cloath her, she also armed her selfe, beleeving by these meanes to passe unknowne amongst all men. When shee was come out of her chamber, and that she saw it was *Alcidon*, who was not armed, shee was like to fall downe dead: yet not knowing what he would say, nor thinking that he knew her, she dissembled her astonishment as well as shee could, and disguising her voice and behaviour, shee asked him what hee would. *Alcidon* making as if hee did not know her, asked if she were the Knight of the Buckets, who yesterday had presented himselfe with *Dorilas* and *Adraſtus* to combate *Lucidan.* Whereunto shee answered, yes. It is then, replied *Alcidon*, with you that I would speake, but I would desire it might bee private. As much as you please, replied *Caliſta*, who presently commanded her boy to make ready her horse. When *Alcidon* saw himselfe alone with her, hee spake in this manner; You doe well to command your horse to bee made ready, for hee must now serve you to escape away, or else to goe unto the King, who commands a straight search to be made for you, forasmuch as that after your going from Paris, remembring that you are the onely man who did not discover your selfe, he commanded that you should bee followed, to know who you were; but hee was told by some that you were *Liſander*, and that you would not discover your selfe in regard of *Caliſta's* processe, whereupon his Majesty more expressely commanded to finde you, out of a desire he had to marry you to *Hippolita*, at *Adraſtus* his request, unto whom hee hath promised to pardon *Cleanders* murther in favour of that marriage. Now if you be *Liſander*, I beleeve, according unto that great affection which we have born unto one another, you will not hide your selfe from me: I will counsell you freely as a friend, no longer to dwell upon that wretched and unfortunate love of *Caliſta*, who is lost both for you and her selfe, but looking more seriously into your affaires, not to lose, with the Kings favour, and your parents, so advantageable a match as *Hippolita* is.

Hardly

Hardly had he uttered the last word, when *Calista* looking upon him in disdaine, and setting her hand upon her sword, interrupted him with this answer: Ah thou impudent Traitor, who hath given thee boldnesse to use this speech unto me? doest thou use thus to counsell thy friends, to betray that which they ought to hold most deare in the world, for a simple appearance of a petty commodity? But why hast thou not thy armes about thee, to maintaine that which thou counsellest? now will I shew thee unto whom thou addressest thy selfe, and before thee kill my selfe, to the end that the griefe and horror of thy having been the cause thereof, may torment thee all thy life. Saying this, shee pulled off her Cask, & transported with fury, she drew out her sword: but *Alcidon* catching her in his armes, said thus unto her: Madam, pardon me (if it please you) this invention whereunto I have beene constrained to flye, thereby to make you discover your name, seeing you resolved to hide your selfe from mee. It is true that the King hath sent after you, and if you turne not your selfe out of the way, you will see him but too soone: not that he doth thinke you are *Lisander*, nor that any body hath told him so, and lesse, that hee hath any intent to marry him unto *Hippolita*; but I my selfe have contrived it, knowing by the Porter whom you had yesterday with you, the pitifull misery into which (by the false report made unto you of *Lisander*) you were brought. Wretch as thou art (answered *Calista*) hold thy peace, art thou not ashamed to thinke I should bee such a Sot, as to beleeve any word that should proceed out of thy mouth, and to perswade my selfe the contrary of what thou even now toldest me, and what I have seene? Madam, said *Alcidon*, what you have seene doth not prove that true which you beleeve; what I have said of the King, in part I have devised it, and of that which I have said of the Porter, you your selfe may judge of the truth, if it bee but by the direction which hee hath given me of this place, whither you were retired, which I should have beene no more able to finde, than a great many others who are now a seeking you: whereby you may easily gather, I knew you when I spake unto you, as well before

fore your helmet was off, as since: but as for that which hath beene told you concerning *Lisander*, it is absolutely false, that ever he had such a thought, as *Lidian* & *Berontus* can equally witnesse with mee, for all foure of us came out of England together, and hee had beene here with us now, if the sea, the winde, and a strange accident had not joyned together to our parting. *Berontus* loves him no more than he loves you, neither doe I: and if both our testimonies were suspected, yet your brothers ought not to bee so, whom I was unwilling to bring with me, or to say any thing unto him, or unto *Dorilas*, of what the Porter had told mee, beleeving that as you have done me the honour alwaies confidently to assure your selfe upon my friendship, you would rather communicate your passion to me, than unto any of them: See now if there be any appearance in this discourse, and if you thinke not, turne against me the point of your sword, which I had rather feele through my heart, than once thinke to offend you. *Alcidon* unto the strength of these reasons, added the discourse of what had happened in England, how *Lisander* after a long combate against *Berontus*, *Lidian* and himselfe, had gained the prize of the combate, which was a sword of an inestimable value, and a collar of admirable beauty and riches, which was destined unto her: Finally, how being imbarked to come into France, and how entring into the skiffe to force the Pilot backe unto the charge of the ship, a wave had unfortunately separated them (as you have heard.) And that these things are true (said hee) besides the witnesses which I have named unto you, the sword and the collar are now at Paris, in *Lidians* hands, with *Lisanders* horse, armes, and footman, from whom you may draw more particular proofe of this discourse, although none more true, nor none more certaine.

Calista, vanquished with these reasons, knew not what to say, nor what to doe, onely with folded armes she begged pardon, and intreated him to counsell her, converting her first fury into pitifull bewailings of hers and *Lisanders* hard fortune. The best counsell I can (for the present) give you, said *Alcidon*, is to leave these armes, which will (in stead of

hiding

hiding you) easily make you knowne, and untill some remedy may be found, retire your selfe into this Abbey; the Lady whereof is my Kinswoman, and when shee shall know your condition, shee will not bee wanting to yeeld you the honour and entertainment which you deserve: you shall live there (at the least) free from being found, for no men come there, and although they should, it will bee lesse scandalous to be found in a Covent amongst religious women, than armed in a field. In the meane time I will treate with *Lidian*, how to bring about that *Dorilas* and *Otranta* may see you, who will be as glad to know that you are here in this Abbey, as they are sorry and desolate because they cannot tell where you are. This counsell being approved by *Calista*, she left armes, horse and man in her lodging, and in her cloak and her sword she went unto the Abbesse with *Alcidon*, unto whom they needed not say any more, but that she was *Calista*. The Abbesse wondring, yet glad that she had power to oblige such a Lady, received her with admirable contentment, and with as much demonstration of love as was possible. *Alcidon* returnes directly to Paris, and finding *Lidian* ready to goe in quest of his sister, told him, that hee would beare him company, if he would goe first and see the Ladies which were at Clarvall; whereunto hee willingly agreeing out of a desire to see his deare *Olinda*, *Alcidon* by the way told him, how he had found *Calista*, and where hee had left her, with all which you have heard, to *Lidians* great astonishment, who nevertheless was as glad to heare the end of her salley, as he was sorrowfull to heare of the beginning. After many discourses which they had together about this subject, they resolved to communicate it unto the Ladies (whom they went to see) before they would acquaint *Dorilas*, who lodged together with *Adrastus* at Paris, and often visiting and courting one another, they swore a most perfect friendship, being both equally troubled, one with the losse of his sonne, the other of his daughter.

On the other side *Hippolita* having left her armes, and dressed her selfe in the most advantageable habits of her sexe, she gave with such lightning into the Courtiers eyes, that for

one

one which with her sword and a great deale of labour shee had vanquished, she had with her looks without intending it, and without contentment, captivated a hundred: For although she brought great contentment unto all who beheld her, yet she received none, not seeing him for whom she undertooke this voyage. One day after *Alcidon* and *Lidians* departure, she going unto the Louure with *Adrastus*, *Dorilas* & *Lucidan*, who could bee no more without her, than a Pilot saile without directions to the pole, there entred into the Presence-chamber one of the Guard, bringing with him the armes which were presently known to be the Knights, who with *Adrastus* and *Dorilas* offered to combate *Lucidan*; who presenting them to the King, said thus: Sir, your Majesty having commanded me to seek the Knight who wore these armes, I followed him to Saint Anthonies gate, by which I was told that he went; and having understood that he turned downe by the ditch, untill he came unto Saint Honnorius his gate, taking his way from thence unto Chaliot, I followed him, alwaies inquiring of those whom I met, untill I came unto the Wood of Bollogne, where finding none who could tell mee which way he was gone, I ran unto all the Villages round about where I imagined he might be, as Newly, Surene and S. Cloud, without hearing any newes of him, untill this day as I was upon my returne, having now no hope to meet any body who could satisfie me, I met his Lackey neere Longchampe, who came to water his horse. Knowing him, Sir, I asked for his Master, whom (as he told me) he had not seen since the next day after *Lucidans* combat, when a Gentleman came to aske for him early in a morning at a little house neere Longchampe where hee lay; and for proofe of what he said, because I did not beleeve him, hee led me into the house, where I found nothing but these Armes: I was in the Abbey which is hard by, to enquire of the religious women, who were not able to tell me any thing, wherefore I returned backe to his lodging, and tooke his Lackey, his Horse, and his Armes to present them to your Majesty. The King called the Lackey unto him, and asked him of his Masters name; but hee could learne no more but what the

Guard had already told him. Desiring then to see the Horse, he commanded that he should be brought into the Court of the house; where *Doristas* beholding him with a quicker spirit, and more earnestnesse than when hee saw him under *Calista*, and seeing him without any caparison or other covering but his saddle, presently knew him to be his owne, and consequently that hee whose name they were in such care to know, was his daughter *Calista*. It is not possible to expresse his astonishment, but by the same silence wherewith he then covered it, retyring himselfe without speaking of a word, for feare lest his griefe should discover his thought. So soone as he was gone vnto his lodging, he went from thence vnto Charevall, where finding, (contrary to his expectation) *Lidian* and *Alcidon* amongst the Ladies, unto whom hee had a resolution to tell what he had heard of *Calista*, he found that they had better intelligence; wherefore in some proportion hee comforted himselfe to understand that shee had retired her selfe into this Nunnery: *Ambrisia* being amongst these Ladies, and knowing that *Adrastus* was at Paris, entreated the company to be pleased that she might goe see him, whereunto they all condescended, and resolved to goe with her.

In the meane time, the King curious to know who the Knight of the Buckets was, commanded that the Armes should be exposed in a publike place, untill some one were found, who could tell newes of him who had worne them the day of the combate betweene *Lucidan* and *Hippolita*; who was then in the Lottre with *Adrastus*, and beleeving that they did belong unto *Lisander*, who having lost them by some accident, would endeavour to recover them by some meanes or other: intreated his Majesty that they might bee rayled as a Trophee, in the field which was appointed for the battaile, offering her selfe to keepe and defend them the space of eight dayes against any man, who without discovering of himselfe, should offer to take them downe: And by the same meanes, Sir, added *Hippolita*, forasmuch as I know that *Lisander* and *Calista* are no lesse innocent of *Cleanders* murther (whereof they were most grieved, and are most falsly accused) than *Lisander* appeared innocent the other day

of murdering *Chrisantes* and *Cloridon*, I most humbly entreat your Majesty to suffer mee to defend their innocency, and to ordaine, that those who shall accuse him, may appeare within the time abovesaid, and prosecute their cause like Knights, and not with wrangling. *Adrastus* being by at this intreaty, joyned also his, casting himselfe at the Kings feete, humbly besought him to have compassion on his age, and of the sorrow which hee might have for a sonne, such as *Lisander* was, conjuring him with teares that hee might second *Hippolita* in this enterprise. *Perascus* was not then at the Court, who would have beene much offended at *Hippolita*'s words: but *Berontus* who in shew should bee obliged to undertake the answer in *Perascus* his absence, as well for the neerenesse between them, as for the interest he had, being next kinsman to the dead, stood nevertheleese silent, retained not only out of love to *Ambrisia* and respect which (for her sake) he bare unto all those who maintained her brothers right, especially unto *Hippolita* and *Adrastus*; but also out of knowledge, which the same *Lisander* had given him of the justice of his cause: Yet the King asking him if hee had any thing to answer against *Hippolita*'s request, hee said, That heretofore vanquished with the appearances which were in his brothers murder, he had maintained that no man but *Lisander* could doe it: but since having certainely knowne that at that time he was in Flanders, and that the day of his combate with *Cloridon* and *Chrisantes* he had left his sword (broken in the handle) in the field, hee would rather combate to defend him than to accuse him: beleeving also that his sister in law had too much honour, and too noble a heart ever to conceive a thought of so infamous an act. All the Court wondred at these words, and the King himselfe was astonished, and seeing him who had the principall interest in the justice of *Cleanders* death (contrary to the opinion of all the world) to insist upon the innocency of the accused, answered *Hippolita*, That he did permit her to keepe the armes of the unknowne Knight, in the place and upon the conditions required: but that hee did not grant her the combate which shee demanded against *Lisander* and *Calista*'s accusers,

there being no need since they did confesse them innocent, nevertheless at her request, he would take the hearing of the cause from the Judges unto his owne knowledge, and that they might both freely come unto Paris to justifie themselves, hee dispensing with their returning into the estate wherein they were, and giving them the Court for their prison.

Hippolita and *Adrastus* having humbly thanked the King, went both of them to embrace *Berontus*, and from thence *Hippolita* having brought *Calista*'s armes into the field, set up a Tent, neere unto which she raised a Trophee, expecting when some body should present himselfe to question them. But *Adrastus* returning unto his lodging, thinking to find *Dorilas* there, to carry him the first newes of his happy successe in *Calista*'s and *Lisanders* businesse, understood by his Hoste that he was gone unto Clarvall, which made him presently dispatch *Lisanders* two footmen, which *Lidian* had left with him, one into Normandy, the other into Britaine, to learne some newes of his Master: and he in the meane time going on horseback unto Clarvall with *Berontus*, who offering to accompany him, out of a desire hee had to see *Ambrisia*, met her upon the way, with *Dorilas*, *Otranta*, *Lidian*, *Olinda*, *Alcidon* and *Argire*. The joy which *Dorilas* and all the company received at the news which *Adrastus* told them, the contentment which *Ambrisia* had in seeing her father, and which *Berontus* had in seeing *Ambrisia*, (who thanked him for the faithfull testimony which he had given of *Lisanders* and *Calista*'s innocency) tempered the sorrow which all of them had for their absence: and to make it more perfect, they went all together unto Longchampe, not only to see *Calista*, but to bring her to Paris, expecting *Lisanders* returne, seeing that by the Kings clemency both the one and the other, without feare of the Justice, might appeare safely. *Calista* being advertised of their comming, had left her cloake and sword, and being apparelled in the ordinary habit of her sexe, received them with a shame, which did raise unto a higher lustre her incomparable beauty, wherewith shee excelled the fairest, which above all others astonished *Adrastus* (who had never

never before seene her) and made him not onely excuse *Lisander*, but also thinke that hee had a great deale of reason to disobey him, for which he formerly blamed him. Madam, said he, in saluting her, I doe not now wonder if those who have had the honour to see you, do despise all other glory: for my selfe, whose age ought now to dispence me from that servitude, whereunto you bring all the world, would not wish a greater good, than to be deprived from all others, to have that of your service. *Calista* knowing who he was, made a great reverence unto him, saying, shee would receive these praises from him, more for the respect which she bare him, than any wayes presuming that shee could merit them: And seeing *Dorilas* and *Otranta*, who stretched out their armes unto her, she kneeled at their feet, humbly entreating them to pardon her the displeasure and sorrow which she had raised them. But they lifted her up, intreating her not to bring into their mindes a thing which might trouble the contentment which they had to finde her againe. Furthermore, said *Dorilas*, thank this good Knight; for with a faire Amazon who is at Paris, and *Berontus* his faithfull testimony, which hee gave before the King of your innocency, they are all three cause, that without fear of any castle or prison but the Court, you and *Lisander* may now enjoy your liberties, which heretofore you have had in Paris, having the King himselfe for Judge onely. *Calista*, together with the joy of this newes, felt a secret motion in her heart at the name of this Amazon, which wrought an alteration in her face: But *Berontus* advancing himselfe then with *Ambrisia*, whom he conducted, afterwards *Aleidon* with *Argire*, and last of all *Lidian* with *Olinda* saluting her, put it from her minde for the present, and raised in her a contentment, to expresse which I am uncapable.

After they had a little rested, and refreshed themselves within the Nunnery, and thanked the Abbesse and the religious women, they all departed toward Paris, where comming before night, they alighted at the Louure. *Adrastus* led *Calista*, *Dorilas Otranta*, *Aleidon Argire*, *Lidian Olinda*, and *Berontus Ambrisia*. The King being then in the Queenes chamber,

ber; they were all brought in to their Majesties, unto whom *Adraſtus* preſenting *Caliſta*, ſpake unto the King in this manner: Sir, behold the Knight whom a deſire to juſtifie *Liſander* concerning *Chriſantes* and *Cloridons* death, to the end that hee might afterwards juſtifie them both for *Cleanders*, hath made her cover her ſelfe with blacke Armes, which your Ma: hath committed unto *Hippolita*'s keeping: We are not now come humbly to entreat you that they may be rendred unto her, ſhe having more power thus diſarmed, than all the Knights in the world armed; but to offer you her, together with our humble ſervice, to lay her honour with our meanes, and our lives into your hands, giving you moſt humble thankes that it hath pleaſed your Majeſtie to take knowledge of our cauſe, and to entreat your Majeſty to doe her juſtice, which yet you never refuſed to any perſon. *Adraſtus* having ſpoken theſe words, *Caliſta* kneeled down before the King, who having never ſeene her in *Cleanders* life (in regard it was much retired from the Court) much leſſe ſince his death: was kindled with the lightning of this beauty, which having lifted up, and graciouſly ſaluted, he preſented her unto the Queene, ſaying: What thinke you of this Knight, Madam? was it not great pity that ſuch a jewell ſhould be ſhut up in the Caſtle? Shee ſeemeth unto mee rather an Angell than a Knight, anſwered the Queene, and that thoſe who tooke her from thence, had more reaſon than thoſe who impriſoned her. Theſe words, and the preſence of their Majeſties, invironed with a great company whoſe eyes were all fixed upon *Caliſta*, railed no leſſe bluſhing in her, than ſhe kindled fires in their mindes: The Court at this time reſembled a cleere heaven, ſet full of bright ſtarres, whereof their Majeſties were the principall lights, and *Caliſta*, *Ambriſia*, *Olinda*, and *Argire* foure of the leſſer Planets; to perfect whoſe number, the faire *Hippolita* came, who being led by *Lucidan*, knowing that this *Caliſta* of whom ſhe had heard ſo much ſpeech, was not onely come, but knowne to be the Knight of the black armes which ſhe had undertaken to defend, left them in the guard of *Eriſila* her maid, to be her ſelfe at this aſſembly: So ſoone as the King perceived her, hee ſaid

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unto her, You must now (faire Amazon) render the armes, or fight with this faire Lady, unto whom they doe belong. Sir, answered *Hippolita*, not onely these armes, but all others ought to be yeelded up unto her beauty. What shall then be given unto yours, said *Calista*, which doth shine with so much advantage over the fairest? I am not able to utter all the faire words which then proceeded from their faire mouthes: But what contrary thoughts were in the meane time hidde in their hearts? with what different spirits from their outward shew, did these faire Rivalls behold one the other? with what confusion did *Hippolita* looke upon the advantage of *Calista*'s incomparable beauties? with what grace, *Calista*, drawing her glasse sometimes by stealth, seemed to enquire of it about the victory which she presumed to have over *Hippolita*'s perfections? how many torments did *Lucidan* suffer between the new fires which *Hippolita* had kindled in his breast, and the lively sparkles which having beene raked up in the ashes of *Calista*'s absence, did now become flaming by her presence?

In the meane time night descending, covered with her large mantle poudered with stars, licenced this faire company; every one departed contented, except *Hippolita*, who seeing *Calista* conducted backe by *Adrastus*, as if hee had already accompted her for his daughter, despaired ever to bee so her selfe. All night shecould not sleepe, *Calista*'s faire face, and the admirable attractions of her surmounting beauty swome in her minde, shee saw her selfe overcome by *Calista*, she thought her selfe despised by *Lisander*, and called him traitour for speaking of love unto her, being ingaged in another place, and ungratefull for leaving her for any other; then againe would shee excuse him for having made so worthy a choice, which she her selfe was enforced to approve. In these disquiets having passed a great part of the night, shee called *Erisila*, and arming her selfe in *Calista*'s Armes, leaving her own hanging in the place, she departed early in the morning, taking no leave of any body.

Whilest these things thus passed in France, *Lisander*, who by the tempest was cast upon the Ile of Gersie, together with his

his Pilot, as we have already said, hearkened unto the man, (yet unknowne) whom wee left complaining in this manner: Ah wretch, unworthy of this light, whereof thou hast deprived the best Knight in the world, what doest thou in this solitary corner, where, as a *Prometheus* tyed to this rock, thy bowels renewing, are continually devoured with the eternall repentance of this offende? thinkest thou that this great sea can wash away thy crime, or this secret place hide thee from thy selfe? O Love, thou art a Traitor and a Murtherer, hiding under such sweet apparances such bloody and mortall effects! Poore *Cleander*, now reduced unto ashes by thy deadly flame, nay rather by thy impudent flaming desire: Infamous *Clarinda*, who hast brought me into this extreamity for thy fault, cursed bee thy memory if it yet remaine amongst men, and cursed be thy Ghost if it bee gone into Hell: Let thy body be without buriall, thy spirit without rest, and thy name without honour, for ever to remaine scandalous and opprobrious unto all the world. By these words *Lisander* knew that hee who lamented was *Leon*, whom sorrow for having killed *Cleander*, and feare of punishment, had shut up in these rockes. O what vowes did hee make unto *Neptune* for running this fortune? how many times did he thank the winds and the waves for this happy encounter? Well *Leon*, said he, stepping unto him, resolve your selfe to goe to Paris with us, or else here to leave your life, in satisfaction of that, which you have wickedly taken from poore *Cleander*. *Leon* knowing him both by his voice and by his face, and seeing his sword shining in his hand, and over his head, now no lesse troubled with the apprehension of death, than even now weary of living, answered thus: It is true that I have killed *Cleander*, not maliciously, nor out of designe, but onely to save my life, with the honour of a person whom then I loved, and who was more deere unto me than my owne life, which you cannot thinke strange, if ever you have loved: The repentance and sorrow which I suffer, will (I hope) something excuse the offence, for which I would not refuse death, if my life might not serve to justifie two persons, of whom I beleeve you are one, without

which respect, I had rather leave it here, than carry it to Paris to lose it upon a scaffold: but I consider that there is another, in which wee must give an account for this, wherefore I should bee sorry to bury with mee *Calista*'s reputation and yours, whose innocency is so troubled, that it cannot cleerly appeare but in the confession of my fault. Your reasons are good, answered *Lisander*, but your considerations are a little too slow, and would have beene unprofitable, if stay had been made untill you had executed them. But better late than never, and although I doe not helpe you to obtaine your pardon for the death of so deare a friend as you have killed, yet I will not hurt you, and it may be the King, according to his accustomed clemency and goodnes, considering that it was love and necessity of saving your life, which made you deprive him of his, will rather use mercy than justice. After some other discourse which they had together, *Lisander*, without entring farther into the Ile (so great was his desire to be at Paris) made him enter with him into the ship, and the winde being faire, and the sea calme, they made their course along the Coast of Normandy, untill they came unto New Haven, from whence going (without any accident) unto Roane, hee was constrained to stay there to buy horses, and armes, the richest that he had ever yet worne; and to witnesse that he had rather dye in the sight of his Lady, than suffer any longer the torment of his absence, hee bare for his device, an Argent Eagle with wings spread and halfe burned under a Sun of gold, upon which he firmly looked with this word, *Parche godon gli occhi, ardan le pinne.*

Whilest he busied himselfe about this, the Porter, who (as wee have said) was gone from Paris to seeke him, after the combate betweene *Hippolita* and *Lucidan*, and going from city to city, was come from Paris to Roane (beleeving that (in regard of the frequent arrivall of strangers which the sea brings thither) he might there heare newes of him) and passed by chance through the same street where *Lisander* was about his armes, who perceiving him, called him by his name; Never man in this world was so content as hee was: but if he were joyfull to have found him, the other was as

said, when the story of his Mistres was told him (as you have heard) and the letter given him, which said thus.

Calista's *Letter unto* Lisander.

THis Letter serves not to bewaile, but to rejoice with you for the marriage which is said that you contract. If you had advertised mee, and that my presence had not troubled your contentment, I should have desired to have beene at the feast, at least to have served as a foyle unto the lustre of that beauty you sue unto. But seeing I cannot be there without troubling your peace, and without making your face blush, I will onely endevour to learne the colour of your livery that I may weare it in your absence, and thereby witnesse unto you, that although I have not tyes enow to hold you, I have resolution enough to let you goe, and more patience in your losse, than I had contentment in possessing you. Doe not looke that I should here accuse you of infidelity; for herein you doe mee the most pleasing service that is possible for you, and for which I am rather to thanke you than complaine: neither have you deceived mee, for the words which you have said, proceeding but from an unconstant heart, make me sufficiently judge, that your actions must needs partake of the same lightnesse. But you have deceived your selfe, in thinking to finde in mee any thing more lovely, or more easie to conquer than you have done. I am glad that at the last you know your selfe: for although your malice hath not beene able to prevaile over my goodnesse, yet the oaths wherewith you have accompanied your words, the easier to make them sinke into my beliefe, have had so great effect, that they raise a griefe in mee, to see you sigh forth a passion, whereof you cannot bee healed but by inconstancy, which justifieth to me your infidelity, and not onely maketh me approve thereof, but also to thanke you for wiping away (by this change of yours) the sorrow which I conceived by seeing you suffer for my sake a remedilesse evill: I also give thankes unto her who is the cause thereof, seeing that labouring my minde as I did to free yours, I must needs be obliged unto her

who hath eased mee of that paine. Other jealousie I have none, for I shall be alwaies glad to yeeld that unto her, which I should be sorry to gaine from her: And besides her merit, which by your election I must needs acknowledge, she hath beene sooner and better beloved of you than I am, and in my opinion doth love you better than I doe: Not that I will not alwaies wish you well, and that this last action, more than all the other of your life, doth not oblige me to acknowledge your feined affections with a true friendship: wherefore I wish unto you in this new servitude, the contentment which you could not finde in mine, and doe give you backe (together with your liberty) all your false promises which you have made mee, in satisfaction and revenge of which, I will make but one unto you, and that inviolable, ever to rest your servant, *Calista.*

The condemned man, who after a pardon vainely hoped for, sees himselfe led unto execution, is not more astonished than sorrowfull *Lisander* was in receiving this newes, then when he thought that all difficulties were removed, and that all things smiled upon him. The Porter told him three or foure times over, all the sallies which jealousie had inforced *Calista* to make: First, how she had gone from Clarevall in mans apparrell, had put her selfe into armes at Paris, & going from thence to challenge *Lucidan*, had entred there againe to fight with him before the King: Actions so extravagant, that they must needs proceed from an extraordinary passion. And finding in her letter so much disdaine and indifferency, hee could not imagine from whence such unequall contrarieties should spring. In the end comforting himselfe in his innocency, and in the meanes which he had to serve his Lady, by representing *Leon*, a principall justifying peece in her processe, hee sent away the Pilot with his skiffe, and the next morning early, with *Leon* and the Porter, departed from Roane to finde *Calista* at Longchampe, where he yet thought she was. As he was about halfe way towards Paris, having rid in extreame diligence untill noone, hee met two Knights well mounted, and well armed, who came from the same town. They were jealous *Hippolita*, and her maid *Erifila*, who the

same day were departed from the Court, as you have heard, to search for *Lisander* with the same passion which lately had so farre transported *Calista*. So soone as the Porter saw *Hippolita*'s armes, hee judged that it was *Calista*, and presently told *Lisander*, who as suddenly beleeved it, as hee had a strong desire it should be so; wherefore spurring his horse directly unto her, he lifted up the visour of his Helme, and bending his body to the pummell of his saddle, in saluting, intreated her with as much submission and humility as was possible, not to condemne him without hearing; shee especially, who had proved how much it behooved those who were accused to bee heard in their justifications: *Hippolita* knowing him, and desirous to convince him of infidelity by his owne confession, seeing hee tooke her for *Calista*, endeavoured to confirme him in that errour by her silence, and despising his excuses, not discovering her selfe untill *Lisander* transported with pasion told her, That hee had never seene the world otherwise, but that those who had best served, were worst used, That for his part hee had attempted all possibilities for her service, and effected them: neither in all the services which he had done, could he ever finde himselfe guilty of any fault, either in effect or will, That hee knew well the report which was spread of his love unto *Hippolita*, whom hee had beene constrained to see out of reverence unto his Father; but that he could never love her, what demonstration soever hee had made, or what excellencies soever were in her; which although they were great, yet were not such as that they could enter into any comparison with hers.

So farre had *Lisander* discoursed, and would have proceeded further, beleeving that he spake unto *Calista*: But *Hippolita* despited to see her enemy preferred before her, and by a man who had formerly preferred her before all mortall creatures; not able to beare his discourse any longer, turning away her head, and powring forth teares under her Helmet, answered nothing, but O Traitor; which word confirmed *Lisander* more in opinion that shee was *Calista*. In the end, *Hippolita* desirous to revenge herselfe, or to dye by his hands,

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and thereby to leave him in ſorrow all his life, imagined this anſwer, which put *Liſander* unto extreame paine, and her ſelfe into no leſſe danger : Thou art deceived ſaid ſhe, in what thou ſaieſt, and ſhe for whom thou takeſt mee, is farre enough from hence; for know, that I am thy enemy *Lucidan*, who have taken from her this horſe, and theſe armes, which thou ſeeſt upon mee, and have ſent her whither ſhee ſhall never returne. But to comfort thee, make thy ſelfe ready to follow her, for I will either loſe my life, or ſend thee ſpeedily unto her, revenging the ſhedding of *Chriſantes* blood by thy death.

Liſander knew hee was deceived by *Hippolita*'s voice, and thinking that hee who ſpake of revenging *Chriſantes* death was *Lucidan*, hee eaſily beleeved (feare being as quick as deſire) that according unto his ſpeech hee had killed *Caliſta*, and was thereby kindled in ſuch rage, that not able to anſwer one word, hee ſet his hand unto his ſword, *Hippolita* having drawne hers, and ſtrucke ſuch a blow upon her Caske, that piercing it unto the skin, he wounded her ſorely in the head, and raiſed more fury in her, than ever in her life poſſeſt her; ſo that ſeeing *Liſander* lifting up his arme to redouble his ſtroake, ſhee directed the point of her ſword unto that place of his Armes, where his Vaunt-brace was joyned unto his Curas, and ſpurring her horſe with all her might, ſhe ranne through his arme. *Liſander* provoked above all that can bee imagined, to ſee himſelfe ſo ill handled by one enemy, who had bragged of killing *Caliſta*; as his force was doubled by his anger, ſo his anger was greater than ever it was; and as his ſtroakes were greater than ever hee had given any, ſo the reſiſtance which hee found, was greater than any that ever hee met with. Their combate could not be long, becauſe it was ſo violent, beſides, they fought more in eagerneſſe and fury, than according either to art or judgement, which in all other combates were wont to guide them; both of them loſt much blood : Whileſt *Eriſila* beheld this pitifull ſpectacle in great diſtreſſe for the danger wherin ſhe ſaw *Hippolita*; and in no leſſe feare was the Porter, who in the meane time keeping *Leon*, according to the uſe which hee had learned in

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the Caſtle, thought that God would here give ſtay unto *Liſanders* victories and good fortune, who preferring the pleaſure of revenge before his life, and determining to end the battaile with one ſtroak, bore a point againſt *Hippolita*'s breſt ſo ſtraightly, & with ſuch violence & cruelty, that his ſword pierced the Curas, and ſliding along by one ſide, it paſt under her arme-pit. *Hippolita* reeling with this great ſtroke, he ſpurres cloſe unto her, and with his Horſe thruſt ſo violently, that ſhee fell downe unto the ground, whither he lighted in ſuch haſte, that *Erifila* could not ſtay him, pulls her Caske from her head, & lifting up his arme to cut it off (not vouchſafing to looke upon her face) her goodly treſſes of haire died in blood, made him firſt ſee his errour, and afterwards know that the perſon whom hee intended to kill with ſo much hatred, was the faire *Hippolita*, who having loſt her knowledge and ſenſe, was in a ſwound in his armes. It is not poſsible to tell the leaſt part of the confuſion which was in his ſoule: hee knew not what to doe, nor what to ſay, nor what to thinke; ſometimes hee was angry with the Porter, who had made him take *Hippolita* for *Caliſta*, ſometimes hee blamed *Hippolita* her ſelfe, for hiding her ſelfe under the name of *Lucidan*, and under the pretext of *Caliſta*'s death had given way and exacted this diſgrace: but *Erifila* told him, that he himſelfe was the cauſe, foraſmuch as *Hippolita* juſtly offended, after the demonſtration of love which hee had made unto her (and the great bonds wherein ſhe had tyed him, as well in enterpriſing the voyage unto the Court, the combate with *Lucidan*, and now in going in queſt of him; hee had nevertheleſſe ſpoken ſo diſadvantageably of her, and had ſo highly raiſed *Caliſta*'s perfections before hers, and ſhee not able to ſuffer, that one who had offered ſo much love unto her, as in excuſe thereof ſhould ſay, and to her face, that hee had loved her to ſatisfie another) had upon purpoſe faigned *Caliſta*'s death, that the deſire of revenge might incite him to fight with her, beleeving that ſhee had killed *Caliſta*, and that falling under his armes as ſhee had done, ſhee might leave with him, together with the horrour of her death, an eternall ſorrow and repentance of his ungratefulneſſe and

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perfidiousnesse. This redoubled *Lisanders* perplexity and astonishment, who seeing her lose a great deale of blood, and losing no lesse himselfe, caused her to be carried unto the next village, where having gotten a Surgeon with much difficulty, and finding that *Hippolita*'s wounds were not mortall, he caused his own to be dressed, and then put himselfe againe upon his way to Paris, not so much as taking leave of the Lady whom hee had so much injured, nor having the courage to aske pardon of her, whom hee had the heart (not knowing her) so mortally to offend, as well fearing that his presence should cause some alteration in her, as out of shame he had for the words which hee had spoken, thinking her to bee *Calista*: yet hee did intreat *Erisila* to excuse his departure without seeing her, fearing the danger which the trouble of his sight might bring unto her: assuring that he never had so sensible a sorrow, as that which he carried with him for the offence which innocently he had done, in satisfaction whereof there was no kinde of torment or paine which hee would not undergoe to content her, and to recover the honour of her favour. Wee will now let the sorrowfull *Hippolito* rest a while, unto whom speech was forbidden for feare of a feaver: and wee will follow unfortunate *Lisander*, who went from her no lesse sorrowfull than she. After that hee had rid the rest of the day meditating of that which had hapned, and the estate wherein he left her, together with griefe for these mischiefs fallen, he arrived in the evening at Pontoise, which is some seven leagues from Paris, no lesse weary and travailed in his body, than disquieted in his minde: and, as his ill fortune did guide him, hee alighted at an Inne, the Master whereof was but newly come from Paris, and with him a Gentleman belonging unto *Dorilas*, who knew *Lisander* well by report, and not by sight, although he were one of the two whom *Dorilas* had with him, when he was set upon in the forrest of fountaine Bleau, and saved by the same *Lisander*, as you have heard in the beginning of this History. *Lisander*, who desired some divertion from his thoughts, was glad to sup in their company, where his curiosity made him intreat this Gentleman to tell him some newes from the

Court

Court, who knowing none more memorable nor freſh than that whereof *Caliſta* had beene lately the argument, diſcourſed unto him what had hapned ſince the combate betweene *Hippolita* and *Lucidan*: Firſt with *Alcidon*, then how her armes had been brought into the Louure, and put under *Hippolita*'s guard, in the field where the battaile was fought, untill they ſhould bee knowne: how *Dorilas* knew his horſe; and how *Hippolita* and *Adraſtus* offered to combate againſt *Liſanders* and *Caliſta*'s accuſers, for the murder of *Cleander*: how the King having heard *Berontus* his anſwer, who diſcharged them, had taken the cauſe from the Judges into his owne hearing: how *Adraſtus* and *Berontus* having carried this newes unto *Dorilas*, they went together with *Alcidon*, *Lidian*, and the Ladies which were with them, to find *Caliſta* at Longchampe, from whence they had brought her to Paris: finally, the words which had paſt before their Majeſties with *Hippolita*, and the contentment whereunto all things had happily ſucceeded; all which was matter of joy and comfort to *Liſander*.

But when following his diſcourſe, hee came to touch the love betweene *Lucidan* and *Caliſta*, which he took upon him to know, as being a houſhold ſervant unto *Dorilas*, eſpecially ſince *Lidians* and *Lucidans* attonement, and that he added, hee beleeved verily, his young Ladies misfortunes would end in a marriage with *Lucidan*, which being moſt earneſtly ſought by him, and as cloſely followed by *Adraſtus*, out of a deſire hee had to marry his ſonne unto *Hippolita*, it could not be refuſed by *Caliſta*, nor by her parents, principally in *Liſanders* abſence, who had witneſſed ſo little feeling of this laſt occaſion, that ſhee was extremely provoked. Then *Liſander* turning into tragicall the comicall ſubject of this newes, loſt, together with his ſtomacke to eat, all reſt and quiet in his minde, his very countenance changing, ſometimes red as ſcarlet, then pale as death, aſtoniſhed all the company with his ſudden alteration; yet all the company thought that it proceeded from weakeneſſe and paine of his wound in his arme, and counſelled him to goe to bed. But he well knowing that this remedy was not apt for his evill, intreated this

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Gentleman to proceed in telling what hee knew of these Lovers, faigning that his griefe would be diverted by his discourse. I can say no more unto you, said hee, but that this morning before I came away to goe to Bellaire, whither *Dorilas* hath sent mee for money, hee together with *Otranta* entred into *Calista*'s chamber to propound unto her the advantageable conditions offered by *Lucidan*: one of which was, That the King promised in favour of this marriage, absolutely to free her concerning *Cleanders* death. Besides, they did not thinke it agreeable with *Calista*'s reputation to marry a man, who was accused of the death of her husband. But if he be innocent (said *Lisander*) what then? It is all one (replied the other) he is still accused, and that leaveth an aspersion, as a bite or a wound doth a scarre, although it be healed. Besides, it is verily beleeved that *Lisander* is drowned at sea, or that if hee be not, hee hath witnessed so little affection unto *Calista*, that she ought not to thinke that ever there was any such in the world. But is it possible (said *Lisander*) that a Knight who hath saved *Dorilas* his life, and *Lidians* many times, and unto *Calista* both her life and honour, should now be forgotten for *Lucidan*, who not onely was never their servant, but hath alwaies beene their capitall enemy? As for *Lidian* (answered the other) he holds for *Lisander*, and as well he as *Alcidon* and *Berontus*, will leave the kingdome, rather than be present at *Calista*'s marriage with *Lucidan*; and shee for her part hath not yet made any demonstrations that shee doth incline either unto one part or other: but *Dorilas*, *Adrastus* and *Otranta* doe stir heaven and earth for *Lucidan*, and which is greatest, the King himselfe favours the match, and he can doe more than all. All these words were like daggers at *Lisanders* heart, who being able to endure them no longer, bid all the company good night, and retiring into his chamber, went to bed.

While he rests there (if a man tormented with so many furies can enjoy any rest) we will returne unto *Hippolita*, who being recovered from her swound, and awake from a short sleepe, which a generall numming of all her spirits had brought upon her, not seeing her mortall enemy, who had so

cruelly wounded her, whom nevertheleſſe ſhee loved more than ſhe loved her ſelfe, ſhee demanded of her maid where he was? Shee told her his going away; and his excuſes together. How (ſaid ſhee) is hee gone without ſpeaking to mee? and hath hee thus left mee in this pitifull eſtate, whereunto I am brought by his cruelty? O Tiger! although I were unknowne unto him, I thinke meere humanity ſhould oblige him to ſtay with one afflicted; ſet apart that I am for his ſake, and by himſelfe thus wounded, and that deceived by his faigned affections, I am come into this countrey, moved by my true affection unto him, have preſerved his honour with the loſſe of my blood and the hazzard of my life: and if wee onely ſpeake of common good will which is amongſt the moſt barbarous men, were not that bond enough upon him, to make him ſee the ſucceſſe of the wounds which he hath given me? Madam, ſaid *Eriſila*, hee was ſo afflicted that it would rather have encreaſed your evill than leſſened it; and therefore he went away, fearing that his ſight ſhould cauſe ſome alteration in your wounds. Afflicted, ſaid *Hippolita*! what proofe of affliction? haſt thou ſeene him ſhed one teare? or only fetch one ſigh for me? yet (*Eriſila*) I muſt love him, and if thou alſo loveſt me, and wilt binde mee to love thee more, thou muſt ride ſpeedily after this ungratefull Knight, and conjure him not to flie from *Hippolita*, who ſeeketh and would runne after him, if the wounds which hee hath given mee did not hinder me. Tell him I pretend nothing in all that affection which hee hath vowed unto mee, but common good will, that I quit him of his promiſes, and that not only I will not conſtrain him in the love which hee beareth unto *Caliſta*, but that I will mediate his peace with the King, and his martiage with her, and will take upon mee to ſolicite her againſt my ſelfe; let him vouchſafe onely to ſee mee, and ſuffer me but to accompany him. I am none of thoſe who have accuſed him for killing of *Cleander*, but cleare contrariwiſe, I am ſhe who have defended his innocency, and for his ſake, his Ladies. But diſpatch *Eriſila*, and reply not, if thou loveſt me, or if thou deſireſt I ſhould live. *Eriſila*, who knew with what ſpirit ſhee had to doe,

ſaid onely ſhee would not ſtay, but would make ſuch haſte that ſhe would finde him, and ſhee would loſe her life, or bring him backe. But, Madam, ſaid ſhee againe, who ſhall have care of your wounds in my abſence? Care not you for my wounds, ſaid *Hippolita*, they are neither mortall nor dangerous, onely goe thy waies, and take heed thou doeſt not try *Liſander* in armes, for therein hee is no leſſe invincible, than in grace and comlineſſe incomparable. *Erifila* departeth (although it were night) and upon a ſpeedy gallop followes after *Liſander*: where leaving her, there is a neceſſity now we ſhould relate what is done at Paris.

Beſides the inſtant purſuits of *Lucidan* to marry with *Caliſta*, *Veraſcus*, who was advertiſed of the propoſitions which *Hippolita* and *Adraſtus* had made unto the King about *Cleanders* murder, and alſo what the King had ordained, as well upon their offers, as upon *Berontus* his declaration in favour of the accuſed; came Poſte to Paris, and addreſſing himſelfe unto the Court of Parliament, obtained a ſentence againſt *Caliſta*, containing, that moſt humble remonſtrances ſhould be made to his Majeſty, to be pleaſed, that juſtice might freely bee executed upon the perſons of thoſe who were accuſed of *Cleanders* death: which ſentence being gravely pronounced, yet vainely, becauſe the King had already given his word; although they did not hide, that this crime ſcaping humane juſtice, could not ſcape divine, neither could this innocent blood unjuſtly ſhed upon earth, crying vengeance in heaven, fall in any other place but upon his Majeſties head, or his childrens; *Veraſcus* addreſſeth himſelfe unto the King, and intreateth him to grant unto him the like combate againſt thoſe who had offered to defend *Liſander* and *Caliſta*, as he had granted unto *Lucidan*; a requeſt not onely juſt, but alſo favourable: for beſides that the combate granted to *Lucidan* ſerved him as a prejudged caſe, there was no reaſon to deny or refuſe *Veraſcus* upon a cauſe already judged, and againſt perſons condemned, having ſuffered it unto *Lucidan* againſt a man who was not in apparance: furthermore, hee required nothing but what the friends of the adverſe part had already demanded, and beſides the cauſe of his kinſman,

for whose justice he sued, hee was injured in his honour by *Hippolita*'s words: The King granted that which in justice hee could not deny. Thus was *Adrastus* his life and *Calista*'s honour once againe in tryall, and all the joy of the dayes passed turned into griefe and desolation; *Lidian*, *Alcidon* and *Berontus* were all mad to dispute this difference with *Verascus*, who in all their opinions, was like discord let loose by envie out of hell, to trouble all their quiet. But God forbid, said *Adrastus*, that any other but my selfe, being in health and present, should undertake the defence of my sonne and of my owne offer: I have demanded this combate against *Verascus*, and (if it please God) I wilbe the first that shall maintain the innocency which hee would oppresse. Who is able to utter *Dorilas* his anger, *Otranta*'s complaints, *Ambrisia*'s griefe, *Olinda*'s teares, *Argires* sorrow, and the deadly confusion of unfortunate *Calista*? who can declare *Lidians* fury, to see his sisters cause and his friends, hazzarded under the defence of a feeble old man, whose age might justly bee dispensed from Armes? finally, who can speake the universall discomfort of all? For besides *Calista*'s and *Lisanders* interest, which was common amongst them, every one had a feeling of his owne particular: *Lucidan* to see himselfe frustrate of his hope to marry *Calista* if her Father were vanquished by *Verascus*, *Berontus* to see himselfe deprived of his marriage with *Ambrisia*, and *Alcidon* to see his also with *Argire* to bee deferred, there being no hope to marry in the calamity of two persons so deere unto him; as was *Lisander* and *Calista*. So that *Verascus* was universally cursed of all: yet the combate being granted, it was published that very day, and assigned three dayes after in the same place, and with the same Armes as had beene appointed unto *Lucidan*; the King reserving unto himselfe the judgement of the cause after the combate was finished.

Lisander in the meane time having spent the night in the greatest trouble of minde that ever hee was in, continually meditating what meanes hee might use to undoe the knot of his love, which was so intangled that he could finde no end, about breake of day rose with *Leon* with purpose to goe to

Paris

Paris, and hoping by his presence to give stop unto *Lucidans* further suite, or else to fight with him rather upon that quarrell than about *Chrisantes* his death. But as he was ready to get up on horsebacke, *Erifila* came, who having posted all night, and comming unto Pontoise upon the opening of the gates, she met him even as he was going away, and having delivered the charge which her Mistresse had given her, to finde him, and to intreat him to come backe unto her who did but desire to see him; the trouble and perplexity of his minde redoubled so upon him, that hee became dumbe and immoveable as a statue: Of the one side, he saw it was an unexcusable ungratitude to refuse the going back seven or eight leagues to see one, who had come two hundred for his sake, had fought in his quarrell against *Lucidan*, & afterwards had offered to fight against those who did accuse him for killing *Cleander*: Furthermore, such a person as *Hippolita* was, who seeking him after so many obligations, hee had in recompence doubly offended, both in words which he had spoke, and by those blowes which hee had made, and now to refuse her in so pitifull a plight, whereunto he had brought her he thought it was a cruell discourtesie, extremely contrary to his nature: Of the other side, setting before him *Calista*'s jealousie, the strange courses which this passion had enforced her unto, the combate which shee had enterprised for him, then when she beleeved that hee had left her, with so much more danger unto her than unto *Hippolita*, by how much she was lesse practised in armes than *Hippolita*, and with so much the more merit, by how much she thought she fought for an enemy, against a servant by whom shee was adored: The letter which shee had written upon the subject of this jealousie, and the displeasure which shee would receive when shee understood that hee was now with her Rivall: The fresh newes of *Adrastusses* and *Dorilasses* labouring to marry her with *Lucidan*, and the meanes which hee had to breake it off, and to serve her both in justifying himselfe and her by *Leons* owne mouth, and by this last obligation to surpasse all his former, which hee could not defer without great danger of losing all. All these reasons together, making

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the ballance weigh downe in favour of *Caliſta*, made him intreat *Eriſila* to pardon him, and to excuſe him to her Miſtres if the neceſſity of his affairs, which had ſo long called him unto the Court, hindered him from doing this ſmall ſervice, unto the moſt ſenſible and moſt violent of all his ſorrow. God never be helpfull unto me, anſwered *Eriſila*, if I doe not kill my ſelfe rather here in your preſence, than ſuffer you to commit ſo great a fault; what, would you kill her? for I am ſure the deſpite which ſhe will receive by this deniall can worke no leſſe: Is this the recompence of all the dangers wherunto ſhe hath expoſed her ſelf, of the travell which ſhe hath taken, and of the evill which ſhe hath ſuffered for you? Doe not doe your ſelfe, Sir, this wrong: I conjure you by that which you owe unto the greatneſſe of your courage, and to the glory of ſo many brave and generous actions which you have performed, not to refuſe her, for I aſſure you if you doe, you will for ever wither with a reproach of an eternall infamy: I promiſe you, you ſhall not ſtay, and ſo farre will ſhe be from conſtraining you in the affection which you beare unto *Caliſta*, that contrariwiſe ſhe will ſerve you; wherefore give this contentment unto one, who doth perfectly love you, and who for all acknowledgment of the love which ſhe beares, and ſatisfaction for the injury which you have done her, demandeth onely but this fight.

While ſhe thus ſpake, a Poſte comming from Paris, was knowne by *Dorilas* his man, who had ſupped over night with *Liſander*: he asking in *Liſander* and *Eriſila*'s hearing of newes from the Court, was told the combate which was to bee fought betweene *Adraſtus* and *Veraſcus* about *Cleanders* death. Will you have any more lawfull excuſes, ſaid *Liſander* unto *Eriſila*? muſt I without any feeling of my honour, or of *Caliſta*'s (which ought to be more deere unto mee) ſuffer my father to hazzard his life in my quarrell, while I fooliſhly trifle out time in contenting *Hippolita*'s idle humour? beſides, if I could ſerve her to her deſire, what profit could I bring her, unleſſe it bee a feaver? Your preſence will not bee unprofitable, anſwered *Eriſila*, for it will ſave her life; and for the combate, you have time enough to bee there in three

dayes

dayes: and never thinke that shee who hath come so long a journey to defend your honour here in your absence, will now counsell you to lose it here before your eyes, or suffer you to doe so, if you were willing. Let us goe then, replied *Lisander*, vanquished with her importunity, upon condition you presse mee not to stay, but that immediately after I have seene her, I may returne my way: upon these conditions hee followes *Erisila* with his company, and came unto the Village where *Hippolita* lay wounded. To tell you the discourse which shee fashioned unto her selfe in *Erisila*'s absence, those which were made at her returne, as well by her as by *Lisander*, the shame that both of them had when they saw one the other, one remembring what he had said, the other what she had heard spoken; it is not possible: At the first they onely beheld one another without speech, thinking that their lookes could better expresse their thoughts than words. In the end, *Lisander* going about to speake first, was so confounded, that the more hee endeavoured to expresse himselfe, the lesse he was understood: *Hippolita* judging the confusion of his minde by that of his words, and seeing his astonishment in his face, was more satisfied to see the apprehension and trouble which shee raised in this great courage, than with all the excuses and submissions which hee could make; and receiving this perplexity for a testimony of his sorrow, resolved to pardon him: whereupon cleering the beams of her face, which griefe and danger had darkned, and beholding him with a more pleasing eye than shee had done at the first entrance, she loosened his tongue whereby he had power to utter these words: Madam, I take heaven to witnesse, that it was force, and not will which hath constrained me to offend you, and that now it is will, & not force, which bringeth mee, for your satisfaction, to offer you my life, intreating you to do it so much honor, as to think it worthy of your revenge: I could wish that I had something more deare unto me, if by the losse thereof you might be better satisfied: But seeing I have nothing, whereof I can dispose, more deere unto me than my life, & since that hath committed the fault, I doe entreate you to sacrifice it to your anger, and receive this

this voluntary reparation of a constrained injury. Ah *Lisander*, answered *Hippolita*, you have much more grace than reason, in excusing the wrongs which you have done: but tell mee, I pray you, what hath miserable *Hippolita* done unto you, that you should so poorely betray her facility? for I doe not bewaile the wounds which I have exacted from you, nor your words, which strength of passion and of truth, obliged you to speake unto me, thinking you had spoken unto *Calista*: But of those which from a free motion you have of your owne accord uttered, falsly perswading me that you only lived for mee. It is true, Madam, answered *Lisander*, that I have spoken something of love unto you, pressed by the instance and authority of my parents, who much desired that I should serve you; but never out of any free motion as you have beleeved: for not onely then, but long time before I had the honour to see you, I was promised unto *Calista*, & *Calista* unto mee: But though her absence, and the object of your present beauty, should have wrought mee unto it, yet had it not beene from a free motion, but constrained by the violence of a passion which you cause in many others, And am I (thinke you) beyond others so free from passion, that I cannot be subject unto it? Is it a crime to love a thing so lovely? Am I the onely man in the world who at divers times in divers places hath served two Mistresses? or rather, was there ever Knight, that hath loved but one Lady? It is no justification of your crime (replied *Hippolita*) to alledge examples of others infidelity, but contrariwise it is an inwrapping of their faults with yours, and a charging your selfe with them for the same evill. You are a better Knight, than a faithfull Lover, in this time, when it is a bravery amongst many to sport themselves with the love of Ladies: you have let mee see heretofore the quickenesse of your spirit, but I did never so plainely discerne it as in this occasion, wherein you want no faire words & good reasons, at the least in appearance, to colour so evill a cause: I am sorry you have no better, that I might have lesse cause to complaine of you, and more to pardon you. But an offence of this nature is not so easily justified as committed, yet I thinke you have one reason which

your

your discretion concealeth, I see I must utter it my self against my selfe, that is, the subject for which you leave mee, is of such perfection, that she meriteth not only an excuse for you, but also that you should bee commended for so worthy a choice; for although you had loved me before you saw her, as you loved her before you saw mee, and that you were the faithfullest lover that ever had name, yet shee hath charmes enough to make you lose your constancy, and to make you ungratefull and perfidious to all the world, to bee constant and acknowledging unto her only: and this comfort (at the least) remaines unto me, that if you have left me, it is for a Lady who doth merit it, and whose beauty incomparably surpassing all others, doth lessen the sorrow & the shame which I may conceive for her being preferred before me: yet one thing I would intreat of you, which is, that though I have lost your affection, you would nevertheless preserve unto mee your good will, and assure your selfe, that you may well bee possessed by some other, but I shall onely be yours.

Lisander no lesse ravished with the beauties than with the spirit and judgement of *Hippolita*, could not answer but with sighes, and offering her his humble service with a perfect friendship, sorrowing that hee could not give himselfe unto her, being not his owne. *Erisila* then seeing them in this faire way of agreemẽt, said unto her, Madam, I have promised this Knight that he should returne this day, to ease his Father of a combate which he is to have with *Verascus*, but hee may be there time enough although he come but to morrow. How? (answered *Hippolita*) is there a combate assigned betweene *Adrastus* and *Verascus*. I, Madam, replied *Erisila*, who presently told what they had learned of the Poste in passing by at Poinctoise. Upon my honour (said *Hippolita*) it shall not goe so: It is I, who have made the first overture, and *Adrastus* can be but my second, if there be two accusers, and there being but one, it is I who must make the battaile. I, Madam, answered *Lisander*, if I were not present, but all being enterprised upon my occasion, and in my absence, it is not reasonable, that I being present, any other should defend my right. Besides, I have *Leon* here who will depose

my innocency, who being heard, I doe not thinke any combate will be necessary, unlesse it be between him and mee, if hee will denie the truth which he hath confessed. I will tell you what we will doe, said *Hippolita*, to morrow I shall bee able (notwithstanding my wounds) to goe in two dayes to Paris; for by your onely comming, I finde my selfe almost well, and we will appeare all together. A thousand other faire words said they amongst themselves, which I cannot repeat: but to be short, after the day was spent, and a good part of the night in this manner, the next morning they rose very early to goe to Paris, as they had determined.

Hippolita's wounds were the cause they could not come thither before the day of the combate, which was already begun. *Adrastus* of one side, and *Verascus* of the other, were both come into the field; the first in his armes whose colour and device we have already spoken of, and the other in tawnie armour, having for his device an Austridge, holding an horse shoe in the mouth, with this word, *Sic nutrientur fortes*. He was followed by all *Cleander*'s kinsmen, excepting *Berontus*, who would not be there, neither for one nor other. *Adrastus* was accompanied with *Dorilas*, *Lidian*, *Alcidon*, *Lucidan*, and many others. They were both courageous & strong, and witnessed in their armes great fiercenesse, as those who in their youth had atchieved many memorable adventures. The royall Scaffold was furnished with their Majesties, followed with a great Court, besides which, there was an infinite company of others, who did inviron the whole field, and upon one side was *Calista* all in mourning, accompanied with *Ceranta*, *Olinda*, *Ambrisia* and *Argire*, and miserable *Clarinda* alone upon the other. Already was the Sunne equally divided, and the Trumpets sounding the charge, the combatants having runne one against another with great violence, breaking their Launces to their hands, and remaining without advantage, had perfected their careere: And as they were returning, with their swords shining in their hands, every one looking stedfastly upon them without shifting an eie, and silent without a word, *Hippolita* and *Lisander*, together with *Brisila* and *Leon*, came into the field, which drew the eyes of

all

all the company upon them. At their first entrance there was raised a little noise, like a gentle murmuring, proceeding from this infinite world of people, whereof some knowing *Hippolita* by the Armes which shee wore, raised this gentle noise. In the end, seeing they went directly to speake unto the King, and every one being desirous to heare what they would say, there was an universall silence (a thing rarely happening in so great a multitude) during which, *Hippolita* having intreated his Majesty to stay the combate, and to cause the combatants, together with *Calista* and *Clarinda*, to be brought neere, shee spake in this manner: Sir, I am *Lisander* Knight, who first had the lot to maintaine his cause against *Lucidan*, and who first have offered to defend it against *Verastus*. *Adrastus*, unto whom you have permitted it in my absence, being but my second, cannot be received but after mee: But, Sir, before this difference be decided, and that all men may know with what justice I have undertaken the defence of the accused, I do humbly intreat you to heare what this Knight can say concerning *Cleanders* death. Saying this, *Hippolita* presented *Lisander*, who pulling off his Helmet, and doing humble reverence unto the King, herefilled all the assistants with wonder and astonishment. Sir, said hee in presenting *Leon*, of this man your Majesty must be informed of *Cleanders* death, and not of me, who was farre off, and who had not known it but by his owne Confession: duely concernes mee Sir, to defend my innocency and *Calista's*, against those who have so vilely slandered us unto your Majesty; and for me to demand pardon (which I doe, Sir, with as much humblenesse and submission as is possible) that not having meanes sooner to justifie my innocency, and not daring in the meane time to appeare before the angry face of my Prince, I have been constrained to goe aside, which as much sorrow as a faithfull subject could have to spend his life out of the sight and favour of so great a King. At this same instant *Leon* cast himselfe at the Kings feet, implored his mercy, and demanding pardon, first of his Majesty, and after of *Lisander* and *Calista*, declared openly before all the world, that onely he and *Clarinda* were guilty of *Cleanders* death, reciting

citing the long love betweene himselfe and *Clarinda*, the meanes which she used to bring him unto Beauplaine without the privity of her Mistresse, and how, as hee would have gone from her chamber when *Calista* was comming in, hee was stayed by *Cleander*, who came out of his owne chamber at his wives cry, and that hee having gotten *Lisanders* sword (which he wore then about him) in the manner as you have heard formerly, hee was constrained to kill him, to save his own life and *Clarinda*'s honour, which was then most deare unto him: Hee added, that this fault had beene committed without his designe; that hee had suffered long and extreme sorrow, and done great penance, wherefore he besought his Majesty that it might bee in stead of punishment. Wicked *Clarinda* seeing her selfe thus convicted of her crime by him, for whose sake she had committed it, and not able to deny her vile treachery, was compelled to confesse it, humbly craving pardon of the King, of *Lisander*, and of her Mistres *Calista*: But the King abhorring her prayers, and yet retained by his mercy, instantly condemned her to spend the rest of her dayes within the foure walls of the repentants; perpetually banished *Leon* out of his kingdome, restored *Lisander* and *Calista* unto their former honour, and for a reparation of the injury which had beene done them, adjudged them the goods of the guilty. While these things were a doing, joy and admiration possessed the hearts of all those who were present. *Adrastus* and *Verascus*, who lately would have killed one the other, how lovingly embraced. *Dorilus* and *Olivants* thanked the King for his justice to their daughter; *Lidian*, *Alsidon*, and *Beroeon* with teares in their eyes embraced *Lisander*, remembring how they had lost him at the Sea, and how God had sent this storme that *Leon* might bee found, whereby things were brought to so happy an event. *Ambrisia*, *Olinda* and *Argire* kissed *Callista*, as if they had not seen her a long time, rejoycing with her at the change of her fortune past unto this present, and at the glorious end, to which these long miseries were brought, considering the inconstancie of our life, and how small a distance there was betweene the time wherein they had seene her in so great calamity, and

this

this, wherein they found her in so great glory. *Lisander* could not tell which way to turne him, so much hee was busied, sometime in speaking to the King, sometime to his father, and by and by to entertaine his friends: yet in the end getting from them, and going to kneele downe before *Calista*, shee turned from him unto *Lucidan*, who was neere her, and began to entertaine him with speech, not saluting or so much as looking upon *Lisander*. And from hence I gather that all women (for the most part) have a spirit of contradiction, and so strange and so unequall a humour, that no judgement or knowledge can be settled of them; for who can otherwise say, seeing *Calista*, the ornament of her sexe, leap over wals after *Lisander*, then when her husbands death, her owne processe, her parents authority, and *Lisanders* love with *Hippolita* might have justified her ingratitude, and now when nothing could excuse her, after such extreme obligations, such present and signall services, to turne her backe unto him when hee offered himselfe? When I remember how shee went from Clareval, disguised in a habit so undecent for one of her condition, how shee resolved to fight with *Lucidan* who loved her, for *Lisander* by whom shee thought shee was forsaken; she who had never managed armes, and whom I now see honour the same *Lucidan* to despite *Lisander*, and to constrain her selfe to disdaine him, then, when he gave so great and so necessary a proofe of his fidelity, I must needs accuse her of inconstancy and ingratitude, and thinke her worthy of the miseries which she hath suffered, loosing the sorrow which I had to see her endure them.

But as meates wherewith one eates in health unto a fulnesse, in sickenesse are many times abhorred, so the extreme and violent love which she bore unto *Lisander* being absent, turned at the seeing him into hatred; and remembring the follies which the passion of this man had made her commit, she was ashamed, and wished him evill, for the same cause for which she had wished him selfe well: furthermore, being jealous of *Hippolita*, as shee was, and seeing her come with him, she thought he did not much care for displeasing her, since hee durst appeare before her in the company of a

person who had caused so much griefe unto her: As for *Lisander*, he remained mute and immoveable as a rocke, neither was this an affront which could bee repaired with a word. Oh! if any other but *Calista* had done this, how would hee have returned it? What, said he to himselfe, in so good company, in the presence of my Rivall, to doe this indignity unto mee? Ah *Calista*! thou shalt never returne, I will never give you this advantage over me. In this meditation (which was raised by anger, that Arch-rebell against love) hee turned to the other Ladies, all of them giving him as much honour, as *Calista* had given him neglect: And the King being entred into his Coach, together with the Queene, both joyfull for the happy successe of this day; they all waited upon them unto the Louvre, and from thence retired themselves unto their lodgings; very few observing the coldnesse that passed from *Calista* to *Lisander*, who all that night had a grievous conflict within himselfe; whether to yeeld unto love, or unto anger, and his Associates fury and despite: faine he would have expostulated and laied unto her his merits, and her ungratitude, but his great heart, counselled with youth and heate, and both seduced by wrath, resolved never more to see her, lest love, with the unresistable power and charmes of her lookes, might pacifie his anger (most ordinary among lovers) and worke his owne soveraignty by a reconciliation. Of the one side, by yeelding unto his wrath he fairly deceives; like a chiefe enemie of angered love, presse hard upon him; affirming him that without enjoying *Calista* he could not live. Of the other side anger represented unto him the scornes which hee should undergoe by seeking once more her; which wrought so with him, and especially in her absence, that he resolved (though he could not live) without enjoying the other, hee would dye rather than suffer the other. A resolution truly worthy of a brave Gentleman, as he had performed it.

Thus spent *Lisander* the night.

The next morning, *Alidor* and *Livian* rising very early, went one into *Adraste* his chamber, and the other into *Lisander*'s unto whom at large they remonstrated *Lisanders* long stay to enjoy *Calista*; whom he having delivered, first,

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out of priſon, and then freſhly from all ſuſpition of the crime whereof ſhe was accuſed, ſhe could not juſtly be refuſed unto him: wherefore they entreated to crowne the end of their adventures by a lawfull marriage, which would accompliſh their felicities, adding, that it was true indeed *Caliſta*'s honour was reſtored unto the firſt luſtre, by the verifying of her innocency: but having remained ſo long in *Liſanders* company, although it were with all the honeſty that could bee deſired betweene perſons of their conditions and merit, her reputation would nevertheleſſe bee expoſed unto the diſcretion of evill tongues, if it were not defended by this marriage. *Adraſtus* ſeeing that *Caliſta* had now the ſame advantages over *Hippolita*, which *Hippolita* had formerly had over her, and not willing to force his ſonne in a matter which ought to bee ſo free, went inſtantly into *Dorilas* his chamber, whom hee found already diſpoſed thereunto by *Lidian*, and who ſeeing, that *Lucidans* offers were now of no value unto *Caliſta*, deſired rather *Liſanders* alliance (unto whom he was ſo ſtraightly bound) than his: wherefore meeting both in one deſire together, they agreed upon the marriage betweene *Liſander* and *Caliſta*, no body doubting of the parties conſent, whom all the world knew to love one the other moſt perfectly.

But when *Adraſtus* would ſpeake of it unto *Liſander*, thinking to rejoice him in bringing ſo good news, for which not long ſince hee would have given the Monarchy of the whole world, he was aſtoniſhed at his anſwer, which was, That having run ſo dangerous a fortune at Sea, he had made a vow to God, that if he had the bleſsing to eſcape, he would goe in pilgrimage unto Rome, whereunto being more ſtrongly bound by his finding *Leon*, and the happy iſſue of his buſineſſe, he intreated him that he might performe his vow before he contracted any marriage: And in the ſame time *Caliſta* anſwered *Dorilas*, upon the propoſition which was made unto her of marriage with *Liſander*, That being in the Abbey of Longchampe, afflicted with ſo many adverſities, God had ſo touched her heart, and had given her ſo lively a feeling of the difference betweene the ſweetneſſe of a religi-

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ous life and the bitternesse which is tasted in this other life of the world, that she had vowed to leave it, and enter into that Monastery, so soone as shee should have ended her processe. The sad old men astonished and confounded with their childrens answer, were so much the more sorry by how much they durst not tell one the other the answer which they had received, and wondring from whence so sudden and so great an alteration should proceed, as those who did not easily beleeve the vowes wherewith their children would have amused them, and fearing lest they should plunge themselves againe into new mischiefes, from whence they but now got out, could not chuse but witnesse the feeling they had of this their disobedience. What, said *Adrastus* unto *Lisander*? when I would have married you with *Hippolita*, you pretended a voyage unto the Court for love of *Calista*, and now when I would marry you with the same *Calista*, you pretend another unto Rome. Well, goe whither you please, but never account me for your father, nor thinke that I will ever avow you for my sonne, but will faile of my purpose if I have not another course held with you: with these words hee flung out of the doores from him. So much in the meane time said *Doralice* unto *Calista*, threatning her in extreme choler to shut her up, not onely in the Nunnery of Longchampe, but in the house of the repentants with *Clarinda*. How? said the olde man, have you followed him through all France, all Flanders, and all Ireland? Have you gone out of Clareval at midnight all alone to seeke after him? have you left your parents, disguised your sexe, forgotten your condition, taken armes, attempted all kinde of extremities for love of him, then when you were despised? and now when hee doth adore you, when he hath bound you unto him with so extraordinary a service, you play the disdainefull foole: Remember your selfe better, *Calista*; God never pardon me, if I pardon you, or if I doe not endeavour to make you an example; and so goes out of the doores. Judge you in what plight our Lovers were by their owne folly, which made them vow to torment themselves: *Calista* began to feele the wrong which shee had done unto *Lisander*, and beginning to repent her

selfe, desired onely that hee would come unto her, and shee would repaire it; I, shee would have come halfe way, if shee could have found some honest occasion to goe unto him: But *Lisander*, who knew hee could not goe from her but to his death, not so much moved with his Fathers anger and threatnings, as with love, although he could have been contented to have urged his merit, and desired to have knowne his fault, as also to have beene pardoned, yet not knowing her minde, but setting before his eyes the scorne which she did him publikely, and in favour of his arrivall, hee willingly gave himselfe to death, and rather than he would any more sue unto an ungratefull woman, who had paied all his signal services with such an affront, hee swore he would never see her, but leave the countrey: First, intending to write a bitter letter unto her, which his trusty Porter should carry her; unto which end, he went unto an Inne, with resolution toward the evening to depart: but halfe his letter was not written, when there comes one of the Kings Guard, who having enquired him out, told him, that the King had sent for him, and that hee must presently goe with him unto his Majesty: for *Adrastus*, inraised by *Lisanders* disobedience (as hee conceived it) hasteth to the Court, and findes out the King, unto whom (not so much out of sound judgement, as out of petulancy of age, resolving to force his sonnes will, or remove all things under Heaven) being admitted into his presence (kneeling downe, with grievous sighes and lookes to move the King unto compassion) hee said, Sir, I have formerly come unto you to beg pardon and mercy, which was in your pleasure to give: but now, Sir, I come with much more sorrow at my heart to beg for justice, which you may not deny, and against my sonne, that sonne, for whom my feeble age, carried more with strength of affection than body, hath made so long a journey, undertaken such dangers, and in this place implored mercy: wherefore, Sir, have pity of the just griefe which maketh me complaine, and thinke how great it is, since it maketh a father demand justice against his sonne, who, unlesse your Majesty be a helpet unto me, will be the affliction of my miserable age: Bee pleased therefore,

Oh Sir, to command him to be brought before you, that to his face I may urge my accusation. The King, together with all the standers by, wondred what new accident was fallen out, as well out of curiosity, as out of a desire to do justice to the complaints of his subjects, presently gave command that *Lisander* should be sought for and brought before him: hardly had the King made an end of commanding to bring him, when *Dorilas* came into the presence, and with telling as much haste, anger and grief as *Adrastus* had done, kneeled downe before the King, begging the like justice against his daughter *Calista*, urging the cause of his complaint to bee such, as was beyond a Fathers sufferings, and such as ought by punishment to bee made an example, humbly entreating that shee also might be commanded to come before his Majesty, where if she had any thing to alledge in her behalfe, she might then speake. This encreased the Kings wonder and desire to heare the cause, and therefore gave order to have her also fetcht before him. Shee was found as soone as *Lisander*, and came accompanied with her Mother *Timbrisa*, *Argire*, and *Olinda*, as also with *Lidian*, *Belorius* and *Alcidon*, all wondring what the occasion of their sending for should bee. When *Lisander* and *Calista* were come before the King (for they came almost together) and both beheld one the other, Oh! how soone had *Calista*'s lookes (which were with more gentlenesse) dispersed *Lisanders* anger, and utterly ruined his resolution? hee commanded *Adrastus* to declare the cause of his complaint against his sonne; whereupon *Adrastus* began, that besides the common duty of a good Father, which hee had alwaies performed unto his sonne, he called his Majesty to witnesse what hee had dayly enterprised for him in this his old age, to the extreame perill of his life: yet nevertheless having twice offered him marriage with parties more worthy of him, than he of them, he was so farre from yeelding any kinde of obedience, that first having stolne from him, and by the flight having put both him and his friends unto such unevitable dangers of utter ruine, if by a particular care, and admirable providence, God had not miraculously preserved them; Hee was now about the

same course under pretence of a feined vow, making religion a cloake to palliate his disobedience. He had hardly proceeded thus farre in his complaint, when *Dorilas* advanced himselfe, and interrupting his further discourse, began his complaint against *Calista* in this manner: As much, Sir, can I say against this ungratefull *Calista*, who knowes not, or at least will not respect the sorrowes and the travailes which she hath given me; the afflictions and evils wherewith shee hath so often broken the course of my life. I need not abuse your Majesties patience in relating the story, it is but too manifest; Nevertheless, Sir, she is not ashamed to disobey me, in that which above all things in the world shee hath most earnestly desired, how then, Sir, would she have obeyed me in any other matter which should have beene contrary unto her minde? Sir, you having setled order in the estate, ought also to do the like in families, and as you are a great father of the kingdome, exacting obedience, & maintaining the paternall authority of the Royalty; so I hope you will, and we do humbly entreat you to render the ancient power of fathers over their children who will not obey.

The end of these complaints were not lesse pleasing unto *Lisander*, than the beginning had beene displeasing, seeing they concluded in the marriage of *Calista*, who silent, yet with lookes full of pity and love upon him, hee spake in this manner: Sir, it cannot be denied but that my fathers words are most true, and if I had yeelded all kind of obedience unto him, yet his benefits and fatherly goodnesse are so great unto me, that I ought not to be ungratefull; although I cannot satisfie them, yet Sir, if I have but deferred and not refused his commandements, the injury is not irreparable; wherefore I doe humbly entreat your clemency and his to forgive mee, upon condition I repaire my fault. And you faire one, said the King then unto *Calista*, what answer make you unto your fathers complaint? *Calista* seeing things brought to the point which shee did desire, and being glad that her fathers command, or rather the Kings, might constraine her to pardon *Lisander*, and to marry him, absolutely beleeving that either one or the other of them two would compell her (as

Ladies would faine be forced in those occasions, and doe never yeeld but with some shew of constraint) answered in this manner: Sir, it is a complaint which I renew every day in my soule, and one of the greatest evils wherewith my minde is afflicted, that ever I should be the cause of sorrow unto my parents. But that which comforteth me, Sir, is the assurance which I have in my heart, that your Majesty and they themselves doe cleerly see, that it is rather my evill fortune than my fault. And as unto the disobedience, whereof they complaine, I have yeelded it as fully as ever any daughter in this world did, excepting onely in one point, from which the condition of my widowhood, & a thousand other reasons which I cannot speak of, do dispense me. And Sir, though there were no other reason but my will, having once submitted me unto theirs, they shall force me to submit if I do again in so unreasonable a matter.

Calista said this, beleeving that the King would have more respect unto *Adrastus* his request and unto *Dorilas*, than unto any reasons which she should bring: but she was deceived, and did quickely repent her of this last folly; for the King wisely judging that nothing in the world ought to bee freer than marriage, nor that any thing was so contrary unto the liberty thereof as violence, dismissed the two fathers from the power which in this case they demanded over their children, *Calista*, because she had beene once married at her fathers will, & *Lisander*, because he was not bound to obey his in a matter impossible; exhorting nevertheless to obey him in any other thing. This sentence being pronounced by such a King, *Calista* was disappointed, the parents confounded, and *Lisander* desparate, who casting himselfe at his Ladies feete, with teares in his eyes, spake in this manner: I see that after so many labours and hazzards, for a reward of my fidelity, which is beyond that of all lovers, I must finde ingratitude, in a heart which hath alwaies promised me never to be capable thereof; and that for having adored you, I suffer such usage as I should have deserved if I had done the contrary. I will not dispute with you whether it be with justice, for that were to seeke reason in love; and your will holding in mee

the place of reason and law, doth binde me to beleeve against my proper feeling, that what you doe is just: but if you do not thinke that the services which I have done are injuries, I doe most humbly entreat you, Madam, to tell mee here in this most illustrious company, what offence I have committed, and let not my condition be worse than that of criminall persons, unto whom the cause of their punishment is (at the least) told before they suffer any: And if I doe repent my services here, it is not to reproach you, but to shew that in serving you, I have not beene so unhappy as to offend you. You may thinke what you please, but I must needes thinke, that you might better have acknowledged them, than I could better have addressed them; and God forbid, Madam, that ever I should complaine the time which I have lost in your service, since it hath bin emploied according unto my intention, which was to honour you. It is true, Madam, that herein I have done but my duty, yet I do not know that I have committed any fault; and it is no small matter to pay all that one owes, especially unto one unto whom all is owing; nevertheless, since together with the eternall affections, which you have so solemnely promised, I must lose the greatest happines that ever I hoped for in this world, I will leave with you (if you please) this remembrance of your *Lisander*, that he is not sorry he hath suffered so much, and is glad he hath not deserved this suffering. Live therefore satisfied and contented with my misfortune, and beleeve it shall be a comfort unto mee in all my miseries, to heare that they doe bring you contentment. I only ask your permission to endure them, and to honour you at the least in holding my peace, and in hiding in the secret of my heart that which you cannot take away but in appearance. To conclude, Madam, I will not complaine of you, but of my fortune which maketh your pitty dumbe, and changeth your nature without changing my affection, thereby shewing that it is not subject unto the change of her wheele. And I should think my selfe unthankfull, if in this my complaint, I did not give her thankes; that by my destiny being reserved unto such cruell mischiefes, she hath ordained, that they should come from your hand, Ma-

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dam, whoſe cruelty I have loved more than my life, and whoſe deſpiſing I doe honour in the pangs of death, doe me this laſt office, and beare this pitifull teſtimony of your Knight, That he had lived longer, if he had beene leſſe faithfull.

This his long ſpeech ended with their Majeſties incredible patience, who were pleaſed to heare him, and no leſſe diſquiet in *Liſanders* friends, who feared he would never get out to his advantage. It was a pleaſant ſpectacle to ſee them in one inſtant to ſhed teares for joy, *Liſander* for love, and *Caliſta* out of pity, upon whoſe anſwer depended the miſery or happineſſe of their lives; who having conſulted ſome time with her ſelfe, her heart inflamed with love, & her face with ſhame, in the end anſwered in this manner: It is true, moſt deare *Liſander*, that I have promiſed you never to be capable of ingratitude; and if I have beene ſo untill this time (in regard of the cauſe which you have given me) I will not be ſo now, you having taken the cauſe away. Wherfore pardon me the evils which you have ſuffered, ſeeing that I my ſelfe firſt felt them, and in reſpect they will ſerve to be ſo many witneſſes of your fidelity, & will make the injoying which we ſhall have one of the other, ſo much the ſweeter, by how much we have indured the more. And ſeeing their Majeſties do ſuffer me, my parents command me, & your ſervices do oblige me, I do confirme in this moſt excellent preſence and aſſembly, the oath which particularly I have made unto you, that I will be onely yours.

In ſaying this *Caliſta* gave him her hand, which he moſt amorouſly kiſſed, bleſſing the evils which hee had ſuffered for ſo great a good. And the contentment of theſe two lovers, not being able to bee contained in themſelves, ſpread through all the company, renewing imbracings with joy, which was then pure, without any mixture of ſorrow or feare, if this word Joy be not too weake a word to expreſſe the feelings which cannot be ſpoken, hardly comprehended. Who can tell the divers motions of ſo many perſons, who had a part in this common rejoycing? *Veraſcus* his aſtoniſhment, *Berontus* his admiration, as alſo of *Hippolita* and *Lucidan*,

cidan? who can ſpeake of the infinite pleaſure of *Alcidon* and *Lidian*, of *Olinda* and *Argire*, of *Ambriſia* and *Otranta*, and the unſpeakable pleaſure of *Dorilas* and *Adraſtus*? Theſe two latter, having long embraced *Liſander* & *Caliſta*, ſnatching them one from another, and imbracing them between them with teares, as thoſe who after a dangerous ſtorme, having eſcaped ſhipwracke, doe meet upon the dry land in uncredible joy: To increaſe which, *Liſander* knowing the love which *Lucidan* bore unto *Hippolita*, moſt humbly entreated the King to marry them together, and after turning to *Adraſtus*, made the like requeſt unto him, in favour of *Berontus* and *Ambriſia*. Then looking unto *Argire* and *Alcidon*, *Lidian* and *Olinda*, he entreated them that as they had ſuffered great griefe and ſorrow with him, ſo they would honour him ſo much, as to let one day give an end unto all their troubles, and one day by marriage a beginning unto their joyes.

By this meanes the Marriages were reſolved to bee in one day finiſhed between *Alcidon* and *Argire*, *Lidian* and *Olinda*, of *Lucidan* and *Hippolita*, of *Berontus* and *Ambriſia*, and of brave *Liſander* and *Caliſta*, who humbly taking leave of their Majeſties, retired all together to *Dorilas* and *Adraſtus*, who, as we have ſaid, had but one houſe, where after a magnifick ſupper, they gave themſelves unto their reſts, expecting the next morning with longing; which being come, all of them moſt richly apparelled, eſpecially *Caliſta*, who having ever ſince *Cleanders* death neglected her attire, now (richly beſet with jewels, and with that rich collar which *Liſander* had conquered in great Britaine) drew all the eyes of the beholders upon her with admiration. They were ſolemnly married in the Chappell of Burpon, where I will leave them, returning home with wiſhes of the people, that they might long and peaceably, after ſo many alarums and ſtormes, enjoy the deare delights, and ſweeteſt pleaſures of this life.

FINIS.